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George Bancroft

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CONCORAN





Received March 21 - 1888

A GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY;

CONTAINING

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

AND

OBITUARY NOTICES

OF

SOME MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY,

TOGETHER WITH

LETTERS FROM HIS FRIENDS.

W. W. Corcoran

WASHINGTON :

HENRY POLKINHORN, PRINTER.

1879.



To my Grandchildren:

As a private individual, inspired by an appreciation of my relations to my fellow-man, I have, from early youth to old age, endeavored to be just to all, and generous to the deserving. Blessed by kind Providence with larger possessions than commonly fall to the lot of man, I have regarded them as a sacred trust for the benefit of knowledge, truth, and charity. My reward has been an approving conscience, and the gratifying appreciation of many good and great men, whose testimonies I have preserved in this volume for you.

Many of the letters in this collection afford melancholy evidences of the instability of human affairs; and a perusal of them will suggest to you the propriety of endeavoring to cultivate a spirit prepared to bear with equanimity the vicissitudes of fortune which MAY await the most prosperous condition.

The most valuable bequest I can make you is a good name, and I feel assured you will cherish it, for its price is above rubies.

Your affectionate grandfather,

W. H. Croveran

July 1st, 1878.



SKETCH.

THOMAS CORCORAN, the father of W. W. Corcoran, was born in Limerick, Ireland, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-four. His father was from London. His mother was Elizabeth Wilson, the sister of the late William Wilson, of Baltimore, Md., who emigrated to that city in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine. Thomas Corcoran came to Baltimore in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, and entered into the service of his uncle, William Wilson, as clerk, beginning with a salary of fifty pounds sterling a year. William Wilson, from small beginnings, by industry, integrity and good management, afterwards became one of the principal shipping merchants of that city and the owner of several large vessels.

Thomas Corcoran made three voyages for him, as supercargo—two to Cork and one to Amsterdam.

In 1788 he married Hannah Lemmon, of Baltimore County, the niece of Mrs. Jane Wilson.

In the same year he went from Baltimore, intending to go to Georgetown, on the head of the Potomac, and then to Richmond, with a view to a permanent location. But on spending a few days in Georgetown, he was so favorably impressed with the activity and the business and commercial enterprise of the place—there being then in port ten square-rigged vessels, two of them being ships—that he determined to remain there; and consequently abandoned his visit to Richmond. He was often heard to say that about that time he saw a small brig from Amsterdam taking in tobacco from a warehouse on Rock Creek, on the point below the P-street bridge, formerly known as the Paper-mill Bridge. He brought his family to Georgetown and commenced the shoe and leather business on Congress street, below Bridge, opposite the dwelling-house of the late William King, in a house rented from Robert Peter, in which he lived until, in 1791, he built the three-story brick house on Bridge street, now numbered 122, and which is at present owned by W. W. Corcoran.

He also purchased, for account of his uncle, William Wilson, large quantities of tobacco and flaxseed for shipment, Georgetown, Bladensburg and

Baltimore being the three rival tobacco markets of the State of Maryland. There were then in Georgetown three large tobacco sheds, each covering more than two acres—two of them called Beall's warehouses (where the butchers' market now stands) and one called Lowndes' warehouse, in the large lot east of the residence of the late John Marbury, subsequently known as Lowndes' garden.

In this year (1791) President Washington visited Georgetown, on his way to Mount Vernon, and was met at Bladensburg by about fifty gentlemen on horseback and briefly addressed by Thomas Corcoran, to whom the President made a suitable reply. He staid at Suter's Tavern two days, arranging with the proprietors of the land for the City of Washington, viz: Robert Peter, Samuel Davidson, David Burns, Notley Young, and Daniel Carroll, of Duddington, and had great difficulty in reconciling the different interests and jealousies of the proprietors.

In 1794 Thomas Corcoran was appointed by Thomas Sim Lee, then Governor of Maryland, adjutant of the 18th regiment, in Montgomery County, Maryland; and in 1799 he was promoted by Governor Ogle to a captaincy in the same regiment. In 1801 he was appointed by President Jefferson a magistrate and a member of the Levy Court of the District, and was reappointed by all successive Presidents until his death, in 1830. He never received any fees for his services as magistrate while he held the office. The magistracy of the District was then composed of such men as John Threlkeld, Thomas Peter, John Ott, Samuel Harrison Smith, James H. Blake, Samuel N. Smallwood, and John P. Van Ness.

In 1815 Thomas Corcoran was appointed by President Madison postmaster of Georgetown, which office he held during his life, and was succeeded by his son, James, who continued in it until his death.

Thomas Corcoran had twelve children by his second marriage, six boys and six girls, of whom three boys and three girls lived to maturity, viz:

James Corcoran, born in 1789.

Eliza Corcoran, born in 1791.

Thomas Corcoran, born in 1794.

Sarah Corcoran, born in 1797.

William Wilson Corcoran, born in 1798.

Martha Ellen Corcoran, born in 1807.

WILLIAM WILSON CORCORAN was born on the 27th December, 1798, and commenced his school days in 1803, with a widow Nicholson, who kept a school for young children on Beall Street.

In 1805 he entered the school of a highly educated Irish gentleman, by the name of Thomas Kirk, who kept school on Washington Street, and afterwards in the house on the corner of High and Cherry (now Grace) Streets, where he remained until 1810. He was then sent to study the languages to an eccentric Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Wm. Allen, a graduate of Aberdeen, where he remained until 1811. He was then sent, as a day-scholar, to the Georgetown College, the Rev. Father Gracie being at that time President, and Father McElroy teacher of penmanship and arithmetic. There he remained a year, and afterwards went to the Rev. Addison Belt, a graduate of Princeton, whose school was on the south side of Gay Street, between Congress and Washington Streets.

In 1815, contrary to his father's earnest wishes and desires that he should have a classical education, he went into the dry goods store of his brothers, James and Thomas Corcoran. In 1817 they established him, at the age of nineteen, in a small dry goods store on the northwest corner of High and First Streets, under the firm of W. W. Corcoran & Co. In 1819 their success in business induced them to purchase the two-story brick house on the corner of Bridge and Congress Streets, opposite the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, to which they added another story, and commenced the wholesale auction and commission business.

Their business was extensive and very prosperous and successful, until the disastrous spring of 1823, when so many—perhaps a third or more—of the merchants, there and in Baltimore, were obliged to close up their business. They struggled and made many sacrifices in the hope of being able to sustain themselves; but in February of that year they were compelled to suspend. Of their bills receivable, in the month they failed, amounting to thirty-one thousand dollars, twenty-eight thousand dollars went to protest. Although their business had been very prosperous and profitable, they sacrificed more than they had previously made in the effort to sustain their credit; and were only enabled to pay off, in full, all their confidential debts, consisting of indorsements, commission accounts, and borrowed money;

and subsequently compromised with their remaining creditors at fifty per centum, and received from them a discharge in full.

After their failure and compromise, Mr. Corcoran devoted himself to the interests and business of his father, who was then getting old, in collecting his rents, and superintending his property.

His mother died on the second of June, 1823, at the age of fifty-eight years.

In 1828 he took charge of the real estate and suspended debt of the bank of the United States and the bank of Columbia, with which he was occupied until 1836.

He lost his father on the 27th of January, 1830, after a long life of faithfulness in the discharge of the various public trusts with which he was charged, and through which, as a magistrate and as a member of the councils and mayor of the town for so many years, he was closely identified with its interests until the day of his death. He was also one of the principal founders of the two Episcopal churches, St. John's and Christ Church; in one or the other of which he was a vestryman as long as he lived. He was one of the founders of Columbian College, and one of its active trustees during his life.

In 1824 W. W. Corcoran was appointed by President Monroe a first lieutenant of volunteers, and in 1825 he was promoted to a captaincy by President Adams, and appointed a captain of artillery in 1827 by the same. In 1830 he was appointed a lieutenant colonel by President Jackson, and colonel in 1832 by the same, and in 1849 he was offered the command of the militia of the District of Columbia by President Polk, which he declined. His brother James held the commissions of captain, major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of the District militia under Presidents Madison, Monroe, Adams, and Jackson; and his brother Thomas, at the age of eighteen, was appointed in 1812 by President Madison a captain in the Thirty-sixth Regiment, United States Army, which he held until the end of the war.

On the twenty-third of December, 1835, W. W. Corcoran married Louise Amory Morris, daughter of Commodore Charles Morris; the issue of which marriage was: Harriet Louise, born September 22, 1836. died

September 5, 1837; Louise Morris, born March 20, 1838, died December 4, 1867; and Charles Morris, born July 16, 1840, died August 11, 1841.

In 1837 he commenced the brokerage business in Washington, in a small store, ten by sixteen feet, on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Fifteenth Street, and moved his family to that city in the same year. His business there was eminently successful, and in 1839 he removed to the old Bank of the Metropolis Building, on the corner of Fifteenth and F Streets.

In 1840 he took into partnership George W. Riggs, and continued the business under the firm of Corcoran & Riggs.

On the twenty-first of November of that year he lost his beloved and devoted wife.

In 1845 Corcoran & Riggs purchased the old United States Bank, corner of Fifteenth Street and New York Avenue, together with all its property and effects uncollected.

In 1847, their business being successful, Mr. Corcoran settled with all his old creditors of 1823, amounting, with interest, to about forty-six thousand dollars. (See letters of that date.)

About this time the house of Corcoran & Riggs took, on its own account, nearly all the loans made by the United States.

On the first of July, 1848, Mr. George W. Riggs retired from the firm, and his younger brother, Elisha, was taken in as a junior partner.

In August, 1848, having about twelve millions of the six per cent. loan of 1848 on hand, and the demand for it falling off in this country, and the stock being one per cent. below the price at which Corcoran & Riggs took it, Mr. Corcoran determined to try the European markets; and, after one day's reflection, embarked for London, where, on arrival, he was told by Mr. Bates, of the house of Baring Bros. & Co., and Mr. George Peabody, that no sale could be made of the stock and no money could be raised by hypothecation thereof, and they regretted that he had not written to them to inquire before coming over. He replied that he was perfectly satisfied that such would be their views, and therefore came, confident that he could convince them of the expediency of taking an interest in the securities; and that the very fact that London bankers had taken them would make it successful.

Ten days after his first interview with them. Mr. Thomas Baring re-

turned from the continent, and with him he was more successful ; and a sale of five millions at about cost (one hundred and one here) was made to six of the most eminent and wealthy houses in London, viz : Baring Bros. & Co., George Peabody, Overend, Gurney & Co., Dennison & Co., Samuel Jones Lloyd, and James Morrison.

This was the first sale of American securities made in Europe since 1837, and on his return to New York he was greeted by every one with marked expressions of satisfaction ; his success being a great relief to the money market by securing that amount of exchange in favor of the United States.

On his success being announced the stock gradually advanced until it reached one hundred nineteen and one-half, thus securing by his prompt and successful action a handsome profit which would otherwise have resulted in a serious loss.

On the first of April, 1854, Mr. Corcoran withdrew from the firm, and the business was continued by Mr. George W. Riggs, under the firm of Riggs & Co., in which name it is still in full and successful operation.

[*From the National Intelligencer of the 29th January, 1830.*]

DIED,

In Georgetown, on Wednesday last in the 76th year of his age, Thomas Corcoran, Esq. Mr. Corcoran was among the oldest and most respected of the inhabitants of the town, being ever esteemed as an honorable, useful and enterprising citizen; having filled the various offices of magistrate, mayor and postmaster with great credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the public. He leaves behind him many relatives and descendants to mourn over his departure, and many friends who will long cherish the recollection of his worth as an excellent citizen, a warm friend and a zealous advocate of the cause of his Redeemer. The poor, too, whom he never forgot in the best days of his prosperity, will long have cause to mourn the loss of a generous and sincere friend.

BY THE LEVY COURT OF WASHINGTON COUNTY,

February 6, 1830.

Resolved, That this court entertain a sincere regret at the decease of their colleague, Thomas Corcoran, the senior member of the court and a citizen distinguished for his high moral worth.

JOHN MOUNTZ.

[*From the Episcopal Recorder, Phila., of 5th December, 1840.*]

Departed this life, on the 21st inst. (in Georgetown, D. C.,) at the residence of her father, Commodore Morris, Louise Amory, wife of Wm. W. Corcoran, Esq., at the early age of 21, leaving two infant children and a large circle of devoted relatives and admiring friends to mourn the loss of one in whom were united the rarely combined powers of calling forth both admiration and the warmest affection. Endowed with the rarest qualities of mind and heart, this youthful, this gifted, this lovely woman has fallen a victim to that insidious disease—that fell destroyer whose shafts are most frequently aimed at the lovely and the best beloved. Consumption, with more than ordinary speed, has carried off this interesting woman in a few short weeks after its presence was discerned by her watchful and anxious friends. Delicate and fragile in her appearance, the first strokes of the destroyer probably passed unobserved, but as soon as his work became perceptible, all that human skill, all that the most untiring efforts of devoted friends could accomplish, was done to avert the fatal blow, but, alas!

too soon was it evident that the irrevocable fiat had gone forth—all efforts were in vain. Apprised of her fate at her own desire, the intelligence was received with composure, and she thenceforward appeared to act as if she had naught to do but to loose the ties uniting her to earth and prepare for her flight to heaven; where now she is doubtless rejoicing in the presence of Him, whom, before she left this lower sphere, she learned to love with a gratitude and affection called forth by the contemplation of the costly sacrifice He made to avert from our rebellious race the eternal consequences of that first guilty act which “brought death into this world with all our wo.” With a strength of mind, with a moral courage which nought could have inspired but a firm and unwavering trust in the merits of a Saviour’s death, she watched the approaches of the king of terrors, and was enabled to say, with unhesitating confidence, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”

In her the decay of mortal strength was not more rapid than was her growth in grace. All who were privileged to see and converse with her during the last few weeks of her earthly existence can testify to her rapid progress in the divine life. The testimony of those most competent to judge, is of the most consolatory and gratifying character. With her the mortal seemed almost “to have put on immortality” ere yet she had passed away. Seldom has been displayed, as in this case, so rapid an assimilation to the character of Him “who, when on earth, went about doing good.” Like Him she manifested a kind concern for the temporal and physical sufferings, as well as for the spiritual interests of those whom He came to redeem from eternal wo. The last weeks of this lovely woman were occupied in studying the christian’s chart—in exhibiting the “fruits of the spirit, which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, and meekness;” and in ministering, by liberal bequests, to the relief of suffering humanity and to the dissemination of religious instruction. Many have cause to bless her memory.

The object of the writer of this article is not to indulge in the language of eulogy [though seldom would it be so entirely coincident with the language of truth, as on this occasion], but to inform her numerous friends and acquaintances, who, at a distance from the scene of her departure, might not know how much there is to console them in this otherwise afflictive bereavement.

THE LATE COMMODORE MORRIS.

[*From the Providence Journal, Tuesday, January 29th, 1856.*]

We yesterday announced the receipt in this city of a private telegraphic dispatch, bringing intelligence of the lamented death of this distinguished and veteran officer of the Navy of the United States. He died at his residence in Washington, on Sunday afternoon, the twenty-seventh of January, after an illness of nearly three weeks, of pneumonia combined with pleurisy and acute bronchitis. At the time of his death he occupied the post of chief of the bureau of ordnance and hydrography, and until withdrawn by the disease that terminated his life, he was in the full discharge of all his duties. He was universally respected and esteemed, both as an officer and a citizen, and nowhere more than in this city, with which he was connected by intimate family relations and by frequent residence in his earlier life. We avail ourselves of such materials as we have at hand to present a brief outline of his honorable and useful career.

Commodore Charles Morris was born at Woodstock, Connecticut, in October, 1784, and was consequently at the time of his death in the seventy-second year of his age. He entered the Navy as a midshipman, in July, 1799, one year later than Commodore Stewart, who for some time past has held the rank of senior captain in the Naval service. From the beginning of his career as an officer he was distinguished for his professional enthusiasm, and his aspirations for the highest attainments and honors of his profession. The earliest achievement which won for him the special notice of his commanders, was during the war with the Barbary States, on the occasion of the recapture and destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, in 1804; the enterprise was one of the utmost hazard, and of great importance. It was entrusted by Commodore Preble to the command of the gallant Decatur, then a lieutenant, and destined soon to become the most illustrious hero of that most righteous though inglorious war. The expedition was completely successful, and Midshipman Morris, who had volunteered for the service, then a young man of nineteen, was the first to stand on the deck of the Philadelphia and commence the work of her destruction. His heroic conduct on this occasion, won for him the highest applause of Lieutenant Decatur and Commodore Preble, and was immediately rewarded with promotion by the Government. On several minor occasions, during the same contest with the pirates of Barbary, he showed, in a signal manner, the intrepidity, energy and judgment which became the conspicuous characteristics of his life. From this period till the close of the war with Great Britain he was almost constantly in active service at the points where such service was the most arduous and most attended with perils. On the breaking out of that war he held the rank of lieutenant, and was soon attached, in the

capacity of executive officer, to the frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull. The frigate sailed from the Chesapeake, in July, 1812, and on the morning of the seventeenth of that month, when but a few leagues from the coast, she found herself in the presence of a fleet of the enemy, comprising a ship of the line, four frigates and two smaller vessels, under the command of Commodore Broke. The ocean was nearly calm, and as the morning mist rose from its surface, the enemy were already sure of an easy prize. But the *Constitution*, by a feat of seamanship which, for the skill with which it was conceived and the perseverance with which it was executed, has never been paralleled in our naval annals, effected her escape, after an incessant chase of sixty hours from all the ships of the enemy. This extraordinary escape was accomplished by a combination of towing and kedging by means of the *Constitution's* boats and anchors, which, as Captain Hull stated at the time, was conceived by Lieutenant Morris, the first lieutenant of the ship. Its successful execution commanded the admiration of his countrymen, and won the applause even of the British officers, who, by it, were foiled of their anticipated victory.

During the same season, while still occupying his post as first lieutenant of the *Constitution*, that ship fell in with the British frigate *Guerriere*, one of the squadron of Commodore Broke. The two vessels came for a few moments into close quarters, and, as their sides touched each other, Lieutenant Morris with his own hands lashed them together. They soon parted; but in the fierce fight of musketry and short swords that ensued the gallant lieutenant, at the head of his boarders, fell, pierced by a ball that passed through his body, just missing the essential organs of life. The bloody conflict was crowned with victory, and Lieutenant Morris, in September, 1813, was again promoted for special services, over the heads of some of his seniors in the Navy, to the rank of post captain—passing the intermediate grade of master commandant, and receiving his commission dated from the day of the surrender of the *Guerriere*. The victory, one of the earliest in our naval conflict with Great Britain, was of transcendent importance. It stripped the British flag of its ancient prestige upon the seas, and dissipated forever the distrust and anxiety of the American people respecting the efficiency alike of their ships and their officers. In the winter after his promotion he was placed in command of the *Adams* sloop-of-war. He passed out of the Chesapeake, in spite of the British squadron that was blockading its mouth, and sailed to the eastward on a cruise in search of the enemy. His cruise in the *Adams*, though not marked by any important engagement, was full of exciting adventures. He had taken several prizes, but near the close of the summer of 1814 his vessel was disabled by a storm and he was obliged to run into Penobscot Bay and up the river for repairs. While still dismantled and undergoing repairs, a large British squadron appeared at the mouth of the river, and landing a considerable force, approached the inland harbor

where the Adams was lying. The militia was mustered to aid the crew in her defence, but the force proving too small for the purpose, she was destroyed by her captain to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. Soon after this event the war with England came to an end, having proved the energy and heroism of our infant Navy and crowned with laurels many of its gallant officers.

Up to this period the naval life of Commodore Morris is written on a conspicuous page in the annals of his country, and he was now occupying a proud and honorable place among the heroes who had nobly vindicated the honor of the American flag in the presence of a contemptuous and insulting foe. After the close of the war he was appointed in succession to several important commands, both at sea and on shore; and of his fifty-five years of active service, as appears from the register of the Navy, upwards of twenty-one have been passed on the ocean, and upwards of thirty-three in equally honorable and arduous posts, at the navy-yards or in the bureaus of the Government at Washington. On the return of General Lafayette to France, after his visit to the United States in 1825, Commodore Morris was appointed to the command of the national ship that bore him to his native land; and in 1841, when our foreign relations were seriously disturbed, he sailed upon a cruise in the Delaware ship of the line, and commanded, for the customary period, the squadron on the coast of Brazil, and afterwards that in the Mediterranean. This was his latest service at sea, and the cruise was distinguished, according to the testimony of all his officers, for the high spirit of discipline and the thorough naval training which pervaded the squadrons under his command. He returned from this cruise in 1844, and has ever since, almost without respite or leisure, been attached to one or another of the administrative bureaus of the Navy Department at Washington.

Brilliant and honorable as was his career as a naval commander, it must yet be added that the most useful, and by no means the least honorable of his services, have been performed in these less conspicuous posts, in which, with the exception of two brief intervals at sea, the last twenty-five or thirty years of his life have been passed. For the greater part of this long period he has resided at the seat of Government, enjoying the intimate confidence of every successive administration, and relied upon by his fellow officers of every rank, as their acknowledged chief in administrative wisdom and in varied professional attainments. He was in truth the statesman of the American Navy, as well as one of its most accomplished and gallant captains. He contemplated the naval service, not only as an arm of the national strength, but in its high relations to other departments of the Government, and in its important bearings upon every interest of the country, and from him often proceeded the plans and measures which Presidents and Secretaries have recommended, and which Senators and Representatives have enacted for its increased efficiency. His unobtru-

sive modesty claimed no credit for the measures which he thus originated, but could the great improvements which have been made in the service be traced to their origin, a large proportion of them would be found to have sprung from the suggestions of his sagacious and comprehensive mind. Several of his gallant compeers have had greater opportunities in war, or more conspicuous positions in distant seas, and have won, it may be, a more brilliant renown as champions of the quarter deck; but to no one, we believe, of his own generation, at least, is the country so largely indebted for the wisdom that has guided the policy, dictated the discipline and formed the character of the American Navy, as to Commodore Morris. He was a noble model of self-sacrificing zeal for his profession, and he gave to it through his entire career, all his large abilities, all his patient, persevering industry, all his varied attainments. It is a singular fact, that from the date of his appointment in 1799, to the day of his death—a period of nearly fifty-seven years—his furloughs and absences from active duty have amounted to only two years—a fact which well illustrates his professional spirit and character, and which the register of the navy records of no other officer on its lists. The name which approaches nearest to his in this particular, is the honored name of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, whose periods of furlough amounted to a little more than four years.

In addition to his strictly professional services as a naval commander, Commodore Morris was on several occasions entrusted by the Government with other duties of a more delicate and confidential nature. On his visit to France in 1825, he passed several months in examining the dock-yards and naval stations of that country and of Great Britain, and during his latest cruise at sea he was charged with important diplomatic duties both at Buenos Ayres and in some of the states on the Mediterranean. In 1845, while the Oregon question was pending between the United States and Great Britain, he accompanied General Totten, the accomplished chief of the corps of engineers, on a tour of military and naval inspection along the northern frontier, and in 1851, he was sent to Cuba on a mission of pacification and redress, during the excitements created in that island by the buccaneering invasion of Lopez.

In February, 1815, near the close of the war with England, he married Miss Harriet Bowen, youngest daughter of the late Dr. William Bowen, of this city, a lady distinguished in her youth for her beauty and accomplishments, and who, at the head of a numerous family, still survives her gallant and lamented husband—the beloved and honored partner of many happy years. This connection with one of our oldest and most respected families, often led him to spend considerable time in Providence, and he was here long familiarly known and regarded almost as one of our own citizens. And here in the family circles with which he was connected, and among the contemporaries who knew him in the intercourse of life, will long be cherished the memory of those fine qualities and manly virtues upon which death has now set his everlasting seal.

Of the ten children who have formed his immediate family circle, three had preceded him to the tomb. Of these, many will recall the name of Charles W. Morris, his eldest son, a lieutenant in the Navy, who fell in the gallant discharge of his duty during the war with Mexico, at the taking of Tabasco, on the twenty-sixth of October, 1846. He was attached to the frigate Cumberland in the capacity of flag-lieutenant to Commodore Connor, and was shot while passing in an open boat to succor a small vessel of the squadron that was exposed to the fire of the enemy. True to the lofty example which had been always before him, his brief career had been bright with honor and filled with promises of the future. He met his untimely fate with the submission of a brave and gallant man, strengthened by the calm resignation of a christian faith, and as the scenes of earth faded from his vision, he trusted to be received into the mansions of his father in heaven.*

At the time of his death, though ranking second in the list of captains, Commodore Morris was in reality the oldest officer who, by the recent action of the retiring board, was deemed by the Government to be competent for every kind of service, whether at sea or on shore. Of his character as an officer, and his precise place among the gallant men with whom he was associated, it is not ours to speak. We are confident, however, that this character and place when awarded by impartial history, can be only among the highest and most honorable recorded in the annals of the navy. We can only speak of him as he appeared in social life, at the family board, or in the wider circles of general society. Hospitable, communicative and sprightly in his intercourse with others, he combined in his manners, to a rare degree, unaffected simplicity and manly dignity, a just self-respect and a benevolent disposition to contribute to the happiness of those around him. Though belonging to the elder school of naval officers, and trained in early life amid the daring enterprises of war, he was wholly free from everything like bravado, arrogance or conceit. He estimated honors according to no exaggerated appreciation of their value, and conceived it greater to have done his duty than to have won applause. None could know him without perceiving that there was much in him which his profession did not and could not exhaust. His interests and sympathies were liberal and comprehensive, and they who mingled in his society forgot the distinguished officer, the hero of battles and the confidant of Senators and statesmen, in the intelligent, affable and high-minded man, in the true-hearted kinsman, the faithful friend, the genial and instructive companion. His ideals of character were of necessity lofty and severe, but he was always lenient and indulgent in his judgment of others, whether in his own profession or in the common walks of men. Though, we believe, he was a member of no religious communion, yet none could

*One of his latest requests to the friend who watched by his dying bed was, that he would read to him the beautiful passage from the Gospel of John, commencing "In my father's house are many mansions."

know him well without feeling that his lofty sentiments of duty, his unswerving integrity, and his pure exemplary life, could rest on no other basis than that of religious faith. He regarded the Word of God as the source of all true wisdom, and whether at sea or on shore, he always manifested by regular attendance on public worship, his profound respect for the institutions of the Gospel. Such fruits seldom grow in our imperfect nature, save when nurtured by the dews of heavenly grace, and his well-ordered and careful life must be regarded as the best proof of the principles which dwelt in his heart.

That his natural talents were of a superior order is sufficiently proved by the eminence which he attained, and the success with which he discharged so many important and responsible public trusts. But that which distinguished him even more than original endowments was, the earnest industry with which, at every period of life, he devoted himself to intellectual improvement and the acquisition of useful knowledge. He trusted to no inspirations of genius and reposed on no laurels of the past, but was constantly pressing on to larger and larger attainments. Though his early education was limited, he became no mean adept in general science, and in the use of language he attained a style of unusual simplicity, precision and clearness. Though wholly removed from academic experience, he was entrusted by the Government with the supervision of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis—a trust, which, for several years before his death, he had discharged with admirable judgment and with the most liberal views of what should constitute the preliminary education of a naval officer.

Thus, after a long and honorable career in the service of his country—in the unabated vigor of all his powers, and in the full brightness of a reputation tarnished by no spot of either public or private reproach—has this distinguished officer and illustrious man passed from among the living, leaving behind him only here and there a surviving name associated with his own in the early achievements and renown of the American Navy. His death was marked by the same equanimity as his life. With the exception of his youngest son, a lieutenant in the service, now absent on a distant cruise, his family were all around him, and with tender watching and affectionate assiduity sustained the calm serenity with which he approached the inevitable hour. A life thus faithfully spent in the fulfilment of every relation and the discharge of every duty, and thus serenely closed, is greater than a hundred victories. The morning gun, booming from every naval post in the land, will proclaim the honors due to his rank; history will chronicle his name among the most illustrious of those who have contributed to the naval glory of the country, while admiring friendship, in a multitude of saddened hearts, will cherish with still higher and truer appreciation the memory of his rare virtues and his exalted worth.

The obsequies of Commodore Morris took place at Washington, on Tuesday, January 29th, at 2½ o'clock P. M., in the presence of the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy, the high officers of the Government, and a large concourse of citizens. In accordance with the wishes which he expressed a few days before his death, the funeral ceremonies were not distinguished from those of a private citizen. The hour in which they were performed was marked by minute guns at the navy yard in Washington, but the scene was unattended by any military pageant, and the great officer was laid in his tomb amid the silent and simple homage of a mourning people.

The following is the general order in which his death was announced to the Navy :

NAVY DEPARTMENT, *January, 28, 1856,*

The Navy Department announces to the Navy and the Marine Corps the death of Commodore Charles Morris. He died at his residence, in the city of Washington, on Sunday afternoon, the 27th instant, at thirty minutes after 4 o'clock, in the seventy-second year of his age. He met his "inevitable hour" with the composure of a christian.

Rarely, indeed, has a nation to mourn the loss of so distinguished, so useful, so good a citizen. His name is associated with the most brilliant achievements which have illustrated the American Navy. No fulsome eulogium can magnify it; no "storied urn" nor "animated bust" is needed to perpetuate it. The recollection of his gallant actions on the ocean, which cheered the drooping spirits of his countrymen at a memorable crisis in our history, will ever be greatly cherished. As an administrative officer he was signally successful. His integrity was incorruptible; his diligence untiring. He was inflexibly just; he was candid and frank; he was an honest man.

As a mark of respect, it is hereby ordered that the flags at the several navy yards and stations, and on board of all vessels of the United States Navy in commission, be hoisted at half-mast, and thirteen minute guns fired at meridian on the day after the receipt of this order; and that the officers of the Navy and Marine Corps wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

J. C. DOBBIN,
Secretary of the Navy.

The National Intelligencer of January 28th, a journal whose opinions on public characters and public events have acquired historic importance, announced the death of Commodore Morris in the following paragraph expressive of the highest appreciation and respect :

It is with profound regret that we have to announce the death of Commodore Charles Morris, senior retained officer of the United States Navy. He expired at half-past four o'clock yesterday afternoon, at his residence in Washington, of inflammation of the lungs, in the seventy-second year of his age. Commodore Morris entered the Navy in the year 1799, and was, in the year 1813, for gallant and distinguished services, promoted to the rank which he held at the time of his death. His eminent services and his high standing in the Navy are indelibly recorded in the history of his country, and are known to all. It may be added to his honor, on the unvarying testimony of his brother officers, and without disparagement to any of the gallant men who adorn the ranks of our Navy, that Commodore Morris, at the time of his death, was, in all the varied qualities which constitute excellence in his profession, the ablest Naval commander in the world. Nothing ever turned him from the line of duty, and when, at the end of fifty-seven years, he reached the highest point of professional honor, he might truly have said, "I have gained the palm, but not without labor."

Directions of my father at 40 minutes past 4 P. M., January 24, 1856 :

"No military procession."

"Salute of my rank to be fired at the navy yard when the body is deposited in the vault at Georgetown."

"Service to be performed at the house."

"If bad weather, females of the family requested to remain behind."

"Request made for a temporary provision to receive the body near the gate, to prevent exposure."

Pall-bearers :

"COMMODORE SMITH—old and tried friend,"

"COMMODORE SHUBRICK,"

"GENERAL HENDERSON,"

—— ——— —A Marine officer,

"GENERAL TOTTEN,"

"COLONEL COOPER."

"Little or no story in the address at the house, very short, not more than four minutes; simply to say, "I DID WHAT I COULD, AND MEANT TO DO WELL."

"If Perry should happen here he will take the place of the other marine officer."

[General or closing remarks.]

"No unnecessary display."

"No military display."

R. M. MORRIS.

HON. GEORGE EUSTIS.

Hon. George Eustis died in New Orleans, 22d December, 1853, aged sixty-two. He was the oldest son of Jacob and Elizabeth (Gray) Eustis, and was born in Boston, 20th October, 1796. He was fitted for college at the Boston Latin School. Soon after his graduation, he went abroad in the capacity of private secretary to his uncle, George Wm. Eustis, then minister to the Hague; the secretary of the legation being the Hon. Alexander Hill Everett, so well known for his varied attainments, with whom he formed a friendship that was life-long. At the Hague he began his legal studies, and drew from the clear fountains of the civil law of Holland, France, and Germany those elementary principles and stores of learning which, at a later period, he was destined to exhibit to such advantage in his career at the bar and on the bench. On his return from Europe he went to New Orleans, where he completed his professional studies with Abner L. Duncan, of that city, and where, on his admission to the bar about the year 1822, he established himself in the practice of law. He soon began to attract notice as an able jurist, a keen logician, and a speaker and writer of great pith and terseness. The bar of New Orleans then embraced some of the ablest juridical minds in the country. The learned, laborious, and eloquent Livingston; the vigorous, ponderous, and sarcastic Mazureau; the fluent, graphic and sensible Grymes; the well-read, sagacious, and vigilant Hennen, and a host of other younger attorneys—many of whom have since reached the highest places in the profession—were the formidable rivals among whom young Eustis was thrown to struggle and contend for the prizes of professional distinction. He was not unequal to the contest. Discarding the arts of the advocate, the strategy of the mere attorney, he based his claims to consideration as a lawyer upon his logical power, his thorough knowledge of the science of law, his fine analytical talent, and his clear, perspicuous, laconic style. Oratory or eloquence he held in little esteem, and quibbling technicalities were his special disgust. The reason of the law, its equity and philosophy, were the objects of his constant study and search, and in the pursuit of these he deemed it necessary to render himself perfectly familiar with the history of jurisprudence. He was a thorough civilian—one of the most accomplished in the United States. He was several times elected a member of the State Legislature; was Secretary of State of Louisiana, and was, for several years, the leading commissioner of the board of currency, an institution which has been eminently serviceable in guarding and regulating the banking system. He possessed a thorough knowledge of the system of banking, and was the author of many of those reforms which have given so much stability and such a high character to the currency of the State of Louisiana. He was also Attorney-General and Assistant Justice of

the Supreme Court of the State, which last position he resigned to enter on a somewhat lengthened tour in Europe. He was a leading member, as a conservative democrat, of the convention for amending the State Constitution in 1845, and became the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, as it was remodeled by that instrument. During his term of office he performed much mental labor with great success. He was indefatigable, and possessed an admirable method and great command of his resources. His judicial decisions were marked by a clearness of style and logic, and a thorough acquaintance with the law, which made them compare favorably with the best to be found in the English or American reports. After the adoption, in 1852, of the present Constitution of the State, which provides for an elective judiciary, he retired from public life—being utterly opposed to the election of judges by the people—to resume his practice at the bar, which he did under flattering circumstances.

To his great professional learning he united an extensive acquaintance with the English, French, and Spanish literature, and was esteemed by his large circle of friends as a most entertaining and instructive companion; and if his conversation was occasionally dashed with sarcasm, it was often replete with genuine humor and racy wit. He was incorruptibly honest, a high-minded gentleman, a virtuous citizen, and an excellent man. He was naturally of a vigorous, mental and physical constitution, maintained by habits of out-door exercise. In 1849 the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by Harvard University.

He married, in 1825, Clarissa Allain, of Louisiana, by whom he had six children—four sons and two daughters—one of whom, the Hon. George Eustis, Jr., was, for several years, a Representative in Congress from the First Congressional District of Louisiana.

[Palmer's Necrology of Alumni of Harvard College, Boston, 1864.]

THE DEATH OF MRS. LOUISE MORRIS EUSTIS.

On Friday last a cable dispatch brought to this city the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Louise Morris Eustis, the wife of Hon. George Eustis, of Louisiana, and only daughter of our esteemed fellow-citizen, W. W. Corcoran, Esq. Mrs. Eustis was well known and greatly admired as one of the belles of Washington a few years ago. Her marriage with Mr. Eustis, an elegant and dashing Representative from Louisiana, was an event that will long be remembered in the fashionable world of this District. Since her marriage she has resided principally abroad. Young, amiable, and intelligent, and admirably fitted to adorn society, she was some time

ago smitten with consumption, from which, with patient suffering, she slowly declined, until her death, on Wednesday last, at Cannes, in France. Her grief-stricken father had been already summoned, and was present at the time of her death.

Mrs. Eustis was the grand-daughter of Commodore Morris, United States Navy, and extensively connected in this city. She leaves three young children. Her untimely death will be mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who hoped soon to greet her again in their midst.

—[*Intelligencer*, December 8th, 1867.]

[*From the Southern Churchman.*]

FUNERAL OF MRS. LOUISE MORRIS EUSTIS.

Disabled by sickness from being present on this melancholy occasion, a friend has sent us a copy of the *National Intelligencer* of the 18th inst., containing the following notice. This sad event has awakened in our minds some touching reminiscences, and as our relations to the deceased were peculiar, we hope it will not be deemed a breach of delicacy if we refer to them briefly, and give expression to some of the feelings they inspire:

Nearly thirty years ago the writer of this* was summoned to a house in Washington, in which a young married couple had not long before begun their career in life. In that house, upon a sick bed, lay a young mother whose appearance indicated that there was a worm at the root of the roses on her cheeks. By her side was an infant. The mother desired that we should baptize her child and be its God-father too. Having learned from our Bishop that he had himself officiated in both these capacities, and considered it legitimate under certain circumstances, we consented, and baptized the child, naming it Louise Morris, after its mother, who was the daughter of Commodore Morris, and the wife of that now well-known and large-hearted gentleman, W. W. Corcoran, whose liberal benefactions have made his name an honored one not only in public institutions, but a household word in the cottages of the poor. Passing over intervening events for about twenty years, again we were summoned to Washington, and in an elegant mansion, sumptuously furnished and adorned with the finest creations of the painter and the sculptor, we saw her in the presence of a great company, a white-robed bride, and heard her plight her troth in the beautiful words of the marriage service, to the Hon. Mr. Eustis, of Louisiana.

*The Rev. Philip Slaughter, then Rector of Christ Church, Georgetown.

Not long after this she was hidden from our view by the "war-clouds rolling dun." In the meantime she retired to Europe, where she died, just on the eve of her expected return to her native land. And that elegant mansion is thronged by officials and private citizens. But it is no longer a house of feasting but a house of mourning. It is draped in black. The bridal robe is replaced by a shroud, and instead of the joyous office of matrimony are heard the words of the grand old funeral service: "We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Her remains were then borne to the cemetery where repose the ashes of her mother, attended by a great crowd of citizens and officials, among whom were the orphans of the various asylums whom she had contributed to feed and clothe; leaving us to hope that in the last day she may hear from the lips of the blessed Saviour the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

FUNERAL OF MRS. LOUISE MORRIS EUSTIS.—The funeral of Mrs. Louise Morris Eustis, the only child of our esteemed fellow-citizen, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., took place yesterday afternoon from her father's residence. At three o'clock the spacious halls and parlors of the mansion were thronged with the friends of the deceased, gathered to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of one who in life enjoyed the most estimable regard of all who had the pleasure of coming within the circle of her acquaintance. But the most touching scene in that vast assemblage of mourners was the presence of the orphan children from the different asylums in this city; for, when a child, Mrs. Eustis loved to visit these institutions, mingling her affections among the fatherless, and dispensing, with a heartfelt regard for their wants, the gifts which a fond parent had, in no limited degree, placed at her disposal.

The remains, enclosed in a metallic coffin, were placed on a pedestal in the centre of the north parlor. The coffin was encased in wood, covered with black silk velvet, and studded with silver ornaments. On the lid, surrounding the massive silver plate inscribed "Louise Morris Eastis, born March 20th, 1838. Died December 4th, 1867," was a chaste wreath of violets. Above this was an exquisite cross of camelias, from which radiated garlands and chaplets, forming a beautiful combination of floral adornments.

The funeral services were impressively conducted by Rev. Dr. Pinkney, Rector of the Episcopal Church of the Ascension, after which he delivered a short address, alluding to the life and character of the deceased in the most feeling manner.

The coffin was then removed to the hearse by the pall-bearers, Messrs. J. B. H. Smith, Colonel James G. Berret, James M. Carlisle, George W.

Riggs, Dr. John B. Blake, Gen. Parke, Dr. Thomas Miller, Colonel R. D. Cutts, William A. Gordon, Major J. F. Lee, and Frederick Harrison.

The remains were taken to Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, and placed in the mausoleum. The funeral cortege was one of the largest ever seen in Washington. Every rank in our society was represented on this mournful occasion. The diplomatic corps, the army, navy, executive departments, corporate authorities, and citizens gathered to testify their regard to one so universally esteemed in this his hour of affliction.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. WILLIAM PINKNEY, D. D.,

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. LOUISE MORRIS EUSTIS, ON THE
17TH OF FEBRUARY, 1868.

There is sometimes a beauty even in the hour when the heart is saddest, and the cross presses upon it most heavily. Flowers grow on graves. Our hands plant them there, and the night dews sparkle on their opening petals, and the warm breath of spring gives to their tints the richest and softest coloring.

There is a smile in a tear-drop; and the loneliness that knows not the returning footstep to make vocal the silence that surrounds it, and may never more taste the sweets of the companionship that once peopled it with images of a joy departed, may forget for a moment the depressing solitude it feels. And yet there is, in the grave, a sorrow that words cannot express, a loneliness that beggars description, a silence that overawes and overwhelms us.

When the sun goes down in the glowing west (his circuit of glory run), and the night shades gather over hill and valley, we miss the brightness of his shining, and are subdued as we gaze on the faded splendor. There is a sadness in the twilight hour. It steals over us with a mournful cadence—it breathes the joys of a day departed—it mingles anxiety with the sweet memories, or the bitter, it chronicles. But if that sun should go down at noon, or in the early morn, before it had emerged from the first soft cloud that enwrapped it with a robe of crimson and of gold, the sight would appall us, for we would not be prepared for its setting.

In human life it is often so. The young die—the beautiful and the fair—the child in the first sweet buddings of hope and gentleness—those who are in the fresh, full flowering of life, and the aged, who have reached the summit, and are now far down the opposite declivity—the bud in its beauty, the flower just blown, and the flower in the sere and yellow leaf. The sun of life goes down in the first glimpses of morning, at noontide, or at evening.

An early death fills us with astonishment. It is a mystery we cannot comprehend. It seems to our short-sighted sense so like a waste of life, that we are, when it first meets us, perplexed and dismayed. Why the hopes that were enkindled by the cradle we rocked so gently—hopes so full of pleasure, so buoyant, and so bright—should be so suddenly blasted, and the homestead be robbed of its freshness, and the heart of the purest jewel it enshrined, at the very moment when the care of the early training was about to be rewarded, is a mystery that often bows us in the dust, and awakens a sadness that earth has no power to soothe. That the aged should die is natural. We look for it, and expect it. It comes in its proper order. We mourn over it, and are touched by it; for it is a treasure lost to us. But, like the setting of the natural sun, it is the time for the withdrawing of its light, and we are reconciled to it—so we weakly imagine. The death of the young does not at first so strike us. It looks unnatural. It wears an aspect of harshness. It so disarranges and decomposes our most cherished plans and purposes, that we are stunned by it. It is not until we take in hand the telescope of faith, and look in upon the scene from the clear upper sky of implicit trust in God, and trace the mystery along in the light of the world beyond us, that we see that it is a beautiful ordering of the Providence that rules all thing here below and ordains what it sees to be best for us and best for those who die young. On the earthly side it is dark; bleeding hearts hover over it; crushed hopes are hung as withered garlands upon the bier that closes on it. The halls which but yesterday echoed to the bounding footstep, now voiceless and still—the old tree in the yard, so beautified by art, beneath which the dream of childhood wove its brightest fancies, all alone in its grandeur, tell the sadness of the change that has passed over them. The group of little ones, who never knew of a heart sorrow which the voice of maternal love could not instantly dispel, now deprived of that mother's watching care and soothing tenderness, and left in the cold, bleak world to wander in dreary orphanage—the other hearts that taste the bitterness of the sad decree that has written home desolate, and often, when the twilight hour comes creeping in at the windows so silently, look, as of old, for the return of the loved one, and sigh to catch once again the music notes of the voice that made earth so joyful, notwithstanding the second, terrible sober-thought tells them that it is in vain to look, are not less eloquent in sadness.

Oh! beloved, the earthly side of the dispensation is all dark. If it were not for the other side of it, we should be indeed without comfort, disconsolate in our sorrow. But when we remember that God gives His beloved ones sleep—that the good are taken from the evil to come—that they are at peace, and lie softly in their cold bed, waiting for the end—that there are two great departments of life, one in the world to come, far up above and beyond the bending blue, and the other here in the

midst of tears and conflicts, which is constantly replenishing the ranks of the blessed, who are waiting in hope the sounding of the trump, we feel constrained to lisp the prayer, "Thy will be done, Thy kingdom come," and, with the tear on the eyelid and the iron in the soul, look up into our father's face, and smile. Our grief from that moment becomes selfish, and we feel it is so. Life is not wasted when the decree ordains, that the future shall absorb it unto itself. No death is young that breathes itself out in prayer, and eagerly waits to shuffle off this mortal coil, that it may be clothed upon. No death is to be lamented which closes a life that has lived in Christ, and marks the cheeks with pallor on which the tear-drop of repentance ever rested.

But oh! it becomes us to consecrate our life to God, to ask Him to breathe in us His life-giving spirit, and make us like Christ—like Him in the graces of meekness, gentleness, and the golden charity that seeks to scatter over the pathway we tread the aroma of loving deeds, which will give eye-sight to the blind, feet to the lame, hearing to the deaf, and joy to the sorrowing. Young and old, it becomes us to devote our lives to God in the bud, or the flower matured, or the sere and yellow leaf. This is the great end of living—the living that makes death a gain, and the grave the gate of hope. We have no time to lose.

" Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

And oh! if it ever becomes us to be prayerful, penitent, believing—to put on the beautiful garments of holiness—to give the heart to God, and use meekly and in trust the means of grace, and eat of the bread and wine of the Holy Eucharist, the body and the blood, it is when the heart is sad and the hearthstone desolate—when the grave has closed over all that made life beautiful to us, and shut out from our view the form that was the embodiment of heart-wealth—when all that is left to us of the links that were once welded into a chain of love so rich in every link, is the memory of the past that now lingers in the heart to sweep its broken strings and recall its lost melody—when earth is emptiness and its proudest possessions are but vanity and vexation of spirit. It is in moments like these, that God asks us to give Him our hearts. He longs to enter in and dwell there. Voids He makes in its secret chambers, that He may fill them with the glory of His presence. The loves of earth are permitted to fall from our eager grasp—joys of earth are turned into sadness—smiles of earth are converted to tears—all, in order that He may absorb us wholly into Himself. And oh! when He takes from our bosom a flower that we had nestled in our hearts, and which we had guarded from the rough, bleak winds, and cared for so tenderly—when He transplants it, and breathes into our ear the death-notes of a love lost to us for a while, warn-

ing us of our danger and our duty, and wooing us to true penitence and faith—is it in our souls to suffer this opportunity to pass by us without improvement, and permit the softening of God's providence to become hardness and searedness to our conscience? Let us who are constantly walking in the shadow of loves departed—whose footsteps tread no other path more frequently than that which leads down to the quiet City of the Dead—who seldom nurse a love that does not wither, and droop, and die, and as seldom claim a jewel ours ere it is taken from us—who never beautify a home and throw over it the attractiveness of art, or else lavish on it the more unpretending tokens of our love, and get it in readiness for the inhabitation of those we most prize, before the echo of the footfall is all that remains to tell us of the emptiness of earth; let us, I repeat, set our houses in order, that, when death comes to us, we may be found ready to go forth to meet the bridegroom at His coming.

There is a silent power in the deep grief that now consumes us, which to me is most eloquent and impressive. An only daughter returned to the homestead she so loved and so adorned, from which she went forth to sojourn for a season in a foreign land—returned to it, not as she went, in the freshness of a heart that knew nothing but love, but sleeping so tranquilly in the embrace of death. One word to her memory may not be inappropriate. Possessed of those natural qualities which make up a character of singular beauty, she was a favorite with all who knew her. Amiability and generosity were the groundwork, while the finer feelings were beautifully wrought in a kind of golden tracery that gave it its peculiar loveliness and charm. Her natural temper must have been singularly sweet and unselfish. Her desire to contribute to the happiness of others was unbounded. She was the sunlight of her homestead. She lived for her husband, father, and children: and she lived in them. She did not seem to know how to taste of an undivided joy. Participation seemed to her to be essential to self-happiness. The ocean, that separated her from the loved ones at home, was not broader and deeper than the sympathies of her soul, and it was ever made the vehicle over which to communicate to them the treasures the Old World furnished her. Many a steamer was freighted with the sweet tokens of her love. No one was forgotten. It was this breadth of heart and exquisite unselfishness which made her so very dear to so very many. She, who had no wish ungratified, who basked in her father's smile, and shared the untold wealth of his deep, full heart—she, who was so happy in her homestead, intellectual and highly cultivated, the centre of attraction in the circle of refinement in which she moved so gracefully, and over which she cast a clear, soft sunshine—I repeat, she disdained the thought of self-enjoyment, where others were not made the partakers of the pleasures of which she so freely tasted.

She was benevolent. Pity for the poor glowed on the altar of her heart. The orphan found in her a friend; and never did she appear more beautiful

than when she moved among them the minister of mercy, participated in their innocent pleasures, and recalled to their faces the smile that soothing words and winning tones never fail to kindle. She knew much of the luxury of the blessing that crowns the willing gift, and never withheld the needed boon. The tear of sympathy was no stranger to her eyelid. The open hand was ever the touching and eloquent symbol of her love.

Her health was delicate, extremely delicate. From what I have seen in letters descriptive of the close of her fair, young life, I am satisfied that her thoughts had been much exercised about the future of the state beyond us. For such a death-scene could not have crowned any but a prayerful life. When told that her end was near, while she clung to home and home-endearaments with all the instincts of her loving nature, she received the Communion, gave her parting counsels to all around her, and sent her farewell greetings to loved ones absent, with an eloquence that no words of mine can portray. With the father on one side of her and her husband on the other, she fell asleep, while the kiss of love was still fresh, and the last heart-beat told how deep and true that love was. Beloved, you knew her better than I did. You knew her, many of you, in the bright, sunny hour of childhood, the dawn of early womanhood, the blossoming of riper years; and you know that this is no highly colored portraiture. A vision of loveliness! she lingered for a little while on this earth, and then faded away, like the glow of the golden sky, when night is upon us. Foreign travel and foreign habits had not diminished in the least the native beauty and simplicity of her character. If it had pleased God that she should have returned to the homestead of which she was the life and joy, you would have found in her the same beautiful type of expansive benevolence that so enriched the hours of her bright morning of life, and the same touching unselfishness that opened her heart to all about her. But God ordered otherwise. And now all that we have left to us of a heart so tender and true, is the memory of the past.

Our privilege it is to lay one garland on her bier. It will be the rosebud without the thorn—the evergreen of a hope that will not fade—the cypress of a heart that is as tender as the love it commemorates. We will lay the body down to sleep in that beautiful burial ground which a father's hand has made beautiful for the sleeping dead; and there we will plant the flower of a patient submission to God's will, who has ordered, that the sun should go down in beauty while it is yet day, while we cherish in our hearts the recollection of the traits of character which made her so lovely in our eyes when living, and the sweetness of the close, which lingers so sadly and yet so hopefully amid the dread realities of this trying hour.

May God sanctify this early death to us all. May He have in His holy keeping those two hearts that now mourn the loss of all that made life dearest to them, and those bright buds that bloom where the shadow of a mother's love cannot reach them, and the sunshine of a mother's smile cannot rest upon them. Beloved, the promise is sweet which cheers an

hour over which the shadows of death are cast, if we are only wise to appropriate it to ourselves. He who wounds us for our good, who calls us to pass through the fiery furnace of affliction, who darkens our homestead, and folds the leaves of the flowers we watered with our love, and leaves us alone to breast the billows of this cold, cold world, has written for our comfort that it is our privilege to cast our care on Him, at the same time that He tells us, with such condescending tenderness, that He cares for us. But oh! to sit under the shadow of His outspread wing, to rest our aching bosom on His, to feel His sustaining arm underneath us and hear His soft whisperings of love, in the wildest tossings of life's troubled sea, saying, "Peace; be still"—we must walk with Him, abide with Him, delight in prayer, never refuse the bread broken, ever abound in alms-deeds, and keep the lamp of our profession filled with oil, trimmed and burning. 'Tis beautiful to sit at the feet of Jesus, not only when the sky is bright above us, and the notes of singing birds are heard on the leafy boughs and in the sweeter sunshine of the happy homestead, but when the sky is dark, and the voice of melody is hushed, and our loved ones are laid to sleep, and the mourners go about the streets as they are being carried to their last home. Oh! that He, who has mixed this cup of bitterness and put it to our lips, may enable us to bow submissively to His will, and sit at the feet of Jesus, that we may know that will to do it, in joy as in heart-sorrow, by the board where our loved ones are seated, as by the graves in which they so softly slumber. How beautifully the poet sings! How true the poetry he sings!

"Death cannot separate—is memory dead?
Has thought, too, vanished, and love grown chill?
Has every relic and memento fled,
And are the living only with us still?

"No! in our heart the lost we mourn remain
Objects of love and ever-fresh delight,
And fancy leads them in her fairy train,
In half-seen transports, past the mourners' sight.

"Yes, in ten thousand ways, or far or near,
The called by love, by meditation brought,
In heavenly visions, yet they haunt us here,
The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

"Death never separates—the golden wires,
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love we look upon no more."

OBITUARY.

HON. GEORGE EUSTIS, JR.

The New Orleans *Picayune*, of the 17th inst., under the heading "death of a distinguished Louisianian," publishes the following deserved tribute to the memory of the late George Eustis, Jr. :

The Washington papers of the 11th instant contained brief notice of the fact that the Hon. George Eustis, eldest son of the late Hon. George Eustis, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, was not expected to long survive.

The *Bee* of yesterday stated that a private telegram received here on Friday from Washington, but too surely realizes the sad apprehensions the preliminary information had created here in a wide circle of the relatives and friends of that lamented gentleman.

George Eustis was one of a family of brothers and sisters, all of marked intellectual and social accomplishments, refined tastes and attractive manners. The two elder brothers, George and Allain, were partly educated at Jefferson College, in the parish of St. James, in this State, when that institution, in its palmy days, under the direction of Ingalls (a West Point graduate), numbered over three hundred pupils beneath its lofty roof, and they the representatives of the oldest and best families of Louisiana.

George Eustis completed his education at Cambridge College, graduating from its celebrated law college. On his return here, he became a practising member of the bar, but soon entered on a political career, and was a Representative in Congress from this district for several sessions before the war. He married at Washington the only daughter of Mr. Corcoran, the well-known banker.

When the war broke out, Mr. Eustis was appointed Confederate secretary of legation, at the same time that the Hon. John Slidell was appointed Minister to France. Mr. Eustis was particularly fitted for this position ; his social and professional accomplishments, remarkable tact and dignified yet elegant manners, together with his familiarity with French law, literature, customs and language rendered him an admirable representative of Confederate diplomacy at the great French capital.

Since the war, Mr. Eustis has resided in France with his family, spending most of his time at a delightful villa at Cannes, which he purchased some years ago and fitted up with characteristic elegance. His wife died there four years ago.

His father-in-law, Mr. Corcoran, who is abroad for the benefit of his health, was with Mr. Eustis in his last moments, as were also his mother

and sister. He leaves three children. His family connections here are very extensive and are representatives of our oldest Creole and American families.

We join with them in sincere regret for the heavy loss they have sustained.

[*From Le Conservateur of Nice.*]

Last Friday was a day of mourning for Cannes. George Eustis, former Member of Congress of the United States, had just died. Mr. Eustis, born in the Southern States, had lived in France for the last ten years. The qualities of his heart and mind, his perfect honor, and the sympathy which he so openly expressed for French interests, gained for him, in his adopted country, the sincere affection and esteem of all.

The hotel of Mr. Eustis at Paris, like his villa in Cannes, was the chosen rendezvous of the best French and foreign society. There was an attraction there in all that the world considers refined; superiority of intelligence, affability of reception, simplicity and distinction of company, charm and security of society.

During his long and painful illness, proofs of affection were showered on Mr. Eustis, who died four years after his wife, a Miss Corcoran, of Washington.

It was the father of this young wife and the father-in-law of Mr. Eustis, the venerable and generous Mr. Corcoran, who yesterday was the chief mourner at the funeral. Mr. Curtin, the United States Minister at St. Petersburg and Admiral Alden were also present. There was a large and select number of persons at the ceremony. We lost an honest man, a benefactor, a true friend.

Though there is no real consolation for such losses, yet one of the oldest, and most intimate friends of Mr. Eustis ventures to offer his most sincere and respectful sympathies to the members of the family of Mr. Eustis, as well as Mr. Corcoran, to whom he feels all the more attached by the bonds of an enduring and pious sympathy.

NICE, Tuesday, March 19th, 1872.

[*From The Washington Patriot, of March 16th, 1872.*]

A telegram was received here yesterday announcing the death of Mr. Eustis, at Cannes, France, on Thursday last. He was well known in this community not only as a Member of Congress, who, for his years and experience, had gained much distinction, but as the son-in-law of our distinguished fellow-citizen, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., whose sole daughter, Louise, he married a few years previous to the breaking out of the war.

Three children resulted from this union, who are now with their grandfather, Mr. Corcoran, at Cannes. Mrs. Eustis died a few years ago: and it was in tender commemoration of this lady, his only child, and of her mother, Mrs. Corcoran, both of whom were named Louise, that Mr. Corcoran established that beneficent institution for destitute elderly ladies—the "Louise Home"—in this city.

Mr. Eustis came of a Massachusetts family, well known in its history, a branch of which settled in Louisiana. He was the direct descendant of that stock. After passing through the regular course of collegiate honors at Harvard, and winning some of its best laurels, he was called to the bar, and settled in New Orleans, as his future home.

To native talents of no ordinary degree, he had joined the culture of a scholar, and the training which promised him high professional distinction. Superadded to those qualities, he had elements of personal popularity which were quite striking; so that at a time when most young men are marking out a future career, he was solicited to become a candidate for Congress, and was successively elected for two terms by majorities which exhibited at once the confidence, the respect, and the admiration of his constituents.

He may be said to have retired from public view, until his name was brought into notice by the arrest of Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell, to whose mission he had consented to act as secretary. After his release he went to Europe, and lived there since then as a private gentleman, mostly devoted to the care of the orphan children, who still survive to lament the death of their last devoted parent.

Although sympathizing with the South in the day of trial, and discharging what he believed to be his duty in support of that cause, when the war was ended, Mr. Eustis sought, in every honorable way, to restore peace and good will to his distracted country. He was in Paris at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and voluntarily contributed his valuable services to the legation of the United States in that time of difficulty and urgency.

For several years past Mr. Eustis has been a serious invalid. He knew his danger, and prepared for it with becoming resignation and fortitude. In the last few months the steps of the destroyer were rapid and fearful; so that at the period of ordinary prime, when the faculties are most vigorous, and the promise of a future reasonably assured, he has been stricken down in the midst of all those attractions which make life beautiful. His memory will be cherished by the faithful friends who recall the excellencies of character and the manly attributes which warmed so many attachments in other days, and still linger around, and adorn, the friendships which were then contracted.

PRIVATE LIBRARY OF W. W. CORCORAN,

Washington, D. C., May 15th, 1869.

The following gentlemen met, at the invitation of Mr. Corcoran, at 5 o'clock: J. M. Carlisle, James C. Hall, M. D., George W. Riggs, Anthony Hyde, James G. Berret, James C. Kennedy, Henry D. Cooke, and James C. McGuire, of the District of Columbia, and W. T. Walters, of Baltimore; when Mr. Corcoran presented Mr. Carlisle with a letter, which at Mr. Carlisle's request was read by Mr. Hyde, as follows:

WASHINGTON, *May 10, 1869.*

GENTLEMEN: It is known to you that the building at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street was designed by me for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, as is indicated by the dedication upon its front.

The work was begun in the year 1859 and was prosecuted with the heartiness naturally incident to such an undertaking, until it was interrupted by the breaking out of the late civil war, when the public exigencies led to the immediate occupation of the building for military purposes; and to these uses it has been devoted ever since, until being no longer required by the War Department, it is about to be restored to my possession.

It was my cherished hope to have placed the proposed establishment, complete in all its appointments, in successful operation before divesting myself of the title by any formal instrument, but the years which have thus passed away, and the accumulation of other cares and duties, warn me no longer to indulge the pleasing anticipation.

I have, therefore, not doubting your general interest in the subject, taken the liberty of executing to you, as trustees, a deed which I herewith deliver, sufficiently defining the trusts which I ask you to accept.

In addition to the title to the property itself, you will observe that the instrument vests in you, for the purposes of the trust, the right to receive the rents, wholly unpaid, for the period during which it has been occupied by the Government, now nearly eight years, which will doubtless be adjusted with you, in the absence of any special agreement, on fair and, perhaps, liberal terms.

As soon as the interior of the building shall have been completed, according to the original plans (which will be placed at your disposal), for which the rents in arrears will more than suffice, I shall ask you to receive as a nucleus my own gallery of art, which has been collected at no inconsiderable pains, and I have assurances from friends in other cities whose tastes and liberality have taken this direction that they will contribute fine works of art from their respective collections.

I may add that it is my intention to provide further endowment of the institution in such manner and to such extent as may consist with other objects which claim my attention ; and I venture to hope that with your kind co-operation and judicious management we shall have provided, at no distant day, not only a pure and refined pleasure for residents and visitors of the National Metropolis, but have accomplished something useful in the development of American genius.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect and regard,
your obedient servant,

W. W. CORCORAN.

To—

JAMES M. CARLISLE,	ANTHONY HYDE,	HENRY D. COOKE,
JAMES C. HALL,	JAMES G. BERRET,	JAMES C. MCGUIRE,
GEORGE W. RIGGS,	JAMES C. KENNEDY,	WILLIAM T. WALTERS.

After the reading of the letter Mr. Carlisle presented Mr. Corcoran with the following reply, viz :

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 10th*, 1869.

TO WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: We have accepted the trusts confided to us by your deed of this date, in the formal manner indicated by the deed itself.

But we desire, individually and collectively, to add the expression of our personal appreciation of the privilege of endeavoring efficiently to administer such an institution, projected spontaneously by your liberal mind, and securely founded by your sole munificence.

While we cannot doubt that, at least in the time of our successors, all your anticipations will be realized, we sincerely hope that you may, yourself, live to enjoy the high and pure gratification of witnessing the complete success of your generous intentions.

With great respect, and warm regard,
we remain, very truly, yours,

Signed,	JAMES M. CARLISLE,
"	J. C. HALL,
"	GEORGE W. RIGGS,
"	A. HYDE,
"	JAMES G. BERRET,
"	JAMES C. KENNEDY,
"	HENRY D. COOKE,
"	J. C. MCGUIRE,
"	W. T. WALTERS.

CHARTER.

PUBLIC, No. 70.

AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE TRUSTEES OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART,
AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That James M. Carlisle, James C. Hall, George W. Riggs, Anthony Hyde, James G. Berret, James C. Kennedy, Henry D. Cooke, and James C. McGuire, of the city of Washington, and of Georgetown, District of Columbia, and William T. Walters, of the city of Baltimore, State of Maryland, and their successors, be, and they are hereby, created and constituted a body politic and corporate in law, by the name and style of the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and by that name may sue and be sued, implead and be impleaded, have perpetual succession, and shall and may take, hold, manage, and dispose of, at all times, real and personal estate, and shall and may do and perform all other acts and things necessary or appropriate for the execution of the trusts created and conferred on them in and by a certain deed from William W. Corcoran, to them, the said parties hereinbefore named, which is dated the tenth day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, and was recorded on the eighteenth of the same month in liber *D*, number eight, folio two hundred and ninety-four, *et seq.*, one of the Land Records of Washington County, District of Columbia, to which reference is hereby made for greater certainty; the intent of this charter of incorporation being that the same shall be in execution of the trusts in the said deed declared and set forth, and not to any other intent and purpose whatever.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary of State be, and they are hereby authorized and directed to ascertain and settle, upon principles of justice, a fair and just compensation for the use of the ground and buildings described in the before-mentioned deed, while the same were occupied by the United States for the public service; and that the sum so ascertained and settled by them, or a majority of them, shall, upon their certificate and award thereof, be paid to the corporation hereinbefore created, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That any tax which may be claimed or due to the United States, by reason of the transfer of the property above mentioned, or the execution and delivery of the said deed from the said William W. Corcoran to the above-named trustees, be, and the same is hereby, remitted and released.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That the aforesaid buildings and grounds connected therewith, together with all the works of art that may be contained therein, shall be free from all taxes and assessments by the municipal authorities, or by the United States, so long as the same shall be held and used for the purpose hereinbefore set forth.

Approved, May 24, 1870.

“ THE LOUISE HOME : ”

FOUNDED BY

W. W. CORCORAN,

ERECTED IN 1869,

AND OPENED FOR THE RECEPTION OF INMATES

APRIL 17, 1871.

“ *Non ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco.* ”

TRUSTEES :

JAMES M. CARLISLE, of Washington, D. C.

GEORGE W. RIGGS, “ “

JAMES C. HALL, M. D., “ “

ANTHONY HYDE, of Georgetown, D. C.

DIRECTRESSES :

MRS. B. OGLE TAYLOR, of Washington, D. C.

MRS. GEORGE W. RIGGS, “ “

MISS SARAH COLEMAN, “ “

MRS. RICHARD H. COOLIDGE, “ “

MRS. JAMES M. CARLISLE, “ “

MRS. JOHN MARRBURY, SEN., of Georgetown, D. C.

MRS. RICHARD T. MERRICK, Washington, D. C.

MRS. S. P. HILL, Washington, D. C.

MRS. BEVERLY KENNON, Georgetown, D. C.

LETTER FROM W. W. CORCORAN TO THE TRUSTEES.

WASHINGTON, *December 4th*, 1870.

GENTLEMEN: The deed which I now deliver to you is for the establishment of an institution, which, from my long and intimate knowledge of you all, I doubt not, will meet with ready concurrence and sympathy in your minds and hearts.

It is in this confidence that I have, without your previous assent, made use of your names as its chosen trustees and governors.

The deed, itself, sufficiently defines the general scope and nature of my intention: but a great deal is necessarily left to your judgment and discretion, in the liberal and efficient administration of the trust.

In the name given by the deed to this institution you will not fail to see that a husband's and a father's memory has mingled itself with, and stimu-

lated, his leading intention, but this, I am sure, will only serve to induce you the more readily to join me in the effort to establish a permanent and well-regulated, though necessarily limited, charity.

I am, gentlemen, with warm regard, your friend,

W. W. CORCORAN.

TO JAMES M. CARLISLE, GEORGE W. RIGGS, JAMES C. HALL, and ANTHONY HYDE, Esqs.

WASHINGTON, *December 7th*, 1870.

DEAR SIR: We have formally accepted, under our hands and seals, upon the instrument itself, the trusts confided to us by the deed delivered with your letter.

We sincerely hope that your life may be long spared to witness, and to enjoy, the fruits of your noble beneficence, with which we esteem it an honor to be thus connected.

Be assured that we will sincerely endeavor to carry your intentions into effect, so far as their execution may depend upon us; and that we shall always feel that our charge is, at once, a princely charity, and a touching monument to your own most sacred memories.

With hearty wishes for your continued health and happiness,
we remain, faithfully, your friends,

J. M. CARLISLE,
GEO. W. RIGGS,
J. C. HALL,
ANTHONY HYDE.

TO W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., Washington, D. C.

THE DEED REFERRED TO IS AS FOLLOWS:

THIS INDENTURE, made this 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, by and between William W. Corcoran, of the city of Washington and District of Columbia, of the first part, and James M. Carlisle, George W. Riggs and James C. Hall, of the said city of Washington, and Anthony Hyde, of Georgetown, in said District, of the second part, *Witnesseth*:

Whereas, It is the desire and intention of the said William W. Corcoran to establish and maintain in the city of Washington aforesaid, to the extent hereinafter provided for, and to such extent of endowment or other provision as the said Corcoran may from time to time, and at any time, by gift, devise, bequest or otherwise determine, an institution for the support and maintenance of a limited number of gentlewomen, who have been reduced by misfortune, so as, in the judgment of the trustees and directresses as hereinafter provided for, to be proper persons to re-

ceive such assistance, to be held by the trustees herein named, as parties of the second part, and the survivors, and survivor of them, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, forever, for that purpose, to be by them managed, held or conveyed as hereinafter provided :

And, whereas, the said William W. Corcoran, in furtherance of said desire and intention, has erected on the lots of ground hereinafter specified, a suitable house and other conveniences, and intends to provide for the support of such destitute but refined and educated gentlewomen, as may be, under such rules and regulations, as may be from time to time adopted in accordance with the provisions of this trust. admitted to its benefits ;

Now, therefore, this Indenture witnesseth, That the said William W. Corcoran, in consideration of the premises and of the sum of five dollars current money of the United States, to him in hand paid by the said parties hereto of the second part, at, and before, the ensembling and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof he doth hereby acknowledge, hath granted, bargained and sold, aliened, enfeoffed and conveyed, and by these presents doth grant, bargain and sell, alien, enfeoff, convey and confirm unto them, the said James M. Carlisle, George W. Riggs, James C. Hall and Anthony Hyde, parties hereto of the second part, and the survivors and survivor of them, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, lots numbered eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen and sixteen (11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16,) in square numbered one hundred and ninety-six (196), situated in the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, according to the public plat of said city, containing for the ground hereby conveyed in all fifty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-four square feet, more or less, together with the improvements, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging, and all the estate, right, title and interest of the said William W. Corcoran in and to the same ;

To have and to hold the said parcels of ground, with the improvements, et cetera, as aforesaid, unto them, the said parties of the second part, and the survivors and survivor of them, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever ;

In trust for the uses, intents and purposes following, and none other, that is to say :

First. To hold the title to the land and premises hereinbefore prescribed, to serve the uses and to and for the intents and purposes hereinbefore and hereinafter specified, limited, declared or directed ; and in the event of procuring an act of incorporation, which they are hereby authorized to apply for, and accept, but which charter shall not depart from, but be upon its face expressly declared to be in execution and furtherance of the trust created by this deed, without any alteration, then to convey the said land and premises with all the appurtenances, and all the endowment or endowments of every name and nature which they may at such time hold

for the uses and purposes of this trust, to the corporate body which shall have been so created upon the same trusts as are declared by this deed.

Secondly. Until such incorporation, the said trustees shall organize themselves, for the convenient management of the trust hereby confided to them, with such officers and agents, and such by-laws, not inconsistent with the provisions of this deed, as they may deem advisable and convenient; and such by-laws they may from time to time, alter, amend, enact, and repeal in their discretion, but so that the express provisions and directions contained in this instrument shall in all things be observed and provided for in such by-laws.

Thirdly. A record of the proceedings of the said trustees, whether corporate or unincorporate, shall be kept in a substantial book, in which shall be recorded, among other things, a copy of this deed, and the organization, thereunder, and of all by-laws and orders; and to the end that there shall always be four trustees, capable of acting in the execution of the said trusts; there shall be, at all times, recorded, in the said book, the names of two persons who shall have been selected by the four trustees, for the time being, who shall, in the order in which their names shall be recorded, fill any vacancies that may occur in the said number of four acting trustees, by reason of death, resignation, removal, or incapacity to act; which vacancies shall be declared, by the remaining trustees or trustee, and recorded as often as occasion may require, and notice given to the successor or successors, who shall thereupon assume and exercise their duties and powers as such.

And in the event of any act of incorporation in the premises being obtained and accepted, the number of four incorporators shall, in like manner, be always kept full, and successors shall, from time to time, be provided for, designated and supplied from such record as occasion may require; *Provided*, that the trustees or incorporators for the time being, or a majority of them, may, for any cause sufficient in their judgment, by a regular vote, and the record thereof, alter such list of names for supplying vacancies, by striking off any name or names, and substituting others.

Fourthly. The trust hereby created is hereby declared and expressly limited to be, the founding and perpetual keeping up and supporting and management of an institution to be used exclusively for the comfortable maintenance and support (not including the furnishing of wearing apparel) of as many such destitute, but refined and educated gentlewomen as aforesaid, as the buildings, improvements, resources, and circumstances of the trust may, from time to time, suitably accommodate, of which the directresses, or any seven of them, with the concurrence of the founder, the said William W. Corcoran, during the period of his natural life, shall determine; such determination and concurrence to be, as often as necessary, expressed upon the record. And the ladies, directresses, hereinafter referred to, or any seven of them, with the consent of the said trustees, and

with the like concurrence of the founder, during his life-time, shall designate from time to time, the persons who shall have admission to the establishment as inmates, and may, from time to time, in like manner, for sufficient cause in their judgment, expel any inmate or inmates.

Fifthly. The said institution shall always be known by the name of THE LOUISE HOME.

Sixthly. There shall be no discrimination or distinction on account of religious creed or sectarian opinions, in respect of the trustees, directresses, officers, or inmates of the said establishment; but all proper facilities that may be possible in the judgment of the trustees, shall be allowed and furnished to the inmates for the worship of Almighty God, according to each one's conscientious belief.

Seventhly. For the admission and expulsion of inmates, subject to the approval of the board of trustees, and for the internal management, direction and government of the establishment, and for the personal supervision of the inmates, there shall always be a board of directresses, consisting of nine ladies, the original nine being now designated and selected by the founder as follows: Mrs. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, Mrs. George W. Riggs, Miss Sarah Coleman, Mrs. Richard H. Coolidge, Mrs. James M. Carlisle, Mrs. John Marbury, Sen., Mrs. Beverly Kennon, Mrs. Richard T. Merrick, and Mrs. S. P. Hill, all of the county of Washington, D. C., and all vacancies occurring from time to time by death, resignation, or otherwise, shall be filled and supplied by a vote and order of the remaining directresses, not less than seven of them concurring therein. The board of directresses shall organize in such manner, and adopt and record such general regulations and orders, as may not be inconsistent with this deed, and as shall be approved by a majority of the full board of trustees, with the concurrence of the founder, in his life-time, and in like manner may amend, alter, or in any manner modify the same as experience may suggest, the intent being that the said directresses shall manage all the domestic concerns of the establishment.

Eighthly. The services of the trustees and directresses are to be purely gratuitous, without any manner of pecuniary reward, such services being given as contributions to the institution.

Ninthly. The general intent of the said party of the first part being expressed in general terms in the premises and recitals of this instrument, and further indicated, with certain specifications in the foregoing articles numbered from one to eight, inclusive, it is hereby declared that all and singular the gifts, grants, conveyances, and endowments, herein expressed and set forth, are to and for the trusts, intents, and purposes, so as aforesaid expressed, implied, set forth, or indicated, and to none other whatsoever.

And that while it is the intention of the grantor and donor herein, that no mere formal or technical breach of, or departure from, the terms and

conditions of this trust, shall operate as any forfeiture or defeasance in favor of his heirs, or of any claiming in his right, nevertheless it is hereby declared, and these presents are upon the express and strict condition, that these presents and every matter and thing hereinbefore contained, and every estate, right, title, interest, and power, thereby given, granted, conveyed, and limited, shall cease and determine, and become utterly void and of none effect, whensoever it shall be decreed, adjudged, or declared by the highest judicial authority having jurisdiction upon a proper proceeding in law or in equity, to be instituted by the heirs, devisees, or assigns of the said party of the first part, that the real estate hereinbefore conveyed, shall have been diverted from the purposes of this trust, to be gathered from this instrument in all its parts and provisions, so as substantially to defeat, or plainly to be inconsistent with and repugnant to, this trust, construed and interpreted in a liberal and sensible spirit, and thereupon, as in case of a breach of a strict condition subsequent, the heirs, devisees, assigns, or other proper legal representatives in the premises of the said William W. Corcoran, shall be entitled to re-enter upon the said real estate, as of his the said William W. Corcoran's right and title, prior to the execution of these presents, and as if the same had never been executed; and in like manner all and every other estate, property, chattel, or valuable thing, the title to which shall have proceeded in the premises, from the said William W. Corcoran to the said trustees or their successors and assigns, shall, as far as may be consistent with the rules and principles of law and equity, revert and be re-vested in right of the said William W. Corcoran or his proper legal representatives therein.

In testimony whereof the said party of the first part, hath hereunto set his hand and affixed his seal, the day and year first hereinbefore written.

(Signed) W. W. CORCORAN. [L. S.]

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of—

(Signed) N. CALLAN.

We jointly and severally accept the trusts of the foregoing deed. Witness our hands and seals the said twenty-first day of November, A. D., eighteen hundred and sixty-nine.

(Signed) J. M. CARLISLE. [L. S.]

(Signed) GEO. W. RIGGS. [L. S.]

(Signed) J. C. HALL. [L. S.]

(Signed) ANTHONY HYDE. [L. S.]

Letters.



After General Lafayette's visit to the United States in 1824, he returned to France in the *Brandywine*, commanded by Commodore Morris, who spent some time with him at La Grange; during which the General employed M. Ary Scheffer, a distinguished artist, to paint a portrait of the Commodore, which he presented to Mrs. Morris with the following letter:

PARIS, *January 29th*, 1826.

DEAR MADAM: Although I was the last in town who had the pleasure to see Commodore Morris, I cannot pretend to give you the latest news of him. His letters from England, by way of Liverpool, will bear a more recent date; but I can, better than himself, attest before you my written evidence that his health has been greatly benefited by his journey through France; and so, I hope, you will find it at the time—now not much remote—when he will be restored to his family and friends at Washington. I have been the occasion, dear Madam, of your missing his presence for many months; but so honored and gratified I felt myself by the destination of the *Brandywine*, the choice of her commander, the obligations conferred upon me during the passage, and the highly valued advantage of an intimate connection with Commodore Morris, that you will allow my apologies to be tinged with a strong mixture of personal satisfaction. Every member of my family has taken a great share in those sentiments, and in the pleasure of forming individual friendships with our good commander. They all, my son, daughter, grandchildren, and M. Le Vasseur, desire to be respectfully mentioned to you and to Miss Morris.

At the time when Commodore M. was at La Grange, our friend, M. Scheffer, the one who had last year the honor

to present the House of Representatives with my portrait, took for us his likeness, and succeeded, in our opinion, so well, that it excited in me the hope of your kindly accepting the portrait which goes over with this letter—an acceptance which will be highly gratifying to me, to the family at La Grange, and to the painter. I am happy to think not a long time will pass before you may compare it with the features of the original, as he intended to make his English journey as short as possible.

I have been greatly disturbed by the information he gave me of the cruel accident at Kalorama; and although your posterior letter, mentioning only the intended visit of my young friend, your son, to that beloved place, has, in a measure, lessened my grief and anxiety, I am every day expecting informations which have become very necessary to me. Be pleased, dear Madam, to remember me to them and family, to Miss Morris, your children, and to receive the expression of my grateful, affectionate respect.

LAFAYETTE.

LETTERS.

GEORGETOWN, *July* 11, 1831.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have the pleasure of sending you three bottles of Madeira wine, which my husband purchased from Captain Carden, of the British frigate *Macedonian*, when that ship was captured in the year 1812. Captain Carden stated that it was then seven years old ; and that he, himself, had selected it in the island of Madeira, for his own use ! I beg you to accept it, with my best wishes for your health and happiness ; and to believe me always,

most cordially and sincerely, yours,

S. DECATUR.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MANOR, *October* 13, 1831.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

There is nothing certain in this world when a woman is concerned, and, therefore, you must not be surprised that I have again deferred my return for another week. I requested the favor of you, a day or two since, to send a carriage for me on Monday, the 17th, and I now pray you to do so on Monday, 24th. We have such terrible reports of the unhealthiness of Washington, at this time, that my kind friends will not permit me to leave them until we receive better tidings. Although a little capricious in other matters, I beg you to believe me, without any shadow of turning, always most cordially and sincerely,

yours,

S. DECATUR.

MANOR, October 15, 1831.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I dare say you will think me raving mad when you hear that I have again changed my mind as to the day of my return, and when I now beg the favor of you to send the carriage for me on Tuesday, the 13th—that is on Tuesday next. The truth of the matter is, that I have been rather *nervous* ever since the affair at Southampton; and in consequence of some recent developments in different parts of this State, I think I should feel more *composed* at the seat of government, especially while we have “the hero” to defend us!

I received your kind note a few hours after I had sent off my last despatch—I pray you not to expose my *cowardice*. Great allowance must be made for *Southern* excitability upon such subjects.

Believe me always, most sincerely, yours,

S. DECATUR.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

If you should find yourself *destitute* of amusement this evening, while the belles are at church, I beg you to come and listen to some of my lamentations.

Yours, sincerely,

S. DECATUR.

UNION HOTEL, *Monday morning.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

The Iturbides have deferred their visit until Wednesday evening, and I hope you will be able to come and meet them, with your sister and Colonel Thomas.

Yours, sincerely,

S. DECATUR.

If you have a moment to spare this evening I pray you to come and tell me how your brother's family are, after their dreadful alarm.*

* The destruction of Mr. J. Corcoran's dwelling by fire.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I expect the Ashtons and Whartons to pass this afternoon with me, and I believe they have some fair daughters. If you know them, and like them, I pray you to come and make *the agreeable*.

Have the goodness to tell Colonel Thomas that I shall consider him "a man of words and not of deeds," until he has taken some more *steps* to convince me that he has a taste for my attractive society. I therefore require him to make a demonstration this evening by coming to meet his late fellow-laborer in the Jackson vineyard!

Yours, sincerely,

S. DECATUR.

UNION HOTEL, *Friday morn.*

Sunday morning.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am happy to say that I can take you under my wing to-day, on the way to heaven, and I pray you to call for me at ten o'clock.

Yours, sincerely,

S. DECATUR.

U. S. S. DELAWARE, RIO DE JANEIRO, *June 30, 1842.*

DEAR SIR: I seldom write to any others than Mrs. Morris or the children at Washington, as I am aware that you will learn from them everything connected with my health and occupations. But I should like to hear from you when you have leisure, as you can give me information on subjects which do not fall under their notice: such as political news, probable changes or continuance of heads of Departments, and the state of money affairs. Our last advices are to 27th of April, from which it appears that the loan bill had become a law. I wish you would consult with Mrs. Morris on the expediency of changing some or all of her Providence Bank stock for the United States 6 per cent.'s, or take the advice of Mr. Ives on the subject. He is

well acquainted with the value of both kinds of property, and I should have great confidence in his opinion. My object would be perfect security for the principal and interest, without diminishing the latter. At this distance, I can form no satisfactory opinion for myself.

My health continues very good, and we manage to avoid the evils of idleness.

If Commodore Nicolson is with you in Washington, thank him for me for his newspapers, and say, I should like to thank him for a letter.

We have nothing new here, for slight revolts and insurrections occur so frequently, that they do not fall under that head.

With regard, yours, sincerely,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

C. MORRIS.

U. S. S. DELAWARE, RIO DE JANEIRO, *September 18, 1842.*

DEAR SIR: It is a long time since I have heard directly from you, though my letters from home keep me informed of your general health and prosperity. I was somewhat apprehensive the very long continuance of pecuniary pressure and still greater depression of all kinds of stock might have operated unfavorably for you as well as for others, but hear nothing to confirm or strengthen those apprehensions, and hope you may escape injury.

Our late advices from the United States left Congress quarreling upon the veto on the temporary Tariff Bill, with the appropriation bills not prepared, the Army and Navy not only without the means of going on, but unable to pay existing claims. I have some apprehension that our bills here may be returned from London, as some of Commodore Jones' have from the United States, and shall not draw again, if it can be avoided, until I know the appropriations have been made.

Have you ever been able to obtain payment for your claim on the War Department? And what is the state of

the company which made the purchase of real estate from the Bank of the United States? And are you still in favor with the Treasury Department, so as to have any share of negotiating the loans, &c., &c.?

Having intercourse, as you have, with the official people, I dare say you could give me interesting information of the means which may be expected, or if any changes are contemplated either in the Cabinet, or the other branches of the Departments where I have acquaintances, and at this distance, such information would be acceptable.

I have so far had a continuance of good health, and though generally rather busy, have much less labor than at the board; in fact, shall probably become inclined to indolence, if my cruise lasts the usual term. I seldom hear from the Department at all, and never in relation to the future, and my correspondents are principally confined to the family—occasionally receive a letter from Commodore Nicolson and Captain Smith.

As I presume you generally hear of me from the family when I write, and as there is very little here of interest to you, you must not keep any regular accounts with me, but write when leisure and opportunity offer.

With respects to Mr. and Mrs. Riggs,

I remain, with regard, your obedient servant,

C. MORRIS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: A case of the greatest magnitude is *on*, and I shall have to speak in it to-morrow afternoon, possibly, but certainly the next day. I would not lose it for the world, and it will require all my study. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to let me off this time and fill up my place at your table.

Very truly, yours,

H. S. LEGARE.

THURSDAY, 16th February.

U. S. S. DELAWARE, MAHON, *July* 15, 1843.

DEAR SIR: As I hear of you so frequently by the letters from Mrs. Morris and the children, I take it for granted you also hear of myself through the same channels, and thus obtain a knowledge of my health and movements, which are about the only subjects which my situation furnishes for a letter.

It gives me much pleasure to hear of your continued success in your business, and I have no doubt your prudence, united to your attention and present well-established reputation, will secure to your house a preference for that which is transacted at Washington in your line.

You will probably know much sooner than myself when the Delaware will return, and to what port.

Mrs. Morris, in the last letter I received from her, spoke of taking a home in Georgetown, and as the disposition to be made of me after my return is entirely uncertain, the arrangement seems to be better than a removal until that uncertainty is at an end.

I hear very favorable reports from the officers of your young protégé, Mitchell, especially in his studies, and hope he will do credit to Georgetown. He is well situated with other well-disposed young men, who all manage to keep clear of any serious difficulties, and I trust will persevere to the end of the cruise, at least.

We have never been to Madeira, and consequently none of my commissions for that place have been executed, and the new duty would make some difference in the price of wine beyond what was common when the order was given. I suppose that will help the temperance, or rather the abstinence cause considerably. We have occasionally drank your health in the champagne and hock you sent, which was very good—much better than I can get here. In fact, all the articles put up for me by Mr. G. Davis proved to be very good, and I shall probably prefer trusting to him rather than bringing home articles subject to duty.

I put a letter under cover to you for Mrs. Morris, that you may give it a proper direction, not knowing whither the state of Helen's health may have called her. I wrote a few days since to her with one for Harriet.

The health of Helen gives me much anxiety, and frequent information of its state is exceedingly desirable for me.

With kisses for dear little Louise,

I remain, with regard, your obedient servant,

C. MORRIS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY, *August 22, 1844.*

In answer to your communication of this day, the Department will be ready to place in deposit with you, to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States, subject to the warrants which he may draw therefor from time to time, any sum of money for which you may deposit securities in the stocks of the United States. The Bank of the Metropolis is at present used as a depository for the sums proper for paying the current demands of the Treasury in the city. In making this arrangement with you, it is not intended to preclude the Department from using the other banking institutions in the city, also, as places of deposit, provided the trustees and managers of those institutions shall give satisfactory security to the Department.

Yours, respectfully,

GEO. M. BIBB.

Secretary of the Treasury.

Messrs. CORCORAN & RIGGS,

Exchange Bank, Washington, D. C.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, *April 2d*, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR: I am much gratified to learn from my son-in-law, Captain Lee, of the Army, that I can obtain the old Mount Vernon pictures. In regard to the difficulties that have existed in this matter, they have grown out of circumstances of so long ago, that misapprehension has no doubt existed on both sides, all of which is now happily removed; and I shall most gladly receive these ancient memorials of Mt. Vernon, and place them with my other relics, to descend to my latest posterity.

Captain Lee will make such arrangements to receive the pictures as shall give you the least possible inconvenience.

Very respectfully, I remain, dear sir,

your obedient and obliged servant,

GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SATURDAY, *December 20*, 1845.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I had just determined to write you a few lines, to say that I had made up my mind to go on to Washington for a short time, before locating myself here, when your letter, dated the 15th, was handed me. I feel much gratified at this proof of your friendship, and will leave this sometime during the next week, as I am unwell and do not like to be on the road while so. I am, however, getting better, and hope to be quite well in a few days, if the weather will but keep quiet and be fair.

I am relieved and on half pay, and I think it will be as well to go down to you and see if I shall have a chance for a ship to do battle with, in case we should determine to go to war with our old opponents. I am not too old for my duty, I should think. We will talk over matters when we meet, which shall be in as short a time as I can make it out, I as-

sure you. It is rather strange that this morning I received a letter from Mr. Van Buren asking me to come to him and remain the winter, as he is alone and wishes me with him. His letter is of the same date of yours, which is a proof that both of you were thinking of me at the same time, all of which I feel flattered with, as well as gratified.

I have much to talk to you of, but do not mean to trouble you by writing. I regret Commodore Morris did not get the Boston station and yard, as he is much esteemed by his countrymen in Boston, as well as his lady, admired by all who have the honor of knowing her.

My respects to the Commodore and ladies, if you please.
May happy days attend you.

Yours, as ever,

JNO. B. NICOLSON.

25th August, 1846.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I am sorry to find, and, I believe, considering the subject, you are, that I owe you a dozen of champagne; here it is. May it prove medicine to your soul and benefit our friend, Commodore Morris, next winter.

Yours, faithfully,

G. BANCROFT.

BANK, *Friday morning, Aug. 14, 1846.*

DEAR SIR: I have your favors of the 10th and 12th, and notice the contents. As we cannot have the *half hour's conversation* just at this time, I must beg of you the favor to communicate, by letter, all, or, at any rate, the substance, of what you would say if opportunity allowed. It shall be received and held as entirely private and confidential—tell me, therefore, I pray you—I please myself with the belief that the war with Mexico will soon be over, and that

all our difficulties with that country will be speedily adjusted. Shall we not know it to be so before the 1st of October? The defeat of the two million appropriation bill will not be material. Enough was done to show very clearly that the money will be forthcoming, if required by the *arrangement, agreement or treaty*, that the President shall make. Our friends at Washington will have abundant cause to regret the establishment of the Sub-Treasury at this time. The measure, under existing circumstances, is *ridiculous* as well as *mischievous* and *suicidal*.

Very truly, yours,

GEO. NEWBOLD.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington*.

WASHINGTON, *September 13, 1846.*

MY DEAR SIR: The original bequest is \$515,169—which by the law is “lent to the United States Treasury at six per cent. per annum from 1st September, 1838, when the same was received into said Treasury.” The interest on 1st July, 1846, is in the law declared to be \$242,129, which we have *now* the right to draw. The odd \$2,129 will amply suffice for us until 1st January next, when upwards of \$15,000 will be due and payable.

Our executive committee have consulted this morning, and unanimously resolved to address a letter to each regent, suggesting the purchase of \$240,000 of United States stocks, or rather an application to Mr. Walker, that he will issue that amount to us. If all the regents, as we doubt not, in reply, assent to this, Seaton, as chairman of our executive committee, will immediately endeavor to negotiate the matter with the Treasury Department.

A word from you to the President and to Mr. Walker will be duly appreciated by us; and we are already much your debtors for your excellent and important suggestions.

I am, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

CASTLE-HILL, *January 19, 1847.*

MY DEAR SIR: I beg leave to present to you, my son William, who, having just completed his law studies at Cambridge, proposes to spend a few days in Washington, previous to his entrance upon his profession in Virginia. I take the liberty of commending him to your kind attentions while there, and shall be much obliged to you to make him acquainted with the fashionable and official circles, in which you occupy so eminent a position yourself. Accept, I pray you, the assurances of the cordial esteem with which I remain,

very truly and faithfully, yours,

W. C. RIVES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *4 February, 1847.*

MY DEAR SIR: I cannot express to you the regret I feel at not being able to dine with you yesterday. Immediately after the adjournment of the court I took a long walk without an overcoat or cloak, the wind being cold and strong, and I contracted a cold which affected me so much as to render it imprudent for me to venture out last evening.

I regret this the more as Mr. Mason, the Attorney General, superseded me last year, in dining with you, contrary to my inclination. But I wish you to be assured, my dear sir, that I feel the greatest interest in your prosperity and happiness, and that I have felt peculiar gratification at the energy you have shown and the commanding position you have attained.

Your obliged friend,

JOHN McLEAN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Boston, *March 24, 1847.*

MY DEAR SIR: In view of a short visit to Europe, which, you know, I am proposing to make, I am extremely anxious to know whether the late news from the Rio Grande is likely to involve an extra session of Congress. I do not quite see what Congress can do to help matters. There is money enough to last till December, and the President has already authorized to enlist more regular troops, and call out more volunteers than can easily be mustered. Still I should like some assurance from headquarters as to what may be in the contemplation of the Executive. I have actually taken passage in the *Hibernia*, which sails next week. But if I thought that Congress could be wanted before August, at the earliest, I would abandon all idea of going. You have a golden key for unlocking the mysteries of *Walker-dom*, if not of *Polk-dom*. Will you do me the favor to give me a line at your *earliest convenience*, communicating, as confidentially as you please, such intimations or assurances as you are able to obtain?

I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

ROB. C. WINTHROP.

MR. CORCORAN:

It would greatly oblige me if I might hear from you by return of mail.

WASHINGTON CITY, *May 7, 1847.*

DEAR SIR: When I requested you, early in March last, to purchase for me three thousand dollars of public stock, I informed you that I desired to invest that sum, held by me as a trust fund. On the day following our conversation you transferred certificates of United States stock to me in my own name, and not as trustee for my ward, for which I paid you a premium of one per cent. on the sum of three thousand and thirty dollars. I do not doubt my lawful right

to make such investments, but in view of my official position, I deem it proper to relinquish the stock by re-transferring it to you, and invest the fund in some other mode. I desire, therefore, to transfer the stock to you, without premium or interest, and request that you will place to my credit the precise sum which I paid you for the stock.

I am, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

JAMES K. POLK.*

W. W. CORCORAN,
Washington, D. C.

NEW YORK, 22d May, 1847.

DEAR SIR: I received yesterday, through Mr. McCall, your check for three hundred and fifteen dollars, being, as he informed me, the balance of a debt due my father, under the late firm of Smith, McCall & Co., which, however, had been honorably compromised and settled many, many years since; and, had not your high sense of rectitude and equity revived this moral debt, I, at least, would always have remained ignorant of its existence.

I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without contributing my mite to aid in encircling your name with the enviable motto of "just man." Henceforward your name will ever be associated, in my mind, and in the minds of the heirs of my father, with this much-coveted *title*.

I know that acts of this nature bear with them their own appropriate fruits, and the pleasure they engender is in no way dependent on the opinion of the world; still, if these few lines of grateful acknowledgment should serve to heighten that pleasure, my purpose will then be attained.

*This transaction shows the extreme sensitiveness (in those days) of a high public functionary concerning a step that the ingenuity of malice could not—with any plausible argument—have represented as the slightest deviation from official propriety. The President declined to receive the profit (about \$200), and Mr. Corcoran handed it over to the Washington Orphan Asylum.

I fervently trust, sir, that prosperity (which you so much deserve) and happiness may always be your attendants.

Very respectfully, yours,

GAML. G. SMITH,

In behalf of the heirs of the late Gamaliel Smith.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 26, 1847.

DEAR SIR: Mr. William Whitney has handed to me upwards of nineteen hundred dollars, the amount received from you on account of the balance of a debt contracted with my lamented husband, the late R. M. Whitney, many years since, and which was legally and honorably arranged by you at that time.

This act of voluntarily discharging the balance, after the lapse of so many years, seems to me so noble and so creditable, and has given to me and my friends to whom I have mentioned the matter so high an estimate of your character and honorable views, that I cannot refrain from this simple expression of feeling, and of assuring you of the gratitude I feel, and of the glad heart which it has made of an almost dependent widow.

Permit me to congratulate you on your success in business, and to offer you my best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness, and that of each member of your family, and to subscribe myself

your obliged friend,

JULIA WHITNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington.

Received, Philadelphia, May 20th, 1847, of Wm W. Corcoran, Esq., the sum of nineteen hundred and six $\frac{47}{100}$ dollars, being a voluntary payment, on his part, in settlement

for an old debt due by him to R. M. Whitney & Co., and for which there was no claim.

\$1,906.47.

For Mrs. R. M. WHITNEY,
WM. WHITNEY.

NEW YORK, *May 31st*, '47.

MR. WM. W. CORCORAN, *Washington City* :

SIR: When we had the pleasure of seeing you in our city, you remitted us a check of \$683.10 for account of W. W. Corcoran & Co., said amount being due to Gaillard & Gravillon. When you left us we expected to find in the books of said firm all the necessary information, but we found out that some of the old books were burnt in the fire of December, 1835, so that we have to trouble you to send us some further explanation about that claim.

Please send us the date of the bills and amount of each bill; if you could give us a copy of each bill, it would be better.

Also, the amount of the claim, how much reduced at the time, by compromise—the date of the failure.

We are obliged to get all these informations because Gaillard & Gravillon had partners in France; said partners changed several times, and with those informations we will know to whom the money belongs.

Although not interested in the claim in question, allow us to thank you, in our name and in the name of the creditors, for your noble conduct.

Most truly yours,

MALCHIEUX, GOURD FRERES & CO.

NEW YORK, *15th June*, 1847.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I was at the Bank of America this morning for the first time in three weeks, when Mr. Newbold

handed me your check for \$1,140.50, saying you desired him to pay it to me as due by you to the late John Taylor, on an old account.

Although I am in possession of Mr. Taylor's books, this is a debt of which I know nothing and which, of course, never could have been claimed. In these days of lax morality, as between debtor and creditor, it is really refreshing to meet with an example such as you have set to the world, not only in this case, but in many similar of which I have heard.

Long may you live to enjoy both your well deserved wealth and your good name. I shall immediately divide this money among the heirs of Mr. Taylor, to some of whom it will be very acceptable, as they have nothing to depend on but a share of their father's estate.

With great respect, I am, dear sir,

yours, very truly,

JOHN JOHNSTON,
Exr. of J. Taylor, deceased.

MY DEAR SIR: I have to own your favor of the 12th, and regret that Mrs. Polk is not to accompany the President. The corporation are making arrangements for *his* reception, which, I think, will be enthusiastic.

I enclose a note from Mrs. L. inviting you to our house on Tuesday evening and at her father's on Thursday evening, in which I cordially unite.

It is reported the steamer has arrived at Boston. The accounts by her have not been made public, but I must leave to attend the marriage of my brother-in-law.

Truly your friend,

C. W. LAWRENCE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NEW YORK, *Thursday morning*, 10 o'clock, June 17, 1847.

PHILADELPHIA, *July 12, 1847.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I have this day received from you fourteen hundred and fifteen dollars and fifty cents, being principal and interest of the balance of a claim compromised with you at fifty per cent. twenty years ago. This extraordinary act has been done by you without solicitation on my part, and I will take this occasion to say that, having been engaged in mercantile pursuits for thirty years, and during that period having sold upwards of twenty-three million of dollars to various persons in different States of the Union, and having compromised claims for a very large amount, *yours* is the *only instance* in which a man ever came forward (after recovering his fortunes), in the honorable manner you have done, and paid me in full. Be assured it will not be forgotten by me, and whenever occasion may occur by which I can, directly or indirectly serve you, it will be remembered then also.

With my best wishes for your health and prosperity,
believe me, yours truly,

T. C. ROCKHILL.

LONDON, *October 18, 1847.*

GENT.: I confirm fully what I have written you of late on the subject of the state of the money market here, and its probable reaction on that of the United States. Be assured that unless peace with Mexico takes place, you will see the Treasury notes of the United States *under par* before Christmas, and I would advise you strongly to be prepared for a tight money market in New York before the close of the year. Numerous failures are taking place in this country, and I fear you will hear by this steamer of the failure of one of the first banks in Liverpool, and several mercantile concerns.

Rothschilds, Barings, Brown, Shepley & Co., and other acceptances of that class are discounting at the rate of 10, 12 and even 15 per annum.

I have, for some time, in a measure, anticipated a bad state of things, and am snug and fully prepared to meet any emergency. I have but *one* acceptance out *on my own account*, and that is to you, due in ten days.

Elisha Riggs, Jr., returns by this steamer, as also Mr. Pickersgill and family.

Truly, yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

MESSRS. CORCORAN & RIGGS,
Washington.

MY DEAR SIR: I wish you would come to my house about 8 this evening and tell me, in five words, what are the best reasons to be given to friends of the administration for not passing the sub-treasury bill *at present*.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, *Georgetown, D. C., July 1, 1848.*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to hand you a copy of certain resolutions of the corporation of this town, which I do with the greatest pleasure, and will thank you to inform me when it will suit your convenience to enable me to comply with the requisition contained in the last of those resolutions.

With great regard, your obedient servant,

H. ADDISON, *Mayor.*

To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington City, D. C.

A RESOLUTION IN RELATION TO W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Whereas, W. W. Corcoran, Esquire, has recently given to this corporation the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be administered as a permanent fund for the future aid and comfort of numerous classes of the dependent population of this town, and the same having been received upon the conditions stipulated by the donor, therefore be it

Resolved, unanimously by the Board of Aldermen and Board of Common Council of the corporation of Georgetown, that this munificent gratuity calls for the most respectful acknowledgments of this corporation, and that the same are hereby gratefully rendered in the name and behalf of the citizens and authorities of Georgetown.

Resolved, That the Mayor will communicate a copy of these resolutions to Colonel Corcoran, with the assurance that the corporation will ever duly appreciate this manifestation of benevolence with sincere wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

And be it further

Resolved, That the Mayor will procure as early as practicable a portrait of Mr. Corcoran, to be preserved in the town hall as a becoming memento of this signal charity, and as a token of the esteem of the people of Georgetown for the worthy benefactor.

WM. MC. OSBORN,
President B. C. Council.

ROBERT OULD,
Rec'r and Pres. Bd. Aldermen.

Approved July 1, 1848.
H. ADDISON, *Mayor.*

MY DEAR SIR: Let me trespass, for a moment, upon your obliging attention. Our Pennsylvania Railroad Company take the subscriptions of Allegheny County (\$1,000,000), and of the city of Philadelphia (say \$2,000,000), the former in loan certificates, with coupons, 6 per cent., payable in Philadelphia, and secured by a pledge of the faith and

property of the county assessed at twenty-two millions—the *latter* in bonds of the city of Philadelphia, payable in thirty years, &c.

The company will desire to realize the whole of these certificates and bonds in the course of the two coming years. The bonds are gradually being absorbed, for permanent investment, in the market, at par ; but this process is too slow for their purpose. They think of resorting to the London market ; and in order to do so they are anxious to select an agent there, in undoubted credit, well acquainted with American securities, and having connections who confide in American institutions.

What is your opinion of the probable success of this operation ? If you think it can be advantageously made, to whom would you recommend their confiding as an agent ?

I believe these certificates and bonds to be as excellent securities as any in the country ; and I feel great anxiety that the company, now admirably managed by men worthy of all reliance, should be able to proceed with their noble undertaking with despatch and facility. Hence, I have ventured to consult you as one in whose candor and judgment I place implicit confidence.

Always and most truly, yours,

G. M. DALLAS.

11th Aug., 1848.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Mr. Clayton cannot permit the occasion to pass without expressing to Mr. Corcoran his thanks for the luscious basket of fruit which his family had the pleasure to receive and enjoy, and at the same time to record the wish that he may long live to enjoy such luxuries, both personally, as well as the higher gratification his generous nature feels and bestows in such manifest recollections of his friends.

STONINGTON, *October 26, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 24th inst., with your very liberal bequest for Mr. Smith, came to hand in due course of mail.

Mr. Smith has gone from home for a few days; when he returns, I will hand the same to him; he will be most happy to acknowledge the receipt. Your very liberal bequest of one thousand dollars will, I have no doubt, surprise him, as he had no expectation of receiving anything.

I know of no man in this community more deserving than he is. He is honest, industrious, and has a moral character unblemished. He was poor, but you have made *him* rich. I have no doubt but it is more than he ever expected to be worth. Please make our kind regards to Commodore Morris and family, not forgetting Louly.

Respectfully, yours,

CHAS. S. WILLIAMS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

STONINGTON, *October 30, 1848.*

DEAR SIR: I received your letter enclosing a draft for a thousand dollars, by the hand of Charles S. Williams, Esq., this morning, having been absent from home since Wednesday.

With the deepest gratitude and the most sincere thanks, I accept your munificent present, your generous thanks, and kind wishes for my welfare. Dear sir, I am surprised at your bounty. I considered myself repaid a hundredfold by the approbation of my own heart, for my trifling exertions in behalf of your child.

The happiest moment of my life was that in which I held her in my arms. I was more than satisfied with no other compensation. So little, indeed, did I desire any, that I made no inquiry, and was absolutely ignorant of the fact of her being your child, until since your interview with Mr.

Williams. I am, therefore, most willingly and happily, to the last moment of my life, your debtor for what, to me, is a fortune.

That you may be blessed with all the bounties of an indulgent Providence, and in the life, health, obedience, and love of your child, is the heartfelt wish of
your humble friend,

GURDON B. SMITH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

MONDAY EVENING, 4 o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just heard from two members of Congress, that Mr. Fillmore would send in the names of his Cabinet to-morrow, and I presume Mr. Webster's name is among them.

Do see him and Mr. Webster this evening, and urge strongly against this course. Mr. Fillmore should do nothing to risk the failure of the bill. Mr. Webster's leaving the Senate, until this question has been adjusted, is strongly calculated to defeat it. Mr. Fillmore may rest assured that unless this question is settled now, it is destined to disturb the whole course of his Administration. He had better keep the present Cabinet a month, than incur such a consequence. He will rue it to the last day of his life.

Yours, truly,

THOMAS RITCHIE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, 6th Nov., 1848.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN: I desire to present to your friendly regard Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, son of Baron James de Rothschild, of Paris. His desire to see our country, its resources, and its institutions, leads him to America; and I know that at Washington I could not commend

him to any one more able or more willing to make him acquainted with the men who render our Legislature illustrious.

I remain, my dear Mr. Corcoran, ever sincerely yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

LONDON, *November 15, 1848.*

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

We were very much disturbed to hear of the terrible danger to which your daughter was exposed. Thank God! there was some one at hand to rescue her.

I was sorry for your long passage home. The *Britannia* was more than equally long in her return.

The parcels by her which should have come through the dispatch-bag came in the open mail—probably through the fault of the agent at New York. Get Mr. Buchanan to appoint there some one who will attend to the business.

The stock is here in great and increasing demand; all the purchasers are delighted. Gurney tells me he will not sell except it rises to \$110 per \$100.

Yours, sincerely,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Mrs. Bancroft joins me in desiring her best regards.

STONINGTON, *December 4, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 24th ultimo came to hand during my absence to New York. I know of no situation as light-house keeper on the sound that, in my opinion, would be best for Mr. Smith to take, as he is very comfortably situated here, and with your liberal bequest and his trade, together with what I can do for him, he will be quite independent. I think you can do something

for him by way of contracts, and when I see an opportunity I will take the liberty to write you on the subject. I shall offer to him my services as bondsman, and I trust that you can do something for him in this line that will be of great advantage to him.*

Remember me kindly to Louly.

Respectfully, yours,

CHAS. S. WILLIAMS.

N. B.—If you should know of any contracts for small vessels or boats (from Government), please let me hear from you.

NOVEMBER 20, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR: I reciprocate your congratulations upon the success of the old soldier, and wish you were here to wet our throats with a glass of champagne.

I have this moment received a note from Mr. Bancroft, in which he says, "I saw Gurney yesterday. He is much pleased with the result of his transaction with Corcoran, while Peabody is selling the stock for the Continent. Gurney tells me there is a very steady and increasing demand for it in England. He spoke to me very strongly of you as having inspired him with a confidence which the issue justifies."

Now it is made certain that we shall have no schemes for increasing the debt for four years, I think the interest which you have must look up.

We shall be in your city about the first proximo, and have the pleasure of seeing you. In the meantime,

I am, very truly, yours,

J. DAVIS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

* NOTE.—Mr. Corcoran afterwards procured for Mr. Smith an appointment, at \$750 per annum, as keeper of a light-house which he declined, saying that with what Mr. Corcoran had already given, and his own trade, he was sufficiently "well off."

Mr. Smith had rescued Mr. C.'s daughter from drowning, and had been presented by him with a thousand dollars.

CAPITOL HILL, *December 9, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR: As a receipt is no bar to the expression of sentiments which belong to the same subject, but were waived lest they should be thought out of place, may I be permitted to disclose the great satisfaction which I have felt in the liberality which has characterized your conduct in everything which pertains to this business? You have not only done all, but more than all, I had a right to expect, and have in everything carried yourself with that manly bearing which commands respect and confidence. You deserve success, and I have no doubt it will crown your efforts. I shall esteem it an honor at all times to be ranked among your personal friends, and to be of service to you whenever it lies within my power.

Yours, very truly and faithfully,

J. DAVIS.

FITCHVILLE, CT., *December 10, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 1st inst. finally reached me after some delay, and I was glad to trace your well-known hand once more. It is your fault, not mine, if we have not seen each other for such a length of time. It was by your orders I retired to this quiet retreat, where I have remained without scarcely an hour's absence since I left the city, hoping that you might find time to look in upon us in some of your trips to and from Boston. But it is very evident you think more of your millions than you do of some of your friends, at least. However, be this as it may, I most sincerely congratulate you on what I consider the certain success of the sixteen million loan. I felt confident you would make things work right, on your return from Europe. Every day since has *told well*. The Wall Street gentlemen must *begin* to find out who they have to deal with. I wish it were in my power to name a day when I could have the pleasure of meeting you in the city,

more definitely than some time next month. Your business must call you there very often, so that I shall always be detained long enough to meet you there in some of these visits. Mine there will relate exclusively to business which mutually interests us—city taxes—where we can bring up other concerns.

Will you make my very best regards to Commodore and Mrs. Morris, and all their branches, and with a kiss to Miss C. from her *young* friend and admirer?

Yours, most sincerely,

A. FITCH.

WASHINGTON, *January 3, 1849.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Will you accept my thanks for your continued remembrance of me and my family, manifested by tokens so substantial and so welcome?

Indeed, my dear friend, I am not only thankful for your temporal welfare, but for your having the heart to apply the blessings of a merciful Providence so beneficently and so nobly. Many will rise up and invoke blessings on your name.

And my wishes are my expectations. I wish for you the continued sunshine of prosperity and of good success. I also expect it. Scripture and my own observation both tell me that the best rivets for prosperity are justice and benevolence. I anticipate no clouded setting for your fortunes. I believe you will continue under the favoring hand of the Disposer of all things. Because, in regard to things that lie in human control, I see in you the needful qualities; and for things beyond that control, I see the benedictions of Providence drawn by an integrity that all men honor, and a wise munificence that all men admire.

In all your temporal welfare, my dear and noble-hearted friend, be assured that no one will more sincerely rejoice than myself.

May you add spiritual welfare! These many, many noble charities are enjoined in the Gospel. May your exercise of them lead you to wish the whole power of that divine religion in your own soul!

Seek to fulfil every duty with corresponding completeness and nobleness—those to your God and your soul, as well as to your fellow-men.

Farewell. Interesting and affectionate associations cluster around your name.

May God bless you temporally and eternally!

Ever your affectionate friend,

J. W. FRENCH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, 12th January, 1849.

MESSRS. CORCORAN & RIGGS,
Washington.

DEAR SIRS: We beg to thank you very much for your private lines of December 23d, and we do not doubt that our connection with you in the contract for the payment of the Mexican indemnity money will be as satisfactory as the operation in the Federal stock. Whatever, however, may be the result, we feel much indebted to you for the attention and ability which you have devoted to this matter.

Our business relations with you have opened under such happy auspices that we trust that they may have, and nothing shall be wanting on our side to give them, continued activity to our mutual satisfaction. With Mr. Ward you will understand fully as to future proceedings in the Mexican business, but we observe by the bill for appropriations it is not designed by Congress to make any payment to the Mexican government before May 30th. We await your Florida advices. All goes on smoothly here, and the demand for United States stock runs away with all we have or wish to sell. We hope that the last

\$250,000 are on their way. The English have been but small buyers. The great demand has been from the Continent, and if tranquillity and confidence are re-established there, we may see stock come back for sale which, from what you say, will be readily taken off on your side; but if imports are very heavy, your money market may be stringent.

Yours, very truly,

BARING BROTHERS.

WASHINGTON, *February 6, 1849.*

DEAR SIR: Your favor of this date, covering letters to Rev. John Benton and Mr. Woodruff, is just received, and its inclosures are sent to their destinations.

If the heart of a good man needed other and less opulent sources of reward than the consciousness of good deeds performed, I might assure you of fountains of gratitude your kindness and liberality had unlocked in the wilderness of Arkansas, which can never run dry. May those fountains return to you and yours, after many days, the bread you have, in true charity, cast upon their waters, is the cordial wish of yours, most respectfully

and faithfully,

SOLON BORLAND.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington City.

CASTLE-HILL, *February 10, 1849.*

Accept, I pray you, my dear sir, our warmest thanks for the very kind and gratifying invitation conveyed in your letter of the 6th inst. Nothing would afford us more pleasure than to enjoy the elegant and gracious hospitality so handsomely tendered by it; and if we expected to be in Washington on the occasion referred to, we should most

gratefully avail ourselves of your kindness. My son, William, who is, at present, on a visit to Boston, proposes to be in Washington at the inauguration, and if you should be kind enough to transfer to him the tempting invitation offered to us, he would, I am sure, be delighted to accept it.

I see, my dear sir, you are under the impression, which some others of my friends seem to entertain, that I am to be included in the new political arrangements at Washington. I appreciate this expectation as the manifestation of a *wish* which is highly gratifying to me, as an evidence of your good opinion. Whether it be fulfilled or not, General Taylor will, I doubt not, give you a cabinet with which you will have every reason to be satisfied; and in himself you cannot fail, I think, to find a man of the most sterling qualities, both of head and heart.

My wife joins me in most cordial thanks for your kindness, and in the sentiments of sincere esteem and regard with which, I am,

very truly and faithfully, yours,

W. C. RIVES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NEW YORK, *March 16, 1849.*

Messrs. CORCORAN & RIGGS,
Washington.

GENTLEMEN: Having heard with surprise and regret that efforts are being made to injure your high standing and reputation as men and as bankers, and to prejudice you in the mind of the present administration, we deem it proper to express to you the high sense we entertain of the correct and honorable conduct that has uniformly characterized your transactions in the loans and public securities of the United States. Most of us have been familiar with the nature and character of those large transactions, and with the mode and manner in which you have conducted them, and we all have great pleasure in assuring you that we view

your course, throughout, to have been not only creditable and honorable to yourselves, but eminently serviceable and beneficial to the financial department of the Government, and to the commercial and moneyed interests of the country.

Your Mr. Corcoran has unquestionably done more, much more, than any other private individual to sustain the credit of the Government, and he is justly entitled to great praise, and to the thanks of all, for the able and judicious manner in which he managed the business.

We are, very respectfully,

your obedient servants,

BENJ. L. SWAN.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

W. C. PICKERSGILL & CO.

JOSEPH KERNOCHAN.

WINSLOW, LANIER & CO.,

LATE WINSLOW & PERKINS.

CAMMANN & WHITEHOUSE.

WETMORE & CRYDER.

R. WITHERS.

M. MORGAN.

WM. B. ASTOR.

HENRY PARISH.

GEO. NEWBOLD.

JOHN J. PALMER.

C. THOMPSON.

THOS. W. LUDLOW.

G. G. HOWLAND.

C. W. LAWRENCE.

W. S. WETMORE.

WM. H. ASPINWALL.

P. HARMONY'S NEPHEWS & CO.

CORNING & CO.

D. S. KENNEDY.

SPOFFORD, TILOTSON & CO.

BALTIMORE, *April 9th*, 1849.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington*.

DEAR SIR: I have a letter to-day from Appleton respecting the money paid when the note was compromised. He has no recollection of it whatever. In one of your letters to Mayhew you mention 1826 as the year in which you paid the 50 per cent. I shall leave the business with Shaw & Appleton to arrange as they please, satisfied that, but for my agency, things would have remained unknown and Shaw lost the money, and you lost the credit of having paid an old claim in full. I have authorized Shaw to draw upon me for \$300—all I received from Mayhew—and close my letter as follows: "This transaction reflects the highest

credit upon Mr. Corcoran as an honorable, upright merchant, he having voluntarily paid upwards of sixty thousand dollars of old claims." Herein you will receive Mayhew's letter, returned agreeably to promise. Wishing you unceasing prosperity and happiness,

I remain respectfully,
your obedient servant,

R. E. CARTER.

MOUNT CUSTIS, NEAR ACCOMAC C. H.,

May 6th, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just written a letter to your firm upon a matter of business, and as Nannie found I was writing to you and insisted upon sending her love to Lou, and as such a message would not be exactly in place in a business letter, I gratify her by writing a separate note

You will see, my dear sir, that the sovereigns have decreed that I shall spend another winter in Washington.

Mrs. Bayly sends her best regards to you, and till we meet, believe me to be, very truly, your friend,

THOS. H. BAYLY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, 24th June, 1849.

DEAR SIR: I reply thus to your note of yesterday, instead of sending you a more formal expression of my regret, for the purpose of saying that there seems to be a fatality attending my acceptance of the renewed offers of hospitality which you have so kindly extended to me. Before the receipt of your note, I had accepted an invitation to dinner on Saturday; but, desirous of personally acknowledging your courtesy, if I can disengage myself at a proper hour, I will, with your permission, pay my respects to you in the course of the evening.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JN. MACPHERSON BERRIEN.

MR. CORCORAN.

NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, *July 1, 1849.*

DEAR SIR: Herewith I send you a power of attorney to draw the interest, due this day, on \$2,500 of the loan of 1847, which I hold for Mr. Carmichael, of Scotland. I had intended to add some 500 or 1,000 dollars to this dividend, and to have invested in the same loan; but the premium has risen so high that I must decline for the present, unless Mr. Carmichael should direct me to go on. You will, therefore, be so good as to apply five dollars in payment for Ritchie & Burke's *Tri-weekly Union*, and direct them particularly to send all the back numbers beginning with this day. I unaccountably omitted, when I left the city, to direct the *Union* to be sent to me at Nashville.

For the balance of the interest you will please send me your check on New York, on such *time* as may be convenient or desirable to you. I can loan it here with other funds of Carmichael's at 6 per cent., without paying three years' profit in premium, as now rated. I hope your house has still some of the late loan on hand, that you may participate in the appreciated value of the stock.

You will have seen that our good friend, Ex-President Polk, was not permitted long to enjoy the quiet of private life, which he had so fondly anticipated, and for which he was so well prepared. He left the city much oppressed by hoarseness and a bad cold which came upon him from change of lodgings and unusual exposure at the inauguration. At Richmond, Petersburg, Wilmington, and Charleston, he had to exert his lungs in making becoming replies to complimentary speeches, and although in common conversation he could scarcely articulate any distinct sound, yet, in the excitement of speech-making, you could scarcely perceive that he was laboring under any infirmity.

At Charleston I left him and came directly home. He continued on through Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and up the Mississippi River, replying to speeches, and everywhere subjected to fatiguing ceremonies, and from New

Orleans onward, much debilitated by an attack of diarrhœa, which finally became so serious as to compel him to quit the boat and stop for some days at Smithland, in Kentucky. He arrived at Nashville weak and a good deal exhausted; paid a visit to his mother at Columbia—forty miles south—and another visit to Mrs. Polk's mother, thirty miles east of Nashville, and returned rather patched up than cured. His new house was not completed, but they went into it, where he was annoyed by workmen and paint, and fatigued by exertions to unpack and arrange his papers, books and documents.

On Sunday, the 3d of June, before the hour of going to church, he had symptoms of premonitory cholera, or, as he and others chose to think, slight return of diarrhœa, but sent for Doctor Robertson, who promptly applied the usual remedies, without visible effect. On Monday, Robertson called in Buchanan to consult. On Tuesday, they sent a telegram to Columbia for Hays, the brother-in-law of Polk, who had been his family physician for more than 20 years, and who had often attended him in similar attacks. Hays considered the case unusually alarming. They and other physicians who were called, or came in, resorted to every expedient suggested by their skill, and finally the diarrhœa was subdued, but the force of the disease seemed to be directed to the brain, where it held on until Friday, twelve days after the attack, when he died. My own opinion is, that the existence of cholera atmosphere aggravated the case. Some of his household had unquestioned cholera during his illness, and one or two died.

Mrs. Polk went immediately to her mother's, and will remain there some time. By his will, written whilst in Washington, he appointed Judge Catron and myself executors with Mrs. Polk. We have not yet opened nor proved the will, but when we do, we shall, I have no doubt, renew the power which he gave you to draw his stock interest.

I have filled my sheet on this subject of Polk's death, as

it absorbs all others. I would have written to Mr. Ritchie, but was too much employed with the melancholy duties of the funeral. Cholera still prevails, and I go seldom to town.

Mrs. Graham is cultivating some choice flowers which she brought from your garden, and takes care to point them out to the ladies, young and old, who visit us.

Very respectfully,

DANIEL GRAHAM.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: It affords me great pleasure to introduce to you, by these lines, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, son of the senior partner of my Paris house, whom I beg to recommend to your kind attentions and civilities.

You will oblige me particularly by introducing Baron Alphonse to the heads of the departments and to His Excellency, the President, and by rendering his short stay with you as agreeable as possible.

Holding, as ever, my best services here at your disposal,

I remain, with sincere regards,

yours, truly,

AUGUST BELMONT.

NEW YORK, *July 2*, 1849.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *July 20*, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been for some days past anxious to address you, but amid the difficult and sad duties which I have been called upon to perform, in consequence of that mournful event for which you must have been prepared before your departure, I have not been able until now to return you our heartfelt thanks for the sympathy, kindness

and delicacy with which you have, to our grateful observance, evinced your friendship and respect for our loved and honored aunt, Mrs. Madison.

Be pleased, therefore, to accept from myself, Cousin Annie Payne, and immediate family, our warmest and most respectful acknowledgments for the many attentions and kindnesses through which your respect and friendship have been evinced towards her whom we now mourn for, and towards those whom your intimacy with her and the family enabled you to know were most dear to her, but especially towards her devoted adopted daughter and niece—now prostrate and in very precarious health from over exertion and excitement consequent on her irreparable loss.

I fear I shall have to encounter great difficulty in carrying out the wishes of my honored aunt as I and all her friends knew them, and on your return shall avail myself of your advice as one among that number.

Meanwhile, receive the assurances of our united and profound regards and respect.

Yours, truly,

J. MADISON CUTTS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Bath Springs, Va.

AUGUST 10, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: The wise and noble spirit in which you aid every institution for benefiting men must be in itself such a blessing, and bring so richly its own reward, that my poor personal acknowledgment thrown into the scale must seem a light addition. I feel proud and grateful that you make me the channel of your liberality; and yet your generosity affords a temptation almost irresistible to trespass still farther. We have in St. John's parish two associations, one for relieving and visiting the poor, the other for a parish school for the poor children. Each has done its work admirably, as you will judge when I tell you that

forty families were supported by the former during the last winter, and twenty-six children educated by the latter. There is no need at the present moment, but if, as winter draws on, you could give one or both a small contribution; I think it will be well applied.

My wish and prayer for you, my dear Mr. Corcoran, is that the riches of the life eternal may be yours. I often think that grace must be at work on a spirit that is so using this world's wealth, and that the very chains which bind other men's souls to earth may be, in His providence, the bonds which will fasten your affection to the Giver of all good. Depend upon it you will find nothing that will truly satisfy you until you acquaint yourself with Him, and find the peace that passeth understanding.

May God Almighty bless and guide you.

Most affectionately and gratefully yours !

SMITH PYNE.

ST. PETERSBURG, *the 1st of October, 1849.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I was really agreeably surprised to receive your letter, and much pleased to see that you had the resolution to leave your desk for a second time. As you are on this side, do not be in a hurry to return, and don't cut short a trip which appears to be perfectly well combined, as everything you combine. To see Switzerland to advantage, you must have fine weather.

The Grand Duke's and Countess Nesselrode's deaths have, to some extent, checked my activity. I am now in a fair way of arranging my private affairs, and, very likely, will be in Washington some time in January, regretting very much not to be ready to return with you.

As you never have been a sympathizer with anarchy and disorder, you have surely rejoiced at the victory of justice and moderation, and given a due share of admiration to

the generosity of the great character that rules the great empire. I expected to hear by you of the doings in Washington. The Cuba affair appears to be a combination of the Texas scheme, and, very likely, the same people are behind the curtain. It appears that California is not sufficient to drain the United States from all the desperadoes. It is true that we supply you handsomely.

Will you do me the favor to hand the enclosed to the Hon. Mr. Bell, of Tennessee. It contains a check of \$621, P. silver, which I had some trouble to collect. Should you hear about the Reading bonds anything worth mentioning, write to me a few lines at the Foreign Office, &c.

I thank you for the good care you take of Mrs. Bodisco's finances.

Tell many pretty things to your interesting daughter,
and believe me, very sincerely, yours,

ALEX. BODISCO.

DEAR SIR: As you promised to come to Ferrières tomorrow, Mr. and Mrs. Scharfenberg going there at the same time, you will be able to leave together by the 11 o'clock train, and find a carriage at the station which will take you to our house.

Hoping that this agreement will suit you,

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

A. DE ROTHSCHILD.

PARIS, *October 20, 1849.*

MONSIEUR CORCORAN,
Hotel Clarendon.

PARIS, *October 29, 1849.*

MON CHER AMI: Your departure from Paris has caused an *hiatus* in my daily round which it is not easy to fill up. Women, when they tire of the world or the world tires of them, take to cats, parrots, or a priest. They have always a resource, but men have but few resources when thrown

off their usual track. My despair at your absence is not strong enough to drive me to drink—that Lethe of the soul; but unless something turns up soon to distract me, I shall certainly commit some desperate action. Last night I went back into the last century by making a visit *en famille* to an old French family. There were princes, counts, &c., &c., of ages long past, and the group was completed by one of the most amusing *drolls* I ever met with, an abbe that reminded me of Adrienne Lecouvreat. I should like to have had you see the entire company, saloon and all. I imagine such a company is not common even in France. Selden and his wife came to see us on Saturday evening. Poor fellow! he must miss you terribly. He said he had not left Meurice since your departure. Peabody is full of your purchases, and he thinks his *savoir faire* has saved you a world of money. I shall attend faithfully to your carriages. In matters of this kind, my rule is to get the best work, with as little show as possible. The only true character to be preserved by *gens comme il faut* is to have what they possess of a shade finer quality than their neighbors, although the difference may not be perceptible to the common eye. Hence it is that *gold* is better than knoltz, silver than tin; hence *we* only use the *formier*, though the common observer may not be able to detect the difference.

I strolled in this evening to an old curiosity shop, and have made a commencement for my Washington house. I have bargained with my wife that I shall furnish the dining-room to please myself, and if you are not astonished with the result, I shall be surprised. I proceed upon the fact that I never dine out or give dinners, as I detest both. The legs of a friend or two under the same mahogany is not dinner-giving. I shall, therefore, consult a taste peculiar to myself in the furniture of the room where I dine. It will be *unique*. I did not say all I intended to about house buying. I ought to have added, before you left, a

general direction, in case none of the houses we talked over can be had upon advantageous terms, that you will not abandon us, but continue your researches until a result is attained. We shall hardly return in season for the next inauguration; at all events, for a couple of years. Therefore, it is needless to go out of the way overmuch to secure any habitation, except it be exactly the thing and at a price to make it an object. The big house at sixteen thousand dollars is an object, and I should willingly wait Mr. Meredith's time to be secure of it.

The children and Mrs. Fay desire to be remembered.

I shall direct this to care of Mr. George Peabody, London. Not knowing his street or number, it seems to me that a letter thus directed can hardly find its way, among 2,000,000 of people, to its destination.

Wishing you all manner of health and happiness, and hoping soon to hear of your safe arrival in America,

I am, very truly, yours,

RICH. S. FAY.

WHEATLAND, 26 November, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: The slave question is, I think, destined to shake, though not to dissolve, the Union. This, together with the reported deficiency in the Treasury, will, beyond all question, reduce the price of United States loan. Would you not deem it advisable for me to sell my stock, or a part of it, and invest the amount in some other securities? If so, what would you recommend? What do you think of Indiana bonds at the present price? I know not what this is. Of course, your opinion shall be deemed strictly confidential.

Has the Michigan Central Railroad declared a dividend?

I am so anxious to see my friend, Col. John W. Forney, editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, elected Clerk of the House of Representatives, that I would go to Washington for this purpose, were it not improper for me to take an open and ac-

tive part on such an occasion. He is a fine, able, warm hearted fellow.

I very much regret that I could not be with you on Saturday night, as I was obliged to be at home this morning. I did not return through Washington. As I went on purely private and personal business, I had no desire to have my name heralded in the newspapers.

With my kindest regards for Louly and Mrs. Ringgold,
I remain, very respectfully, your friend,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *Saturday morning.*

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to return you my most grateful and cordial acknowledgments for the use of the piano. It is one of the best evidences I have received of the refinement and kindness of the metropolis. When my family return to their home, I trust we shall have the German instrument which Mann has directed to be manufactured for us at Dresden. It is expected about the first of September.

I have letters this morning from the Warrenton Springs, where all my family are, with the exception of my son. What a fairy scene it must now be! Anne Eliza has missed her ague, and was enjoying herself at a fancy ball on Wednesday night. Green writes me that "a more agreeable and elegant company had never been assembled here, and now make between three and four hundred. There were seventy-three arrivals on Wednesday, and in a week there will be five hundred visitors here."

What say you, friend Corcoran, to a little excursion there? Drop your discounts and your deposits for a few days. Tell Riggs to devote an extra hour to the bank, and submit with more grace to his "curtain lectures," and let you and myself hie to the Springs for a few days, the week after next.

Yours truly,

THOS. RITCHIE.

WASHINGTON, 7th January, 1850.

MY NOBLE-HEARTED FRIEND: May heaven bless you!

I must begin all my notes of acknowledgment this year with an apology. Engagements and duties have so crowded into the close and opening of the year, that my thanks have been held in my own heart.

I prize your gifts, my dear friend, for their sake, but especially for your own. I honor and love you, and so do all men, for the noble use you make of the endowments granted you by a merciful Providence. The history of your prosperity is indeed a track beautiful and bright to look back upon, and in the future think how much good will be continually diffused by some of your benefactions that looked to a perpetuity of benefit.

And because I do so love you, let me, at the beginning of a year whose very figures tell how time is fleeting, implore you to fulfil all duties to your Maker, and to the immortal mind within you, as heartily and completely as you do fulfil those to human want and to mortal friendship.

May you ever be happy, and may you rightly prepare to be so forever!

Our mutual visits have been interrupted—on my part solely from the demands upon my time officially. I shall call on you, though I have so little time for visits of courtesy. Let us see you, and have our home brightened by your kind face. You will there always find yourself surrounded by hearts that love you.

Once more, God bless you and yours in this life, and forever.

I remain, my dear Mr. Corcoran, with the felicitations of the season,

your friend, affectionately and unchangingly,

J. W. FRENCH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON CITY, *February 4, 1850.*

DEAR SIR: I am instructed by the vestry of Trinity Church parish to communicate to you the following extract from the minutes of their proceedings at a meeting held on the 2d inst.

“Richard S. Cox, Esq., offered the following resolution, which, on motion, was unanimously adopted:

“*Resolved*, That the thanks of the vestry of Trinity Church parish be, and they are hereby, presented to “W. W. Corcoran, Esq., for the liberal aid which he has “volunteered to furnish said church, by a loan of money “necessary to meet the exigencies induced by the erection “of a new church edifice.”

I am, dear sir, respectfully,
your obedient servant,

A. N. ZEVELY, *Regr.*
Trinity Church Parish.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

23 FEBRUARY, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been very unwell for some days past, which prevented me from calling upon Mr. Buchanan, as I wished to have done.

I have a sort of recollection that this gentleman told me he was staying with you. Would you be so kind as to let me know whether this is the case, or, if not, where I can find him in the town?

Yours, my dear sir, very truly,

H. L. BULWER.

LOUISIANA AVENUE, *March 7, 1850.*

MY DEAR SIR: It would give me great pleasure to dine with you to-morrow, but I happen to be engaged at home, with a few friends from the North. If you will permit me

to dine with you any day next week, except Thursday, with two or three friends, I shall be most happy to meet you and them.

I cannot trust my feelings at this moment to allude to the enclosures in your letter.

Yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. CORCORAN.

LOUISIANA AVENUE, *March 9, 1850.*

MY DEAR SIR: In all sincerity, I am proud of your approbation of my speech, as I feel that you are a competent judge, and one who can have no wish but for the preservation of the Government and the safety and security of private rights.

For what else I received with your note I pray you to receive my thanks. If there be a man in the country who either doubts your liberality or envies your prosperity, be assured I am not that man.

With cordial regard, yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

ESTEEMED SIR: The protracted spring bears heavily on the poor and calls forth great suffering. In the hour of need I look to you and supplicate assistance for a needy family. I know them well. The mother is sick; two of the children ill with scarlet fever. They are in want of food and the necessaries of life. The poor woman was even willing to dispose of a few spoons she had purchased in better days, but the sacrifice was too great to meet, and hope points me to you, for when weary and faint-hearted at my weak efforts, the happy privilege you gave me to call on you cheers me, for I am assured there is one unfaill-

ing source—yes, one friend yet to be found to administer to the comforts of the dying poor. I have said enough, for my case is in good hands. Yes, the sweet little remarks of your darling daughter, spoken of by you, made deep impression on me, and filled my bosom with pleasure to see the solid foundation you had made in this darling child. May your every virtue be perpetuated in her; may all your hopes be realized, may she be your pride through life and sweet solace in age, is the earnest prayer of your agent in deeds of mercy and very grateful friend,

C. SMITH.

APRIL 16, 1850.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FRIDAY MORNING, *April 26, 1850.*

MY DEAR SIR: I was sorry not to find you in when I called on you this morning at the Tremont. I was desirous of securing the pleasure of your company at dinner. Will you do me the favor to dine with me on Monday, at 5 o'clock?

Very truly, yours,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BLLENHEIM, *May 18th, 1850.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received a letter from our friend, Mr. Selden, who mentioned to you a fine painting I have, which, owing to its large size, I am unable to hang up in my cottage, and which I am desirous of selling, even at a loss. He says that you are going soon to Richmond, and would, whilst there, take an opportunity to examine it. I mentioned, also, to Selden that I wished you to get it, for several reasons I need not repeat. I have had several offers for it, and could, when living in Richmond, have

sold it for 500 dollars repeatedly. I think I know something of these matters, and feel confidence in expressing a favorable opinion of it as a work of art, and that it would be greatly admired in your fine establishment. When hung up—which requires some judgment and taste—it is imposing and fine. Mr. Ritchie can tell you all about it. When in London, Sir David Wilkie and other artists admired it very much. It will occupy but a few moments of time, when in Richmond, to walk up to Col. Rutherford's and see it. You will, also, have an opportunity of seeing some fine English portraits, which were exhibited in the National Gallery of London and greatly admired. However, if you like the picture, you can take it at your own price; if you don't fancy it, there will be no harm done, and the matter will be at an end. It is a painting that, from its character and size, would suit your drawing-room or any other, with one or two others of lesser size, where there is no gallery.

Very respectfully and truly your friend and
obedient servant,

A. STEVENSON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WHEATLAND, 15th July, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR: * * * *

The death of General Taylor was sudden and alarming, and has inspired universal regret among the people. He was brave and honest, and the true hero of the Mexican War. Should, however, Mr. Fillmore be a man equal to his high position, and act an independent part as a whig, he may give the democratic party trouble. For me, it is a melancholy spectacle to witness men of three score and ten and upwards still struggling on the political arena with all the ardor of youthful ambition, as though this earth was destined to be their eternal home. I trust in Heaven that

I may never present such a spectacle in my own person ! What of Bodisco ? Is he still in favor with the Emperor, as I sincerely trust he may be, or was there truth in any of the adverse reports ?

I may soon have to go to Washington, *but, for a single day only*, in relation to Mrs. Madison's affairs. If I should not be able to see you, I know you will pardon me.

With my kindest regards for Louly and Mrs. Ringgold, I remain as ever, sincerely and

respectfully, your friend,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *July 30, 1850.*

MY DEAR SIR: Many thanks for your note of the 15th. The change of administration will, as you suppose, do no harm to the Mexican business. Friend Lawrence was much nearer being President than he supposed. I do not know whether he regrets having missed it. He would have been rather awkwardly placed, with his anti-slavery and protectionist views. All that I hear of Mr. Fillmore is in his favor, so I hope things will now go ahead at Washington. In Europe confidence is getting so strong that there are no longer any continental buyers of United States six per cent.'s but we shall get yours off gradually. I think we shall receive a good deal of gold from your side, which may cause such a glut of money as to bring English capitalists into the market for American stocks. We shall want no corn or flour ; our crops are good and the weather also.

Mrs. Bates is laid up with a sprained ankle. Did she know of my writing, she would unite in the kind regards with which I remain, my dear sir,

very truly yours,

JOSHUA BATES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *August 16, 1850.*

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for your favor of the 29th. When the passage across the Atlantic is reduced to seven days, I shall pay you another visit, and that will be before ten years. The Collins line will quicken the Cunards, and they will be running against icebergs and Cape Race.

The new administration seems very strong, and on this side great satisfaction is felt, because with a man like Mr. Webster, whose fame has spread over Europe, there is a feeling of perfect confidence that no absurdity will be committed. Our Parliament rose yesterday, after a session about as useful as that of your present Congress. The indemnity contract will be so cut up that it will not give much profit to any one. I suppose, in these times, we must not look for great profits. Business, in general, is fairly active, but American stocks are without activity; the foreign demand has almost ceased. Money is to-day more demanded, and Gurney allows 2 per cent., but I see no reason to expect any tightness in the money market, and if a few millions of gold should come from your side, we shall keep steady; and, there being no new creations of stock on your side, these securities will, by and by, become scarce and prices advance, but never so high as in 1836, when Pennsylvania 5's were sold here at 108 and 115. But then our banks could expand, and did expand, as did Nic. Biddle and all your banks; then there was an inflation on both sides. Now, if any expansion of bank-notes takes place, it will be on your side, and, if so, the gold will come away pretty fast.

I shall take the liberty to give a letter to you to Mad'llie Jenny Lind. She is a great personage, although small in stature, and knows as well as any of "Sam Slick's" family on which side her bread is buttered. Mrs. Bates has been lame nearly a month from a sprained ankle, which is now nearly well.

Believe me, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

JOSHUA BATES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington, D. C.*

48 E. TWENTIETH ST., NEW YORK, August 28, 1850.

DEAR SIR: I regretted not seeing you when last in town. I was at Messrs. Williams & Stevens' in a few moments after you left, and was told that you had seen "Mercy's Dream." I was gratified that you were pleased. I hope you may be induced to buy the pair, for the one of Christiana is the most interesting to many, and especially to those who are critical. I know that \$3,000 is a large sum for two pictures, but if you reflect on the close study and arduous labor of many months bestowed on them, I do not believe you would be willing to cut down the amount. I am very desirous the two pictures—which are, perhaps, the best, and certainly the most pleasing I ever painted—should have a place in that collection which you are forming.

If you could find leisure to write me a line saying when you will be in town again, or making any proposition in regard to Mercy and Christiana, I will esteem it a favor.

Very respectfully, yours,

D. HUNTINGTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington City.

WASHINGTON, September 8th, 1850.

Your kind letter of yesterday came to hand to-day. In this world of troubles it is pleasant, cheering, a sweet consolation, to receive tokens of regard and esteem from those whom we esteem and hold worthy.

In times past I have used every opportune occasion to make my friends your friends, and shall continue to pray that all good things may attend you.

GEORGE M. BIBB.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR: Thanks are due *from* me, not *to* me. You overwhelm me with obligations. The old maxim is that to do a man favors, renders him ungrateful. I believe it, for I was really base enough, when I received your letter, to wish that you were as poor as I am, and I as rich as you are, that I might show how deeply I appreciate your kindness. Health wait on you ever; and that you may long live to enjoy the wealth you use so nobly, is the sincere prayer of one who will ever be proud to be ranked among the number of your friends.

RIND.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

 WASHINGTON, *September 30, 1850.*

DEAR SIR: If you can afford time to call at Mrs. Beveridge's boarding-house this evening, you would confer a favor on Judge Douglass and myself. We wish to confer with you in relation to our Central Railroad, and also in relation to our State indebtedness. Our hope is that you may be able to take hold of the affairs of the State of Illinois in such a way as to benefit the State, and also be an advantage to yourself.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES SHIELDS.

P. S.—Please call at eight o'clock.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

 WASHINGTON CITY, *1st October, 1850*

DEAR SIR: I received your note this morning. I feel a natural anxiety on the subject alluded to, as I shall have much business to transact with the gentleman to whom the State of Texas may commit her interest as agent.

I have had more opportunity to know Mr. Corcoran, of this city, than any other of the bankers or dealers in stocks in this part of the country. From all I know of that class of men, I should much prefer Mr. Corcoran.

He is a gentleman in social life, an honest and honorable and highly intelligent man in all his business affairs. I should trust him to any extent.

Yours, truly,

THOMAS CORWIN.

General RUSK, *Washington City.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I was unavoidably prevented from taking leave of the President upon the occasion of my departure from Washington, and, therefore, had no opportunity to converse with him about the plan for the improvement of the mall. Had I been presented with a proper occasion to express an opinion, it would have been little more than an approval of the design submitted by Mr. Downing. When a member of the House committee to which was referred the organization of the Smithsonian Institution, my attention was directed to this subject, and it has been with me a matter of reflection and frequent conversation ever since. The mode proposed by Mr. Downing I think the most beautiful and useful which has been suggested. The principal drive I would like to see laid off after the manner of the Spanish Paseo—that is to say, the ways for carriages, horsemen, and footmen divided by rows of trees. I hope to see Mr. Downing's fine taste and skill in landscape designs brought to save our grounds from the leveling process which has so rapidly stripped them of the varying features with which Nature always supplies her beautiful scenery, and which it is the just province of art to bring harmoniously into view with the structures required by man.

Very truly, your friend, &c.,

JEFF'N DAVIS.

16th March, 1851.

BOSTON, *March 26, 1851.*

MY DEAR SIR: I write to say that our friend, Miss Peabody, of Salem, will be married to Mr. Rogers next Wednesday, the 2d day of April; and the next Monday after, being the 7th, I intend giving her an evening party of some 150 or, perhaps, 200, and I depend upon your coming on, so as to be here next Tuesday, to pass as long time as you possibly can with me at my house, but, at all events, until after my party, as I wish you to see the beauty of our city together. I shall, of course, be most glad to have you come before Tuesday, and shall be ready any day and at any time to receive you. The afternoon train leaving New York at 3 o'clock arrives here about quarter-past twelve, and I shall have everything ready, so come at once to my house in Mount Vernon Street. You will receive a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Francis Peabody to go to the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and all your friends here depend upon your coming on at this time, and we all hope, in every way we can devise, to make your time pass pleasantly and to repay you, in part, for the kindness you showed to all of us in Washington.

Our friend, Mr. Wm. Appleton, just came in, when I observed that I was writing you, and he asked me to request you—if you can without inconvenience, through some person—to hire for him a pew in the Rev. Dr. Pyne's church in your city.

Please let me know at what time between this and next Tuesday night or Wednesday morning I shall expect you.

Believe me always,

very truly and sincerely, your friend,

JNO. ELIOT THAYER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SALEM, *March 27, 1851.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN: The dread of snow-storms having passed away enables me to ask of one from the sunny South if, in his flight to the North, he will alight at our home on Wednesday, April 2d, when *Miss Martha* proposes to receive and bid adieu to all her kind friends?

Truly yours,

FRANCIS PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

AT MR. CONSUL PETERS',
Philadelphia. April 12, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: Enclosed is the medal I promised to you. I have not one left of the other reverse, but this one is the best. As yet, I have had no answer with reference to my application for a berth homewards, but if I have occasion to use your kind interest with Mr. Cunard, you shall hear again.

Excuse the normal state of haste in which I live,
and believe me sincerely yours,

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BOSTON, *April 22, 1851.*

MY DEAR SIR: You do not know how much every one here and in Salem regretted that you were not here to *Miss Peabody's* wedding; but I am very glad to hear that you are going to make a visit here before you leave, and I shall depend upon your coming direct to my house, and to stay as long as you can, and we will all try to make your visit as pleasant as possible. Please let me know when I may expect you. There is nothing new here except the great meeting opposite the Revere House to-day to see Mr. Webster. I should think there were 12,000 to 15,000 people present. He never appeared or spoke better.

Most truly yours,

J. ELIOT THAYER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

LONDON, *May* 23, 1851.

MY DEAR CORCORAN: I have your kind note, and greatly regret that your business will not permit you to come to London this season. I had previously made up my mind that you would come. I hope you will yet come, and the 8th July steamer will be a pleasant conveyance, as Francis Peabody, lady, and *Lizzy* are coming in her. The exhibition is worth coming for; it is becoming more interesting every day, and I only regret that my business will not allow me to pass much time there. I have passed but one hour in it since the first day it opened, although I have a season ticket! My proposition to give a splendid flag was accepted by the American commissioner and sanctioned by the royal commissioners, but subsequently refused by the latter. I have not seen any of the papers to which you allude, referring to my name.

There have been no Mississippi Planters' Bank bonds on the market for the last six months. I have a large amount, and during the last year I have occasionally sold them at Natchez at 70 to 75 *on principal and interest*.

Truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

ASHLAND, 28th *May*, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: I transmit to you herewith a copy of a letter which I have addressed to Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, in respect to Father Mathew. The object of it, as you will perceive from its perusal, is to ascertain if some pecuniary contributions cannot be made to relieve the necessities of that great benefactor of our race prior to his departure from the United States. Knowing your generous and charitable nature, I have indulged the hope that you might co-operate with Mr. Grinnell and others in the accomplishment of the benevolent end in view. Washington, I am aware, is not one of our large cities; but, with

your patronage and exertions, I trust that something may be done there. Will you not make the experiment if you approve the object? In any event, I pray you to excuse the liberty I take in calling your attention to this subject, in which I own that I feel much interest.

With great respect, I am
your friend and obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SATURDAY, *May* 31, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: Having just come possessed of a fine green turtle, I will beg you to waive ceremony, and join me in "a hasty plate of soup" to-day at five o'clock.

Very truly yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MONDAY MORNING, *June* 6, 1851.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I had hoped to see you and make my personal acknowledgments for your fresh token of kindness to myself and your munificent gift to the school. I think this was money well bestowed. Indeed, so far as I can learn, it would be hard to say what money of yours is not. You are one of the wisest men I ever knew, in one respect at least—giving while you have life to see and enjoy the result. I saw, the other day, your beautiful cemetery. I am quite converted, for at first I lamented the appropriation of that lovely spot to such a purpose, but it really looks like one of Nature's own temples, consecrated to a very high and holy use.

God bless you!

Yours, most affectionately,

SMITH PYNE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

PARIS, *June 6*, 1851.

MY DEAR CORCORAN :

A few days ago I received yours of May 5th, and it was indeed pleasant to see your handwriting once more. My neglect in writing to you has some apology. My eye-sight has been very much injured, probably not from age, but from sight-seeing, especially in looking at pictures, frescoes, and more especially those on high ceilings, in consequence of which I intend to give up all that sort of thing for the next twelve months. I certainly should not have written to you in relation to the small matters I sent you from Rome, except to secure for them the necessary care on arrival. There is more than one original Greek Slave. The original is probably in England, belonging to a Mr. Grant, I think. The true original, after all, is the model in clay or plaster. Good copies can be made equally good as long as the model remains. The occupation of selecting the marble may require some peculiar talent. Of that I cannot speak; but that of cutting the marble into the lines and form of the original is, with the necessary instruments, purely mechanical—so much so, that while the author of the model may be compared with the author of a letter, the converting it into marble requires no higher rate of talent than is required for a copying clerk. Indeed, the one or the other; after writing the letter or cutting and polishing the marble, may ask, What the devil is it all about? Indeed, the author of a work in sculpture scarcely ever strikes the hammer unless in retouching a copy of a living face.

Because I know it is a gratification to you, I am glad to hear that you have added to a fortune uselessly large, but I am sorry that you have also added to your gray hairs. With me the only thing which seems to hold out against time is the unchanged covering of the head; the eyes and ears are by no means as good as they once were.

I shall be glad to see you in Europe, and, if not there,

every or any where else. Accept the best regards of Mrs. Selden and myself.

Yours, truly,

DUDLEY SELDEN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

Entre nous : I shall probably see you in August, but shall not, I think, leave Europe for good until next year.

PITTSBURGH, PA., *25th July, 1851.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

Please to accept the sincere thanks of as grateful a heart as ever throbbed within the breast of man for the generous sympathy you have expressed for my sorrows, and for your most kind reception of my dear secretary, Mr. Mahoney.

If my feeble health permitted, I would hasten to Washington to express my gratitude in person. I deeply regret that I had not the happiness to meet you on my visit to your metropolis.

Believe me, with profound respect and gratitude,
your devoted friend,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *5th August, 1851.*

HONORED, DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

A heart throbbing with gratitude presents the most ardent thanks for your munificent gift. That I could command language adequate to express my feelings! But your own benevolent heart, and that good God with whose will you so faithfully co-operate, will confer on you a reward superior to human approbation. As you have spoken of my dear secretary, Mr. Mahoney, I beg leave to observe that I have not heard from him since his departure from Washington.

It will afford me infinite gratification to be privileged to see you, my most generous benefactor, before I will sail for Ireland from New York.

Wishing you every spiritual and temporal blessing, I am, honored, dear Mr. Corcoran, yours most gratefully,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *August 8, 1851.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

* * * * *

London will soon become dull, and already the Americans are leaving for Scotland, the Continent, &c. By way of concluding the season handsomely, I last week gave two dinners of upwards of sixty each—one at Richmond and the other at Blackwall. All the Lawrences, our Salem friends (the Peabodys) Thos. E. Lowell and family, Appletons, &c., were at both. At Richmond I was much pleased to have, with Mr. Lawrence on my left, Lady Bulwer, whom I found extremely pleasant, and who seemed delighted with the entertainment, and said she should write Sir Henry all about it, and particularly the handsome speeches made in his favor. Sir Henry is really acting so handsomely in his intercourse with the Americans that it was extremely gratifying to have present so dear a representative as Lady Bulwer.

If I deserved half the compliments paid me in the American papers, I ought to be a very happy man. All I claim is good motives.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

ASHLAND, *14th September, 1851.*

MY DEAR SIR: I received your favor informing me of your having charitably advanced to Father Mathew five hundred dollars, in consequence of a letter which I ad-

dressed to you commending him to your benevolence. It was not my intention to occasion such a heavy draught upon your purse; but, in making the contribution, you have acted in conformity with your accustomed generosity, and I have no doubt that you have experienced an amount of personal satisfaction far surpassing the value of your liberal donation.

I have not heard from Mr. Grinnell; but I do hope that, before the Reverend Father returns to Ireland, some general popular contribution will be made to render easy his declining years, and to acquit our race of a small portion of the great obligation under which he has placed the whole of us. You have more than nobly discharged your duty.

Your friend and obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *October 3, 1851*

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I duly received your kind note dated 8th ult. Mr. Walker called on me on his arrival, together with Mr. Neal, and delivered numerous introductory letters, and, among them, yours. They went to Richmond with me on Sunday, and I had to meet him and sixteen Americans, and we had a pleasant time. I dined with him at Lawrence's on Wednesday (Biglow's party, the Minister being in Ireland), and meet him at Thomas Baring's at dinner to-day. He is certainly a very agreeable man, and shows a disposition to give me his confidence. Next week I think I can tell you whether he has any prospect of success.

I do not think Kennedy had anything to do with the Virginia bonds, or I should certainly have known it through him or others. The price at which they were taken at New York—I learn 103 and 103½—was too high. If a further loan is to be made soon by Virginia, and you can get \$1,000,000 of similar bonds at a lower price, I should like

to join you. Please write me on the subject. I think I could make them marketable on the Continent by commencing at a low price. The stock will not sell. I would gladly sell ours at 93. Can this stock be exchanged into bonds with coupons? Please write to Virginia on this subject.

However liberal I may be here, I cannot keep pace with your noble acts of charity at *home*; but one of these days I mean to come out, and *then* if my feelings regarding money don't change and I have plenty, I shall become a strong competitor of yours in benevolence. You acted nobly by the Hungarians.

Sincerely yours,

G. PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *October 31, 1851.*

MESSRS. CORCORAN & RIGGS,
Washington.

MY DEAR SIR: At last I am enabled to send you the iron account, and such an account! The amount of profit really alarms me, it being *double* what I anticipated; but Mr. Gooch assures me it is all right, and I assure *you* that it affords me great pleasure to pass to your credit this £5093 7 11, with interest from first of June last, as your portion of profit, less the £105 18 6, which, however, you will collect at home.

I little anticipated, when I took the contract, what great labor and attention and responsibility it would require to enable me to fulfill the contract profitably, success depending mainly on obtaining freight and insurance on favorable terms. For a year, a great deal of Mr. Gooch's time was employed exclusively on this business, and he has done it well, as the amount shows.

I hope we may often act together in such profitable undertakings.

Mr. Hobbie I saw to-day, and I have obtained for him an invitation to the Lord Mayor's for the 4th November.

You will see by the *Post*, which I send to each of your firm, that I have made "another sensation," and I think all Americans that were present will unite in saying it was a grand affair. I hope the President will like the "God bless him!" which I added in proposing his name. I doubt whether the toast was ever so drank before; but I turned to Lawrence before proposing it, and told him what I was going to do. He replied, "Excellent;" and, whispering to Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, the latter said to me, "I will support it *with all my heart*."

Sir Henry's was a most brilliant display of heart and eloquence, and must, I think, give great satisfaction in the United States, *as it does here*, and do good in both countries.

I should probably have associated Kossuth in the party, but some unpleasant reports regarding his conduct to the captain of the *Mississippi* have been circulated, and I think, also, that he has not paid the respect due to our country by leaving that ship, and coming to England before proceeding to the United States. I think Lawrence will also be guarded in his attention to him.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

DEAR SIR: My kinsman, Mr. Colin Ingersoll, to whom I have proffered this introduction to your elegant hospitality and uniform kindness, as I always found them, goes to take his seat in Congress, with the advantages of excellent education, foreign travel, and public service. Elected in a whig district as a democratic member, on the broadest principles of union, and, in all these respects, the sort of

member which I hope may abound in the next Congress, as such allow me to present him to your acquaintance.

I am, very respectfully, your humble servant,

C. J. INGERSOLL.

PHILA., Nov. 20th, 1851.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

STAUNTON, VA., December 11, 1851.

DEAR SIR: The organ recently presented by you to our Western Lunatic Asylum was received a few days since, and now has a place in its chapel. The board of directors, of which I have the honor to be one, deeply impressed with a feeling of obligation for this noble liberality towards the institution under their charge, have devolved upon me the acceptable duty of tendering to you their grateful acknowledgments therefor.

We are well aware that this is but one of your numberless benefactions to suffering humanity, but we see in it a peculiarly refined sense which calls for especial notice. In making this donation for the use of the most sorely stricken of all God's afflicted, who have been tempest-tossed by their passions, and who have, in some sort, found a haven with us, you were doubtless moved by a knowledge of the power of music to "diffuse a holy calm" over the most troubled spirit. We have reason to believe, sir, that your charity will be productive of this desirable effect; that the soft tones of this organ will soothe the minds of these sufferers, and raise them to ask mercy at the hand which now so sorely oppresses them. You well remember what we learn from sacred history—how the monarch of Israel, when "an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him," by the subduing influences of David's minstrelsy "was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." We derive from hence a hope that some such happy influence will flow from the sacred strains of the instrument which you have presented us.

As guardians, then, sir, of the unfortunates committed to our care, we offer you our sincerest thanks for your munificent donation; but leave you for an *adequate* return to that quality of charity which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Very cordially yours,

JAMES H. SKINNER,
*For the Board of Directors
 of the Western Lunatic Asylum of Virginia.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BANK OF AMERICA, *December 18, 1851.*

MY DEAR SIR: The rates of foreign exchange continue high, and the export of coin is large, and continues longer than we anticipated sixty days ago. I fear, therefore, that the banks in this city will make a poor show of specie in their quarterly reports soon to be made. Can you do anything to aid us in that particular that will add to our supply of specie for a short time, say from the 17th or 18th inst. to the 15th or 20th of next month? If so, I hope you will do so.

A Treasury draft for half a million or a million of dollars on Philadelphia or Boston would be useful, and this bank would take one on the same terms that we took one in October last. If that cannot be done, a draft on the Assistant Treasurer here for \$200,000 or \$300,000 will be acceptable to us at this time, for we shall be rather poor until about the 1st or 10th of next month.

Our whole city has been greatly excited for a week past with the wonderful speeches of Kossuth, and I am glad to learn that Congress will give him a cordial welcome at Washington. It should have been more graciously done, however, for he is truly a *great*, a *very great* man.

Were you not surprised to hear the failure of Hicks & Co. ?

Very truly yours,

GEO. NEWBOLD.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I come to bid you to go with me to Brandon on Sunday. You have made money enough already, and I think you may be spared from the bank for a week; so drop stock-jobbing for a time, and come to breathe the perfume of the rose and list to the songs of the birds.

Yours, truly,

THOMAS RITCHIE.

WEDNESDAY.

MARCH 5, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: I send you a bit of the loin of a moose deer. It is many years since I tasted the flesh of that animal, but it has been regarded as making excellent steaks.

Yours, truly,

D. WEBSTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LIVINGSTON'S MANOR, *May* 20, 1852.

So long a time has elapsed, dear sir, since I have heard either directly or indirectly from you, that, emboldened by the claims of hospitality which were so graciously dispensed by you, and gratefully received by one who will ever warmly acknowledge the obligation, I have ventured to thrust myself upon your recollection—being in daily expectation of the arrival of the commission with which I was entrusted by you—to ascertain whether you wish it forwarded by express, or whether you will add to our pleasure by coming in person to receive it, as we are now estab-

lished at the Manor for some weeks, where my mother-in-law desires me to express to you the gratification she will have in receiving you, and returning, in some measure, the attentions bestowed upon us; to say nothing of the pleasure it would afford me to introduce you to Mrs. Livingstone and the home of my children, where painful associations are connected, but where, I can assure you, a warm and gracious welcome awaits you, if you can exchange the luxuries and home comforts to which you are accustomed for a simple but plentiful board, and a joyous circle who will greet you with smiles and merriment. May I hope to see you ere long and show you the beauties of the Manor, which you have heard us so often extol, with increased satisfaction, as it will enable me to exercise the rights of hospitality in return for so much kindness received? I need not say how happy we should be if Louly would accompany you. With a wide field to range, horses, down to a modest goat equipage, to contribute to her pleasure, and my children's efforts at her command—their affections she has already secured—I think she might spend some days pleasantly. We will leave here about the first week in June for our cottage at Lebanon, where we will spend a solitary summer, unless cheered by the presence of some charitable and kind friend, among whom you will permit me to number you; assuring you at the same time, dear sir, of the sincere esteem and high consideration of

yours, gratefully,

CAROLINE LIVINGSTONE.

Would you be the bearer of an invitation from me, in Mrs. Livingstone's name, to Mr. Conrad, assuring him of the pleasure it would afford us should he pay us his promised visit at the Manor during our stay here?

Direct: Mrs. Henry W. Livingstone,

Hudson, N. Y.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

By advising us of the day of your arrival, the carriage will be on the dock to receive you. You must land at Hudson, and drive out six miles to the Manor.

[*From the Washington News, November 12, 1852.*]*

WASHINGTON, *October 21st, 1852.*

DEAR SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 19th inst., enclosing a constitution, &c., &c., of the Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute of Washington.

Such an institution ought, and I have no doubt will, bring great benefit upon our city, and, I trust, will be eminently successful.

I shall be happy to be numbered among its members.

Be good enough to hand the enclosed contribution to the treasurer.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

W. W. CORCORAN.

TO JOS. HENRY, Esq., *President.*

LONDON, *22d Nov., 1852.*

DEAR SIR: I am fortunately able to make you a more detailed report of my doings in regard to your books before leaving for the Continent, which I do to-morrow.

I informed you some time ago that I had examined the catalogues, made selections from them which I thought would nearly cover the sum sent me, and given orders for the purchases. That the books may, in all respects, please you and your friends, I have, in most cases, ordered new copies and fresh bindings, and have invariably chosen what I consider the best edition; and, in my judgment, the library will be the best selected general library, and the best bound, and in all respects in the best condition, of any library that I know. I have employed Mr. Henry Stevens, the Smith-

* Mr. Corcoran seems ever alive to the interests of our city; and while, on the one hand, he uses his ample means without stint for the benefit of many purely charitable institutions, he does not neglect to foster science and art by encouragement similar to the above.

sonian agent in Europe, to make the purchases, under my directions, both as to editions and bindings. As the purchases are mostly made, and many of the books have come in, I spent the better part of last night looking them over, and making an estimate of the probable cost, which I enclose. This will not be entirely accurate, as, for convenience, I rejected *pence* in the estimate, and as the binder's bills were not in, but it will not vary much from the actual result. It exhibits 905 volumes for £480 4*d*, to which must be added 10 per cent. for Mr. Stevens' commissions, that being a saving to you of about 20 per cent. on what I should have been obliged to pay had I employed a regular bookseller, and a greater saving still on what it would have cost you had I made the purchases myself.

The copy of the "Beauties of England" is the best I have ever seen. Instead of twenty-six volumes (the usual number), it is swelled by the insertion of some 1,000 extra plates to forty volumes, and is most superbly bound in green morocco. The binding alone must have cost nearly the sum paid for the work. The copy of "Crabbe's Poems" is also swelled in the same way, by the insertion of over 100 portraits, many of rare value. The copy of "Flaxman" has the original proof plates. The copy of "Scott's Novels" has extra proof plates, and is, by all odds, the cheapest copy I have ever known sold. The copies of "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," "Bishop Hall," and "Nelson's Dispatches" are the identical copies that obtained prizes in the exhibition for binding. I have requested Mr. Stevens to certify that fact in them, as he was a member of the jury. I have also directed him to procure (where possible) autographs of the authors, and insert them in the works. I am afraid, however, that this cannot be done in many cases, as there is so little time left. The copy of "Neale's Views of Country Seats in England" is a very elegant copy. The "Concreeve" and "Shaftesbury" are the best specimens of Baskerville's famous printing that I have ever seen. I have

directed that they be sent to you in the old binding. I have also thought that you would be willing to preserve with the Wellington dispatches some memorial of the Duke, to show that the work was bought at the time of his death and funeral. I have, accordingly, directed Mr. Stevens to procure copies of all the publications connected with his decease, and to bind them uniform with the dispatches. I have found it necessary to draw on your credit for the further sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, and I have given directions for the purchase of further books, amounting in all to £540, which, with the commissions and the cost of cases, will about use up your credit. I have ordered these books all to be got ready and packed in *tin* cases, to go with me to America by the Collins steamer of the 15th of December, thinking that you would not object to the little additional expense on that account. I advise you to get a Treasury order for their passage through the custom-house unopened, which they will probably grant *you*, as I should hate to have them pulled over in New York.

I hope you will find this order executed to your satisfaction. It is a delicate task to select books for another. I have endeavored to make a choice little library, such as Miss Corcoran will find delight in reading; and, while I have been unwilling to get anything but *the best*, I have had a proper eye to economy. I have, jointly with Mr. Stevens, prepared a large additional catalogue, which I shall have pleasure in submitting to you when I come to Washington in the winter, in case you wish to make any additions at any time; and I will also, at the same time, lay before you a catalogue of *American* works, which, you will see, are entirely excluded from this collection.

I avail myself of this opportunity to enclose you a little circular of my own, and remain, dear sir,

faithfully yours,

J. C. B. DAVIS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEHENAGH, CORK, *December 8th*, 1852.

MOST RESPECTED, EVER DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Since my return from Madeira, in greatly improved health, I have been anxiously expecting your promised visit. I now hope that you will not visit Ireland until next July, at which season the beloved country of your ancestors will appear in all its beauty. I will, please God, be in good health to receive you at my brother's house, near the City of Cork, who is anxious to have the happiness of making your acquaintance. I earnestly request that you will favor me with a letter from Dublin, to which city I purpose to hasten, on the wings of gratitude, to hail your arrival in old Ireland.

I have the honor, with high respect, dearest Mr. Corcoran, to be

your grateful friend,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *May 3*, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

In a postscript to the former business letter on the 29th, I rather abruptly denied that there was any foundation in the report of an engagement between Miss —— and myself. I fully confirm what I then said, and assure you that such an idea never entered my mind, because I have now arrived at an age which throws aside all thoughts of matrimony; but, in denying the rumor in such strong terms, do not suppose that I am not an admirer of Miss ——, for I think her a very fine woman, and she is a general favorite among all that know her.

On the 18th I am to give Mr. Ingersoll a dinner at the Star and Garter, Richmond, and mean that it shall be in "Corcoronian style," of which I hear so much. I shall probably have one hundred present.

I shall be most happy to see your friend, Mr. Buchanan, and to serve him in any way in my power. When will he leave New York?

The Miss Russell is a nice little "medicine chest," and, I think, would suit your complaint admirably. I never had any idea of matrimony but once, and that was full fifteen years ago.

Are you not coming out to see us this summer?

Truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

LONDON, *May* 16, 1853.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

On the 18th I am to give a grand banquet to the American minister and about sixty-five English and eighty-five American ladies and gentlemen, and have invited about fifty more for evening. Mr. Van Buren will be of the party, and I hope to make it the best *dinner* party I have ever given, as I have the Star and Garter, Richmond, and the proprietor has no limit. I enclose you the programme of music during and after dinner.

I have taken the same house—Star and Garter—for a Fourth of July dinner to gentlemen only, and expect about 150. I hear from Mr. Ingersoll that your friend, Mr. Buchanan, will leave in June. Now, although I only know Mr. Buchanan from his high character and what you say of him, I am quite prepared to like him, *particularly as he is unmarried*, and I would like to invite the party for the Fourth of July to meet "the American minister, Mr. Ingersoll, and the new minister, Mr. Buchanan." Will you confer with Mr. Buchanan on receipt of this, and try to get me permission to give the invitations as I propose? If

Mr. Buchanan leaves 13th or 16th June, he will arrive in ample time.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BRANDON, *May 17, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR: I sent you a message through George Harrison yesterday morning, and last evening's mail brings us a letter from him, stating the kind inquiries you have been making about my return. The coincidence is curious and equally gratifying to me. I have already overstaid my time near four weeks, but the siren ladies who surround me will not permit me to tear myself away from this terrestrial paradise, for, indeed, I never saw Brandon half so sweet as it is now. I shall return, however, at no distant day; but, in the meantime, you must console yourself for my absence by the society of your numerous friends and the enchantments of dear Louly.

I see by the papers that you are about to build up your suspended houses. Well, be it so; go on with your magnificent structures, but I beg you not to construct them of white marble. I wish to be the occupant of the only white house which graces our side of the square; but, be this as it may, I take it for granted that I am to be buried during the rest of my life in dust and mortar. I have made up my mind to my inevitable destiny with all the grace in the world.

Will you do me the favor to see our friend, Governor Marcy, and tell him for me that he has done right in appointing George Loyall to office, but not exactly in the best taste. He must excuse me for saying that there should not have been the slightest hesitation or delay in making the appointment. There is no such man as Loyall in Virginia, and the miserable clique in Norfolk who op-

posed him are not entitled for one moment to the ear of the Executive. The good deed, however, has been done, and, with a thousand others, I have to thank the administration for its selection.

Please say, also, to the Governor that absence has not weakened in the slightest degree the interest I take in Mr. Cross' success. His own claim is superior to that of any other applicant, for his own sake as well as that of his gallant and unfortunate father; and though I have no right to plead my own wishes or the claims of my eldest son, yet I cannot forbear reminding him that I have publicly relinquished all offices, and so has William Ritchie, who refused both the secretaryship of legation to London and to Madrid, and afterwards the post-office of Richmond, and has recently declared to Mr. Pierce his determination to decline all office under the present administration. Is it asking, then, too much of a man like Governor Marcy to recollect these facts in the wise dispensation of executive patronage, or is it asking too many favors of you to request you to read the enclosed letter to Mr. Whittlesey, and, if you approve it, have it sealed and sent to him?

Not a word yet from General Armstrong, although I wrote him on the subject of my claim before I left Washington.

Present me most cordially to all our kind friends of the Morris family, as well as to Mrs. Riggs, and believe me,

most truly, yours,

THOMAS RITCHIE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, KY., *May 23d*, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: On my return this morning from a distant county of the district, I found the enclosed letter from the Hon. J. D. Bright, which I send you as the best explanation of this note. Your generous offer was unex-

pected, but is not the less appreciated ; and, without making profuse protestations of gratitude, it is enough to say that I feel deeply touched by it. I accept the tendered aid for the purpose indicated in Mr. Bright's letter, and suggest that it be sent in the form of a draft on New York, payable to the order of *James A. Gainstead*, of Lexington, Ky., and enclosed to me.

The canvass here is warm and very active. Letcher has two or three lieutenants on the string in nearly every county, and a large amount of money will be used to defeat me. I think the latter feature is the dangerous one for me ; still, I am confident that he can be beaten, and have entered the canvass with the purpose to expend the last atom of my strength in the effort to do it.

Pardon this account of the condition of affairs here. I give it only because your noble offer indicates some interest in the result.

Your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

GEORGETOWN, *May 10th*, 1853.

DEAR MAJOR: Your friends in every direction are watching your progress with great interest ; among them are many whom you do not personally know. I claim to feel about as much solicitude on this point as any constituent you have ; but, perhaps, I do not feel more than our mutual friend, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington, who, in a conversation with me a few days ago, remarked that you were at liberty to draw on him at any time for *one thousand dollars*, and he hoped you would do so, if you felt that it would strengthen your arm in the glorious fight you are making. I told him *I knew* you would accept this generous offer made to benefit a cause he feels quite as

much interested in as you or I. A line from you to him, telling how and *when you will have this sum paid, will settle the matter.*

God has made but few such gentlemen as Corcoran. *No parsimonious policy marks his progress.* He appears anxious to aid and reward genius and merit wherever he finds it, and I know that he finds ample recompense, in the offer he *volunteers* in your behalf, from the single consideration that, in advancing your ~~success~~, he promotes the public good.

Colonel Forney mentioned to me, a few days ago, that he held himself ready to give you any aid in his power, and I know he is earnestly desirous to serve you. I told him he need not trouble himself then; that on my return home I would try and see you, and, if anything more was necessary to be done, I would write and join in whatever effort was requisite to take matters *beyond doubt*. I leave here for Madison in a day or two. Write me and say wherein I can further serve you.

Your friend,

J. D. BRIGHT.

Major BRECKINRIDGE.

BRANDON, June 29, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: * * * *

How are you getting on? I hope the remarkable conversation I had at your house the day before I left Washington has had no ill effect. I spoke boldly and frankly, but, I hope, the truth.

The harvest terminated here on Saturday—the finest one that Brandon has ever seen. Not a day, nor an hour, was lost for bad weather. The product will be at least 14,000 bushels for market, if not more. They talk, too, of \$1.20 per bushel.

The country continues very sweet. We had a fine *fete*

the day before yesterday at Clermont, to celebrate the arrival of the Jamestown steamer on her first trip from New York. We had gentlemen from New York, Norfolk, Petersburg, &c. Everything went off well.

Col. Gardiner, Mrs. Tyler's brother, was with us yesterday, and he expressed so strong a desire for me to visit his sister (Dr. Tyler himself being unwell) that I am almost afraid I shall be tempted to make the experiment.

We have but one visitor here except my own family.

Yours, most truly,

THOMAS RITCHIE.

MR. CORCORAN.

NEWPORT, *July 28, 1853.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN :

I have yours of the 25th. I have received in New York \$50,000 on account of the claim of K. & M. I go to New York on Saturday; will there settle with Mr. Jaudon and others, and deposit your portion to your credit with the Bank of America.

I have had considerable correspondence regarding Messrs. Reid & Phillip's charge, and they have finally agreed to divide the \$5,000 retained by them between themselves and the counsel I employed in New York.

I do hope, before the end of the season, to have the pleasure of welcoming you and your daughter at my house in Newport. If the President and his lady should find Washington too warm for them, I should be most happy to give them a home in Newport for as long a period as their convenience and health permitted. I would write the President; but, as I am not personally known to him, you may intimate to him and Mrs. Pierce the pleasure I should have of welcoming them and seeing them in Newport.

Yours, faithfully,

W. S. WETMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

WASHINGTON, *September 5, 1853.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am at a loss to know which was the most acceptable, the favor *granted* or the *manner* in which it was conveyed. Both are indelibly implanted on my heart. How could you conceive me in search of gold in California or Australia, when, by your magic wand, I gathered it without the toil of digging?

I will do myself the pleasure to be with you to-morrow at 4.30 P. M. Till then the gods be with you.

With esteem and friendship,

W. A. RIND.

RICHMOND, *October 27, 1853.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Our State fair is now near at hand, and I trust you are not unmindful of your promise to be with us on an occasion which will prove, I hope, not altogether uninteresting and unimposing. Mrs. Stanard and I confidently expect you, and will be greatly disappointed should you fail to come. The fair commences on Tuesday next (the 1st November), and I hope we shall have the pleasure of having you with us at dinner on Monday.

Please present, for Mrs. S. and myself, our kindest regards to Mr. Riggs, and cordial congratulations on his safe return and improved health—an improvement, I am happy to learn, as great as his warmest friends could have hoped. I sought him out in New York, but was informed that he had left for Philadelphia.

Hoping to see you very soon, I am, with kindest regards and best wishes,

yours, very truly,

ROBERT C. STANARD.

P. S.—Let me have a line saying on what day we may expect you.

NEW YORK, *December 7, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : My friends, Lords Ingestre and Elmley, are desirous to know some of the ladies of Washington, and if you should have it in your power to present them at any parties which may be given during their stay there, you will confer a favor on me.

Excuse the liberty I am taking, and believe me, my dear sir,

your most obedient servant,

ROYAL PHELPS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

BRANDON, *January 12, 1854.*

MY DEAR C. :

If you had done as you ought to have done—gone to see my family, who are certainly not the least charming people in Washington, and who are all disposed to value you highly—you would have heard of the somewhat critical condition in which I have been placed for nine days. I wrote a letter to Margaret yesterday, stating my whole case frankly and freely; she will show it to you. Indeed, I have no desire or strength to go it over again, and my friends around me are now protesting against my writing at all.

My situation is not much changed since yesterday. I had little sleep last night, but I still hope for the best. I have wretchedly abused one of the strongest constitutions with which man was ever blessed, but, worn and torn down as it is, it may defy the assault for some time.

Send me half a dozen of seltzer water. Make Lawrence put it up in a box and send it to Adams' Express office, with a label addressed to Wm. F. Ritchie, Richmond, for Thomas Ritchie, now at Brandon. I make no apology for this commission, for I should be happy to do as much, and more, for you in my situation. Don't send the water un-

less it be the best. It may assist, with other mineral waters, in relieving me from one of the causes of my complaint.

The question about the lots resolves itself into a short issue: my honor sooner than my purse. If Mr. B. (Bayliss, is it not?) says he has sold them according to my instructions, and the vendee insists upon performance, the matter is at an end. It is idle to say how much better I might have played my cards. Please, therefore, send for Mr. Cross, and advise him as to the best mode of consulting Bayliss. If he claims performance, I am ready to sign the deed as soon as Mr. Cross has examined it and prepared the corresponding deed of trust.

Believe me, my dear sir, I am deeply sensible of all your kindness, but do not suspend your *soirées* one moment for me. Such magnificent spectacles are, no doubt, expected from W. W. Corcoran; but you have other and much higher objects before you. It is yours to stamp your character upon the age to which you belong by noble benefactions which may survive you, and by monuments dedicated to the cause of literature, humanity, and taste. Read again the picture which Pope has drawn of the Man of Ross, and show what a *man of wealth can effect in the same or similar line in America. If I did not know that you had these large and liberal views yourself, do you think I would venture to express them at this time?*

I think, too, that you and Mr. Pierce are both able to hear the truth. See him, if you please, with my best regards, and assure him of the profound interest I have taken in the Nebraska question. Douglas' report is capital, but it does not cover the whole ground. It does not show that in 1850 we attempted to get the Missouri Compromise as a part of the system. I tried it with Douglas himself and Mr. Clay in vain. The experiment was otherwise tried in Congress to no effect. The compromise of 1850 then took the place of the Missouri Compromise, and I now show, from the columns of the *Union* and my letter

about Mr. Clay, that this last compromise "*prostrated the Wilmot Proviso*," and that such was the contemporaneous exposition of the instrument, and that it was intended to give a finality to the whole subject; and shall we now be told by some miserable demagogue that the Missouri Compromise may now be revived to stab the interests of the South, and to rip up the whole Wilmot Proviso? Is it thus that a statesman is to blow hot and cold with the same breath? The whole *Baltimore platform* is to be overthrown if this outrage is to be perpetrated. Assure the President of the pleasure which I have felt on seeing the course of the *Union*. I need not say to him, if it be possible to pass such a measure through Congress, he is bound to strike it dead with the thunder of executive veto. In the movements of this new question, we shall see what the *softs* and *hards* will do; it is the *experimentum crucis* of both. No man is entitled to any confidence or any office who does not stand up for Nebraska, free as the winds of heaven itself.

With best regards to our neighbors,
I remain, as ever, your friend, truly,

THOMAS RITCHIE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, January 13, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

My illness last summer, and consequent accumulation of correspondence and business that has kept me constantly engaged this autumn and winter to bring up, is my only apology for not writing you of late, although I have had nothing of importance to communicate.

My health, I am happy to say, seems to be quite restored, and I feel as well as I have done for many years; but experience warns me to be cautious, and to avoid those causes which have heretofore affected my constitution, and I shall try to do so.

I find your friend, Mr. Buchanan, a very agreeable companion, and I have become very intimate with him, having passed three weeks at Richmond with him at the Star and Garter. He seems greatly attached to you, and regrets that you have made up your mind to leave business, as he thinks as I think, that you should not break up a house, the establishment of which has done you so much honor.

It is true you don't want more money; but if you retire, I think you will sigh for that particular kind of occupation and excitement which both you and myself have been accustomed to all our business lives. Why, if no other way, do you not continue the house, and remain as a limited partner, putting in half a million capital?

I suppose you will not give up your splendid entertaining business. By the by, the Archdeacon of Middlesex was greatly pleased with your attention, and I beg to thank you kindly for it. Attention on such men is not thrown away.

I enclose a note to me from him, and also from his talented sister, referring to you.

I am glad to hear that you are coming out to see Europe next spring, and trust you will pass a long time in London. Will you bring your daughter? Mr. Buchanan says his niece, Miss Lane, will come out in April, and wants an escort. Why don't you make her an offer?

Your friend, R. McLane, passed through London, Christmas Day, while Mr. Buchanan and myself were at our friend Lampson's, and he writes me that he shall not probably be here again before leaving for China.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

HOPETOUN HOUSE, SOUTH QUEENSFERRY, N. B.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to trouble you with a single line to mention how much my brother has been benefited by the friendly introduction with which you favored him to America, where he says that his tour has been beyond measure delightful, and the scenery far exceeded his utmost anticipations. He writes to me, in a letter received this morning from New York and dated 3d October: "Mr. Peabody had given me an introduction to Mr. Corcoran, and at his house I had the grandest dinner I ever partook of on either side of the Atlantic. He has a fine gallery of pictures, the original Greek Slave, &c., &c."

It may, perhaps, please you to know how much your kind attention has contributed to the Archdeacon's enjoyment, and that he returns by the *Arabia* again, we hope, in a fortnight, thoroughly charmed with America, its scenery, its public institutions, and its very hospitable inhabitants.

My sister, Lady Glasgow, unites with me in best regards, and I remain, dear sir, yours, truly,

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

BRANDON, *Monday, February 6, '54.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I have been too weak to write for more than two weeks.

Do not be surprised to see me any day. The doctor thinks this atmosphere too damp for me.

At any event, it will be a long time before I can participate in all the pleasures, even of your fireside.

Congratulate Mrs. Ringold most cordially on the engagement she has made. Nothing can be more suitable. He is a gentleman of eminent worth of character, whom I have liked and esteemed ever since I knew him. They are worthy of each other. God bless them!

Don't charge me with too much vanity in sending you two tributes to a retired politician. They will show you, at

least, that I am not altogether unworthy of your friendship. The first article was written by Grigsby, of Norfolk, a man of fine appearance, with one of the most beautiful libraries in the State, and with some of Galt's exquisite statuettes, which he had the liberality to encourage. The other is from a man of fine genealogy, and one of the finest writers in the country.

Why did you not write me the result of your commission to the President? He is constantly sending me the kindest messages, and his desire to see me.

I requested Douglas, also, to show him the very last letter I have written to D. on the subject of Nebraska; yet he, too, is silent. Can you not see the Judge about it?

I shall try to send you—or, perhaps, bring you—some nice Virginia apples, and, also, a new specimen of peaches, put up in tin canisters for table use. They will show you that I, at least, have not forgotten you.

Let my two dear daughters see this note.

Health to you, which is more precious than all your wealth.

Ever yours,

THOMAS RITCHIE,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, *February 7, 1854.*

Lord Mount Cashell presents his compliments to Mr. Corcoran, and regrets to be obliged to leave Washington to-morrow, having received a letter from New York to announce the sudden illness of his son, who is there. Lord Mount Cashell greatly regrets that, in consequence of this unforeseen circumstance, he will be prevented from waiting on him at dinner as he had hoped to have been able to do.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

RICHMOND, *February 8, 1854.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Your very kind note was received yesterday, and I hasten to reply to it; and, in doing so, I am most happy, both on Mrs. Stanard's account and my own, to be able to say that we anticipate the pleasure of being with you on Saturday next (the 11th inst.), by the train which leaves here at 7 o'clock A. M. and reaches Washington between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M.

My professional engagements during the present winter have been and continue to be unusually onerous. Just now, however, the Court of Appeals have commenced upon a batch of cases, in which I am not concerned, which will occupy them a week or ten days; and I need not say how gladly I avail myself of the respite thus afforded me. Mrs. S. was not willing to leave me entirely alone (even *Hedy* is now absent), and it would have been a source of much regret to us both to be compelled to forego a visit to which we had looked forward with so much pleasure. Mrs. Pindell will accompany us, but as her visit to Virginia has, under our urgent solicitations, been already protracted some three or four weeks beyond its allotted period, her sojourn in Washington will, I fear, be very brief.

Mrs. Stanard unites with me in kindest regards to Mr. Everett. Among the many friends whom we anticipate the pleasure of meeting in Washington, we look forward with peculiar gratification to a "reunion" with him.

With best wishes,

I am, yours, very truly,

ROBERT C. STANARD.

I do not know, my dear Mr. Corcoran, whether I can better express in writing than I could do it by word of mouth the grateful sense I entertain of your kindnesses to

us during our late visit to you ; but my heart is so full that I cannot silence the feeling which impels me to seek this mode of acknowledging, in my husband's name as in my own, the debt of gratitude we have incurred towards you. Of the magnificence and boundlessness of your hospitality you hear enough, and on this subject I could but add a mite to the universal voice which greets you on every side ; but for us, whom you have entertained, not as guests only, but as friends, it behooves us to speak, and we do it in heart-deep expressions of other characteristics of that hospitality ; for, by admitting us, as you have done, to the intimacy of your hearth, you have made us feel as partakers of enjoyments on which we set the highest value. You have done more still. Your friends have become our friends. They thought us deserving of their esteem because they saw we had yours ; and, among the many who have thus regarded us, I cannot, in justice to my own feelings, omit to allude to one whom I need not name, because from him and his family, even while we were yet but strangers among them, we have received proofs of regard at first, of friendship afterwards, which we acknowledge with feelings of pride and affection. How well that eminent man has understood the way to my heart, let the respect and estimate he has placed upon the character of my husband tell, as also his spontaneous offer to aid him, if the occasion should occur, with his influence and active friendship.

But I have wandered from my beginning, and must return to objects nearer to you. To your dear child we are beholden for a thoughtfulness beyond her years in meeting our wishes almost before they were formed, and for a grace in ministering to them, which have secured to her our grateful affection ; and to her excellent friend, Miss Yardley, we are likewise indebted for many delightful hours of social and intellectual intercourse, which have done much to render our sojourn among you what it really has been—one of unalloyed gratification and pleasure. Please, my

dear Mr. Corcoran, to convey to them both the expression of these sentiments, and accept for yourself the expression of my deep and enduring esteem and affection.

Truly yours,

EMILIE L. VAIL.

NEW YORK, *February 26th.* 1854.
W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FRIDAY.

And so you stole away yesterday morning without seeing us!

I was not aware you had a dinner party on Wednesday, but I confidently expected to see you, and I had put on my best looks, and was prepared to give you a game of whist. So you see what you have lost.

But, after all, you cannot escape the commission which you promised to execute for me at New York. I hope it will not give you much trouble. If you cannot attend to it, put it into any train that is most convenient.

I have seen, in the Cincinnati "Annals of Science," an account of "Raspail's simple microscope." The enclosed extracts show the various parts of which it is composed. I wish the whole complete.

You will see the name of the store and street where it is to be obtained in New York and the price.

Do me the favor to pay for it out of the blank check which I now send you. The bank is, you know, perfectly good.

I have no news to give you except what the papers give you. We are a little put out by the course of Cutting, Millson & Hunt.

Love to the girls; and to yourself, my dear friend, the warmest regards of

yours, faithfully,

THOMAS RITCHIE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.
Washington, March 24. 1854.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: My cold is so heavy to-day that I feel I should do wrong to inflict my stupidity upon you at dinner. I much regret that I must deny myself the pleasure of being with you.

With much regard,
sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P. S.—I am sure I need not tell you that the statements in the *New York Evening Post* relative to the affair of the Hulsemann letter are grossly exaggerated, and, in part, wholly fictitious. All that there is true in them took place, not during my late visit to Boston, but last September, and never would have come before the public but from a wish to injure Mr. Webster, myself, or both.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SUNNYSIDE, April 14, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to recommend to your acquaintance my young friend, Charles T. H. Barton, Esq., who is making a tour of curiosity and instruction in our country. He has excellent connection in England and France, some of whom I am happy to call my friends.

Any civilities you may find it convenient to bestow on him during his sojourn in Washington will be esteemed as kindness to myself.

Ever, my dear sir, yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Mr. Gales, being himself unable to write, deputed to me the pleasing office of acknowledging your very beautiful and valuable gift, the reading sofa. He desires me to say

that he accepts it with true pleasure, and hopes to find great comfort in the use of it, though its principal charm to him will ever lie in the recollection of the kind thought of the friend who gave it.

With grateful regard, dear Mr. Corcoran,

I remain, very sincerely yours,

S. J. M. GALES.

ECKINGTON, *Monday, 19 June, 1854.*
To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SENATE CHAMBER, *June 30, 1854.*

DEAR SIR: There can be no question of the real *genius* of our young countryman, Mr. Washington. I have examined and re-examined his paintings, and always with renewed pleasure, and he is a most deserving and persevering youth.

If you can extend to him the powerful aid of your gallery and your patronage, I am satisfied you will have rendered a substantial service to the arts, whilst establishing in advance the reputation of our young countryman.

Very cordially and truly yours,

J. M. MASON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

OFFICE CLAY MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,
Lexington, Ky., August 28, 1854.

SIR: At a meeting of the directory of the Clay Monument Association, it was resolved to offer a premium of \$500 for the most improved design, with drawings and specifications (for the monument which is to commemorate the life and character of Henry Clay), which may be offered and laid before a committee of the association on the 17th day of October, proximo, when said committee will at once proceed to select, from the various plans offered, one to be used as the model for the proposed monument.

For the purpose of carrying out the resolution referred to, you, sir, have been appointed a member of said committee, and I am directed to notify you of your appointment, and to urge your attendance at the office of the association on the day named.

His excellency, Lazarus W. Powell, Governor of Kentucky, will act as chairman of the proposed committee.

Allow me, sir, to express my earnest hope that you will be present upon the occasion, which will bring together a number of the most distinguished friends and admirers of the great statesman.

I am, with great respect,
your obedient servant,

H. T. DUNCAN,
President.

CASTLE-HILL, *October 12, 1854.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have just had the pleasure to receive your letter of 11th instant, giving me the very gratifying information that yourself, and Mr. Fay would come down and make us a visit on the 15th or 16th inst. We shall be most happy to see you both on either of the days mentioned, and I will be at Cobham, our station on the Virginia Central Railroad, to meet you and conduct you to our house. Be pleased to say to Mr. Fay how much pleasure we anticipate from his visit, as well as yours.

In great haste,
very truly and faithfully yours,

W. C. RIVES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CASTLE-HILL, *October 15, 1854.*

MY DEAR SIR: When I had the pleasure of writing to you a few days ago, my wife and daughter were then at Charlottesville, conducting a fair for the benefit of our

church. They returned last evening, and request me to say to you how much pleasure it would give them to see Miss Corcoran with you, and Mrs. Fay, also, with Mr. Fay, if she should have accompanied him to Washington.

Hoping, therefore, sincerely, to have the pleasure of seeing the ladies with you, I remain, my dear sir, most truly and

faithfully, yours,

W. C. RIVES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NEW YORK, 10th February, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Many thanks for your very kind note of yesterday, inviting Mrs. Astor and myself to join your most agreeable party at Washington. Nothing could afford us more pleasure, and it is, therefore, with sincere regret, and grateful acknowledgments for your kindness, that we must deny ourselves the pleasure of saying, "We will come."

I am, my dear sir,

most truly, your friend,

WM. B. ASTOR.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington*.

BUFFALO, March 10, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I have some thoughts of visiting Europe the ensuing summer, but have not yet determined, and, therefore, desire to keep the matter a *profound secret*. It would have a material influence on my determination if I could have one or two agreeable companions, and I know of none whose society I should prefer to your own. I have always recollected with much pleasure our journey together in Virginia. Please inform me if you contemplate a visit to Europe this year, and, if so, when.

I am, your friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *March 17, 1855.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have your flattering favor of the 14th, and am gratified to hear that you intend to visit Europe the ensuing summer, whether I go or not; and I hope I shall be able to accompany you, but I cannot yet determine, and, therefore, desire that the whole, as to myself, should be kept a profound secret.

But, between you and me, I desire to write as though I was certain of going, that I may make the requisite inquiries. Of course, I have no party, as only two or three confidential friends know that I have ever thought of going; and it appears to me that a party of two or three, or, at most, four, would be all that we should desire. More would be inconvenient, less might be lonesome, or, by accidental sickness or other unforeseen causes, leave one alone.

I should like to go prepared to visit England, Scotland, and Ireland, France, Germany, and Italy in the south, and, possibly, Alexandria, Cairo, and Constantinople, and return then to the north of Europe, and visit the principal countries bordering on the Baltic as far east as St. Petersburg. This, I think, might all be accomplished in a year; but I have not yet been able to count the cost, and even if that should be within my disposable means, other unforeseen events might prevent me from carrying it out, or I might think it better to visit Spain and Portugal, instead of going so far east.

To accomplish this, it seems to me that we should leave as early as May, or, at farthest, June; but you know much more than I do about Europe, and I should be happy to hear what you think a year's travel, such as I have suggested, would probably cost for myself alone and such servants as might be necessary.

I am truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

TO LOUISE MORRIS CORCORAN,
 FROM HER AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,
 EDWARD EVERETT.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. EVERETT.

LOCK OF HIS HAIR.

These scanty hairs, so frosty now,
 That thinly clothe a furrowed brow,
 In other days, profusely spread
 In rich brown curls, adorned my head.
 Let them at length, on this fair page,
 Defy the further power of age;
 And when life's varied scene is o'er,
 And this poor head shall throb no more,
 Let them, dear girl, in future days,
 Sometimes arrest thy pensive gaze;
 And, while a gentle tear shall fall,
 Thy mothers' friend and thine recall;
 Nor doubt that, from a higher sphere,
 That friend shall watch and love thee here.

E. E.

BOSTON, MASS., *May* 19, 1856.

BUFFALO, *April* 17th, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I have your favor of the 13th, and regret extremely that I did not know that you were in New York. Had I been aware of it, I should certainly have gone down and seen you, as I thought we could much better arrange matters for our contemplated European tour by conversation than by writing. I would go to Washington were it not that I am unwilling to subject myself to the annoyances of newspaper attacks. I shall, however, go to New York on Thursday.

I have so arranged my matters that I could leave on the 10th of May, or even earlier, if necessary ; and, therefore, regret to hear that you may be detained all the month of June. I am anxious to be in England as early in the season as I can hope to find pleasant weather ; but, I suppose, there is little there which you will desire to see. I might, therefore, if I had agreeable company, go on and visit London, &c., and wait your arrival ; but I know not who is going, and have not felt at liberty to invite any one to accompany us until I could see and consult with you, that we might, if possible, make up a small party which would be agreeable all round.

Please to let me hear from you at New York.

I am, truly and sincerely, yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, *May 3, 1855.*

MY DEAR SIR: I received your kind letter at Buffalo, and arrived here on the 1st, and Mr. H. E. Davies has concluded to accompany me to England. We intend to leave on the 16th, and I cannot express how much I regret that you cannot go at the same time. You must not disappoint me in coming in June, as Mr. Davies will not remain probably longer than the first of July.

You were so kind as to offer me some letters, for which I shall be greatly obliged. Any communication may be addressed to me here until I leave.

I am, in great haste, truly your friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I received this day your very kind note containing the inclosure. Everything you do is like yourself, on an enlarged and liberal scale. You have paid *twice* what was anticipated by the owner of the portrait.

Among the rumors of the day is one that you contemplate a visit to Europe; if such be the fact, and you desire the services of a *young and accomplished* valet to accompany you, I could name one that would feel honored by the appointment. Jestings apart, if you go, I wish you all that pleasure and happiness you so richly merit, and a safe return to the city of your birth.

With all the freshness of earlier years, I subscribe myself, most sincerely, your friend,

RIND.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I and Mrs. Vail have ever regretted our missing you on the occasion of your late visit to the city, especially as it was the last opportunity you would furnish us of shaking hands with us before our flight across the great waters. We sail to-morrow in the steamer *Arago*, to whose virgin fortunes I commit all that makes life dear, saving the friends who, like yourself, fill so large a place in our affections. We would feel much more than we do but for the hope, let me say the certainty, of meeting you abroad. Tell your sweet child that, as she values our happiness, she must not cease to remember us in kindness; and to Miss Yardley, your sister, and Miss Pinkey, and the other bright spirits who so much contributed to render our visit to you a bright spot in our existence, convey, I pray you, in my own as in Mrs. Vail's name, the expression of our united and unfeigned regard and interest.

You know the share of all these sentiments which your

unwavering kindness to us has secured for you. Be assured that separation, long as it may be destined to endure, can have no effect in weakening our friendship for you, nor our grateful sense of your kindnesses.

Most sincerely yours,

A. VAIL.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FRIDAY MORNING.

DEAR SIR: You may have forgotten that, as long since as my meeting with you in Dusseldorf, I requested your acceptance of a small picture which I proposed to paint for you.

Circumstances I had not foreseen have prevented until now the fulfilment of my promise, and I fear, if the subject has occurred to you at all, that you may have thought singularly of my long delay.

Allow me now to tender to you the accompanying little picture—a view of the entrance to an old castle near Dusseldorf—which I could wish were more worthy your acceptance, but which I beg you will receive as an evidence of my appreciation of and gratitude for the many acts of kindness you have shown to

your obliged and obedient servant,

W. D. WASHINGTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BOSTON, 11th June, 1855.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

The time of your contemplated departure for Europe is, I believe, approaching. I enclose you the letter for Mr. Rogers of which we spoke last year. He is (I think) 92 years old in August, and, I have been told, is getting quite infirm; but his acquaintance is worth making, even if it is only to see him.

I have added a letter to Lord Ashburton, a very amiable and intelligent person, more quiet and retiring in his habits than his father, but, like him, of solid worth. His wife is one of the cleverest women in England; her health not good, and, unhappily, no living children. I should like very much to have you and Louly visit them at the Grange, in Hampshire.

Miss Burdett Coutts you know all about. She is modest and unassuming, truly kind and good. She has built and endowed a church, and the schools connected with it, entirely herself. I saw much of her in London, and we have kept up some friendly correspondence ever since.

If there is anybody else you would like to see whom I know, do not scruple to mention it to me.

If you or the young lady should want medical advice, you will find Sir Henry Holland, of Brook Street, an excellent physician. He is one of the Queen's physicians, and is very much my friend. Mr. Stokes, of Brook Street, is a good dentist. It is well to know such things in a strange place.

I hope dear Louly's health will be entirely confirmed by the voyage and journey; and, wishing you much enjoyment yourself,

I remain, my dear Mr. Corcoran,
sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

FENTON'S HOTEL, LONDON, *June 30, 1855.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I suffered so much from the inflammation in my eyes that I have hardly been able to read or write since I left New York, but I am happy to say that they are gradually improving.

We arrived in Liverpool on Sunday evening, the 27th

of May, after a somewhat rough voyage, and we reached London, *via* Chester, Shrewsbury, Birmingham, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford, on Saturday, June 2d, where we found an invitation to dinner from that prince of good fellows, your hospitable friend, Peabody, awaiting our arrival.

We have been very busy sight-seeing and answering social demands upon our time ever since, but I have accepted no invitation beyond the 26th inst., and intend to leave the 27th either for Scotland or Ireland.

I shall look for you most anxiously the last of next month, by which time I hope to be in Paris.

I am, in great haste, truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, *July, 1855.*

The bearer of this letter, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, a gentleman of wealth and influence of this country, a warm friend of the Smithsonian Institution, and to whom has been entrusted the management of a part of its funds, visits Europe as a recreation and in behalf of the regents. I beg to commend him to the attention of the librarians and officers of the societies in correspondence with the Smithsonian Institution which he may visit in the course of his tour.

JOSEPH HENRY,

Secretary, Smithsonian Institution.

WASHINGTON, *July 11, 1855.*

*To the librarians and officers of the societies in
correspondence with the Smithsonian Institution.*

LONDON, *July 20, 1855.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I trust this will reach you about 10 on Sunday, and find you and your daughter in good health and spirits after a pleasant voyage. I assure you it will give me great pleasure to again meet you after a lapse of several years.

I received, by last steamer, a letter in your handwriting for Mr. Fillmore, which I sent to Belfast to meet him there on Wednesday last. I expect to hear from him to-morrow, and may write you—addressed to care Messrs. Babcock & Co.—if I have anything of consequence to say.

I have invited some friends to meet you at dinner at the Star and Garter, Richmond, on Friday, 27th, and shall also arrange to give you places at the opera on Thursday evening, 26th.

Please drop me a line and say when you will be here. You should not delay your arrival in town, as the gay season is nearly at a close.

If you wish for accommodation for yourself and daughter, write me and I will obtain such apartments as you may require.

Mr. Babcock, who will hand you this, will give you all the news.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DUBLIN, *July 23d*, 1855.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I perceive, by the paper this morning, that the *Baltic* has arrived, and presume, therefore, that you will be in London to-day.

I write, therefore, merely to say that I go to the Lakes of Killarney to-day, and shall return by the Menai Strait, and hope to be in London, at Fenton's, Thursday evening, and shall be ready to go to Paris, Friday or Saturday; but should you desire to go before, I beg of you not to tarry for me, as I shall have Mr. Davies' company.

I have a good courier who will remain with us.

In haste, truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

PARIS, *July 30th*, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your note, and, with pleasure, complied with your request in regard to lodgings. Mrs. Mason unites with me in the wish that Miss Luly and her governess may be our guests while in Paris. It will subject us to no inconvenience, but will give us much pleasure, and I hope that it will not conflict with your arrangements to gratify our wishes.

Mr. Fillmore wishes to unite with you in your lodgings, and an arrangement, entirely satisfactory, will be made for you; but I wish you would let me know whether our invitation will be accepted, and on what day you will arrive, as both these points will affect the selection of your lodgings. I will expect to hear from you in reply. My wife and daughters unite in kindest regards to Louly and yourself.

Very truly, your friend,

J. Y. MASON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: If Miss Corcoran and yourself would like to attend Lady Palmerston's *soiree* to-morrow evening, it would afford me great pleasure to procure an invitation for you.

Your friend, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

W. W. CORCORAN.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, 3 *August*, 1855.

CANANDAIGUA, *August 12*, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have been passing some days here with my good friend, Mr. Greg, whom, I believe, you know; but I write you to say that I am just engaged to be married to Miss Granger,

who is the only daughter of the Honorable Francis Granger, of this place.

I expect to be married the first week in October, and I only wish I could hear that you were engaged also, as I think we shall both be much more happy married than single. I hope you will come and make me a long visit at Boston or Brookline, when you return.

Will you remember me to your daughter, whose health, I hope, is entirely restored?

How unsettled everything appears to be in Europe! I think the war will last a great while yet, and make in the end much trouble, and more than an even chance that France and England themselves will get into a war with each other.

Everything is going on well here, and money is quite plenty enough.

I am, very sincerely and truly,
your friend,

JOHN ELIOT THAYER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

P. S.—My son is now in Europe, to pass a few months with his tutor. I return to Boston next week.

BERLIN, 19th September, 1855.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I leave Berlin to-morrow to return to Washington, where I hope to see you also by and by. Enclosed you find a letter of introduction to Baron Humboldt, who will be happy to see you with Mr. Fillmore, and will, no doubt, present you to the King.

Mrs. Gazzioti, a distinguished Italian painter, who has made some valuable portraits for the royal family and other people, has also made an excellent portrait of Baron Humboldt, which she intends to send to the United States for

sale. Perhaps Baron Humboldt will accompany you to her *atelier*, because she is a fine-looking Italian woman.

I regret very much not to have met you here.

Adios. Yours, sincerely,

FR. GEROLT.

Baron Humboldt will be at Berlin, No. 67 Oranienburger Strasse, till the King returns from the Rhine, the 5th of October.

P. S.—Baron Humboldt will call upon Mr. Fillmore when his arrival will be known to him.

You must also see the royal gardens at Sans-Soucis and Potsdam, where the enclosed letter to my friend, Tenné, will guide you and your party.

(Translation.)

SIR: Intimately connected by friendship with a statesman, M. de Gerolt, who is devoted to you, I fulfil an agreeable duty in addressing you these lines, and in offering you my feeble services. The noble interest you take in the cultivation of the arts will reward you, perhaps, for long wanderings through arid plains. I hope soon to have an opportunity of expressing to you in person the homage which is due to him, who so warmly encourages the love of those arts which embellish life.

Accept, I pray you, the expression of the sentiments of high consideration with which I have the honor to be, sir,
your humble and obedient servant,

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT.

POTSDAM, Oct. 16, 1855.

Be kind enough to excuse my illegible hand, which is a proof of my antediluvian age.

Monsieur W. W. CORCORAN.

THE HAUGE, *October 31, 1855.*

MY DEAR SIR: While at Amsterdam, I received a very polite invitation from Mr. Belmont to stay with him, which I accepted, and arrived here last night, when he handed me your letter of the 26th, and I was much gratified to hear you were all well.

I am just going to be presented to the King, and have only time to say that I intend to be with you on Sunday evening.

Make my kindest regards to the ladies, and believe me truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Paris.

EASTSHEEN, *Nov. 11, 1855.*

MY DEAR SIR: I hope you and Miss Corcoran and the governess will be able to come down and dine, and pass the night with us, one day this week—say, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. On either of these days, if you will let me know which, and the hour, my carriage will be at the station to take you. Mrs. Bates is not very well, but cannot allow Miss Corcoran and you to go home without seeing her; and, if you will be so kind as to let me know on which day, by a note to me at Bishopsgate Street, I will try to get Mr. and Mrs. Vandeweyer to come and meet you, that we may fight our (Paris) battles over again.

Mrs. Bates unites in kind regards to Miss Corcoran and yourself, with which believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

JOSHUA BATES.

Take the Richmond Railway at Waterloo and stop at the Mortlake station, where my carriage will take you.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Boston, 10th Dec., 1855.

DEAR SIR: I have been intending, ever since you returned, to write you a line by way of welcome, and especially to say how glad I am to hear that the health of Miss Louly has improved. Except for the anxiety you may have had on her account, you must, I think, have made a very agreeable tour, and seen much to interest and amuse you. Europe has never, I think, in my day, been in a more critical condition, nor one in which more important events might be anticipated; but you have had much better opportunities to judge of this than we can have at this distance.

Things are not as well settled as I could wish on this side of the water. I know it is very much the fashion of politicians to call everything a *crisis*. I have lived through more than one. Things now, however, seem to me hastening pretty fast towards a more serious struggle than we have had in any time. If we had a man of General Jackson's overwhelming popularity and resolution at the White House, I should be less concerned. You must do what you can to keep things straight at Washington, and that is not a little.

My health, since I saw you—thanks to repose of body and tranquillity of mind—is a good deal improved. I am going to be in Washington in March, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and talking over Europe. I dare say you have brought over a great many pretty things, which I shall like to see.

With my best love to the young lady, I remain, as ever, sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P. S.—It really looks as if the "K.-Nothings" might nominate Mr. Fillmore. If they do, they can elect him.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Boston, *Feb.* 1, 1856.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I duly received yours of the 26th of January. It prepared me for the melancholy event in your family which has since taken place. I had known the Commodore from my entrance into life, and had occasion many times, in connection with my public duties, to consult him on subjects relating to naval affairs. I entertained the highest respect for his character, and ever regarded him as one of the very best officers in any branch of the public service. He was greatly esteemed in this part of the country, as, indeed, he was throughout the Union.

I wish, when you see Mrs. Morris, you would assure her of the sincere sympathy of Mrs. Everett and myself.

With the kindest remembrance to your daughter, I remain, my dear Mr. C., sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P. S.—I am much gratified with your favorable opinion of my speech on Mr. Webster's birthday. When it appears in a pamphlet form, I shall ask your acceptance of a copy.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

HOTEL DE L'ECU, DE GENEVE,
Geneva, March 11, 1856.

MY DEAR LULIE: Since I saw, in the newspapers, the sad announcement of the death of your venerable grandfather, I have been intending to write for the purpose of conveying to you, and through you to your father and to Mrs. Morris and your kind aunts, the expression of my own and Mr. Vail's condolence at the melancholy event. Towards that great and good man we had been drawn by those sentiments of admiration and respect with which his fame and public virtues had inspired the whole American people, for he has been one of our most faithful public

servants. But, independently of this, our share of the national feeling, Mr. Vail—and, by sympathy, myself also—entertained towards Commodore Morris a grateful sense of kind partiality to our family, dating from the early days of his brilliant career; for, even while the laurels of his boyish exploits were yet green on his brow, he had visited Mr. Vail's family—then residing in France—and the name of Commodore Morris and the fame of his youthful heroism had been household words at our fireside through three generations. He has gone down to his grave full of years and honors, with the blessings of a whole nation, and, what to our eyes here, as to those of yourself and the other members of his family circle, is of infinitely more value, bearing with him the regrets and tears of affectionate kindred and friends, and their hopes for him of undying reward for the well-spent life of a truly honest man. Again be assured yourself, my dear Loulie, and, in our names, assure each member of your family, of our deep and heartfelt sympathy.

You may not be uninterested—for you and your excellent parent have always shown kind concern in us—by some account of our movements. Charmed beyond expression by the natural beauties by which this staid old city is surrounded, we concluded to fix here our winter abode. We have spent the winter amid comforts of all kinds, but chiefly enjoying perfect quiet and excellent opportunities for the prosecution of our children's studies. Of gayeties we have *almost* entirely weaned ourselves, but the change has been extremely pleasant to us. Still, our imagination often carries us back to the bright days of our visit to Washington, and the splendid hospitality of President Square. Amid those scenes so familiar to us we have often, around our midnight hearth, luxuriated in thought; but, above all, have our most cherished fancies drawn us again around the table in the little back room *sanctum*, where our choicest hours were so pleasantly spent—hours

which may never return; for, even if it should be vouchsafed us to revisit the spot, will not time, which changes all things, have left its foot-print there? I hope you can answer with us, "Not on hearts, surely."

We intend remaining here until the season for traveling shall have come around again, when the romantic and yet unexplored scenery of Switzerland and Italy will tempt us to roam again; and this will consume all summer. What lies beyond that we do not foresee, nor yet begin to think about, for there is a charm in dropping down the stream of life, for a few of its brief moments, unconscious whither, and the book of fate sealed from our eyes. You must not infer that our *dear home* is less dear for being so far from us. We miss it, and may yet return to it sooner than looked for. Do not forget us near your excellent neighbors, the Misses Kerr, always so kind, and to whom we are so much attached; also to your aunt and her blooming Pinky. Remember us, also, in the kindest terms to Mr. and Mrs. Bright and their sweet daughters; and last, but not least, to kind Miss Yardley, if she be still with you. And to yourself, my dear Loulie, and to your kind father, take the united assurance of our sincere and affectionate regard.

Now, as ever, very sincerely
your attached friend,

EMILIE L. VAIL.

CINCINNATI, *June 2, 1856.*

DEAR SIR: I received yours a day or two ago, and am obliged by your friendly and frank offer. I hope you may be here as soon as the convention closes. Were you here now, you would have to sleep in my bed.

I know not what they will do, nor do I believe they themselves know. I am quite too busy with my own affairs to take or feel much interest in those of the public. Had I

adopted my present course some years ago, I should not now be practising law on one leg.

You ask what the whig party will do? I know quite as little of their movements as of the others; but I am quite sure they will act as they always have. After the democratic party has set the country on fire, they will come up with their fire companies and put it out, and save the house from conflagration—and then be kicked by the people for their labor. I, for one, intend to let the fire rage—war in Kansas, war in Nicaragua, war with England and all; indeed, I could not, if I would, do otherwise. I will do nothing, *nothing*—no, not ten minutes' work for anybody or anything, except for myself. Patriotism and philanthropy have made me a beggar, and this generation regard me as a fool; *perhaps* they are right.

Yours, truly,

THOS. CORWIN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *July 17th*, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: I have your favor of the 12th, and am very happy to hear that you and your daughter intend visiting Niagara Falls about the first of September. Come directly to my house and spend a few days with me, and see how simply and plainly I live, and you will then enjoy the luxuries of the splendid hotels at the Falls the better. Unless something shall happen not now foreseen, I shall be most happy to accompany you there.

Our political prospects are brightening daily. I am satisfied that the contest in this State will be between Mr. Freemont and myself, and my friends are sanguine of success. My son joins me in kindest regards to yourself and daughter.

Truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

White Sulphur.

LONDON, *August 15, 1856.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN :

Ere you receive this you will doubtless have had reports that I am about to visit the United States, and I am happy to say such is the case; and, life and health permitting, I shall leave Liverpool in the "*Atlantic*," 3d September, and, I trust, breakfast at New York on Monday, the 15th. You see, therefore, that I was in earnest when I promised to join you in a Western tour next autumn. I shall also relieve Loula from her pledge. With my best love, tell her that there are not *many* ladies in the United States whom I shall take by the hand with so much pleasure as herself.

Your very warm friend, Mrs. Stanard, staid here about ten days, and I saw her repeatedly. She was not well, but I found her a very kind-hearted and pleasing woman.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

BERLIN, *the 23d August, 1856.*

To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor of informing you that the bust in marble of our most illustrious friend, the Baron Alexander von Humboldt, which you were kind enough to give orders for, is finished now and standing in my *atelier*. I take the liberty of asking for your instruction, in what way and unto what address you wish me to send on the bust. Shall I direct it to Washington, or do you prefer the safer way, that I shall give it in commission to one of your acquainted merchant houses in Bremen to forward the box *via* New York to Washington by the medium of the Prussian general-consul, Mr. W. Schmidt, in New York? Your orders, my dear sir, and the name of a house in Bremen, you will be kind enough to let me know as soon as possible. As for the amount of the honorary—

“one hundred frdr. d’or”—you may send the sum direct to my address, or charge any house in Bremen with it, just as you will find it convenient.

I have the honor, my dear sir, to be
your obedient servant,

RAUCH.

The Baron von Humboldt has charged me with the best and warmest compliments to you and the amiable Miss Corcoran.

[Translation.]

SIR: The marks of interest and affectionate kindness which you showed me when Madame Gazzioti’s work was placed in your fine collection of pictures impose new duties upon me.

It is very sweet to me, my dear sir, to offer you, through these lines—unhappily not very legible—the homage of my sincere gratitude. It is a great satisfaction to enjoy in my old age the conviction—so flattering to a traveler—of the ever-increasing affection in your prosperous and free country. This national prosperity re-acts, at the same time, on the progress of everything as regards intelligence in the sciences as in the arts. Quite recently there have been admired here the beautiful colored works of Mr. Heine—his “Japanese Album” and the magnificent volume giving an account of Commodore Perry’s expedition, as admirable from the rare perfection of the pictures which give an outline of it as from the great light which it casts on a region so interesting for international intercourse. No work has appeared in Europe in which the physiognomical character of races is given with this rare perfection.

My health has been less good since the short sojourn you made with us in company with the worthy Mr. Fillmore—a sojourn which has left its traces in the high sphere

in which the love of art reigns, and the kind remembrance of which cannot be detrimental to your native republicanism. I am not ill; I have scarcely ever been so in my life; but my muscular strength is greatly diminished. I enter into this sanitary detail because all the letters of my old and excellent friend, Monsieur de Gerolt, our intelligent and useful statesman, speak to me of the interest which you take in my health. I am particularly charged to recall to your kind remembrance our great artist, Mr. Rauch, who has just finished his admirable group of "Moses in Prayer during Battle;" the landscape painter, Edward Hildebrand, who returns from a picturesque excursion to Norway, Sweden, and the North Cape of Lapland; the beautiful Gazzioti in Ancona, whose own image * * *
 * * * , which the King and Prince of Prussia possess, shines in the Academic Exposition; above all, the relative of my house, Mr. Mullhausen, whose talent is more and more developed from day to day, and who becomes dearer to us. A fervent activity of mind controlled by practical views, united to great modesty, seems to render easy for him whatever he undertakes. The King has, doubtless, preserved the same kindness for him. The little place they have created expressly for him is an honorable one; but what troubles me is that it leads to nothing higher, in spite of all my efforts therefor. M. Mullhausen's action, which I am far from blaming, induces him to seek a more extended field of activity. His sympathies naturally carry him to a Continent to which he is bound by ties of gratitude.

Excuse, if you please, my dear sir, the trouble which I give you to decipher my hieroglyphics, and accept, I pray you, the renewed assurance of the high and affectionate esteem with which I have the honor to be

your very humble and devoted servant,

A. DE HUMBOLDT.

BERLIN, Sept. 7, 1856.

SUMMER STREET, 18th September, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I learn that a committee will go on to New York to-day and bring Mr. Peabody back with them, if possible, to attend the Franklin celebration.

They will also get him to fix the earliest day for the dinner to himself at which the arrangements can be made. You must stay to that dinner, if possible. As Mr. Peabody will probably be here on Wednesday, you will, I think, hardly go to New York, so that I shall depend on you and Miss Louly for Tuesday, at five P. M.

Should you go to New York yourself, Louly, perhaps, will favor us with her company. My daughter-in-law will be delighted to have her dine with us, and there will be no one out of my family but Sir Henry Holland.

Ever truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

[Translation.]

MY DEAR SIR: The kind interest of which you have afforded me such flattering evidence emboldens me to ask you to condone the request which I have to make of you. I beg you to receive with kindness, and to assist with your liberal advice, the bearer of these lines, my young compatriot, Mr. Robert Goldsberg, a performer and composer of high reputation, and in whose London and Paris successes I have been most deeply interested. A fine talent for music having manifested itself in this estimable young man at a very early age, the attention of our excellent King was attracted towards him after his earnest studies in France. Mr. Robert Goldsberg, during his long residence in London, enjoyed the kind patronage of the Duke of Devonshire, whom I prefer to name, not as a member of the high aristocracy, but as one possessed of a liberal and noble independence—a character warmly devoted to the enjoyment of musical art.

It would contribute to my happiness if I could hope, my dear sir, that, in the midst of your important occupations, you, as a friend of the arts, would honor with your endorsement a young and unpretending Prussian traveler.

Accept, I beg, my dear sir, the renewed assurance of my high and very affectionate consideration.

Your very devoted servant,

A. HUMBOLDT.

POTSDAM, 18th *September*, 1856.

BUFFALO, N. Y., *Nor.* 10, 1856.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: The election is over and I am defeated, but neither disappointed nor dispirited.

Your kind letter of the 30th ult. was duly received, but certainly no apology was necessary for supporting Mr. Buchanan in preference to myself. Private friendship or personal hate should never control a man's conduct in a matter of so much importance as the election of President of the United States. He should look solely to the welfare of his country, and, regardless of all personal considerations or private friendships, act accordingly. I doubt not *you* did, and I have no cause of complaint.

I am sorry I did not have the pleasure of seeing you here with your good and lovely daughter. I have not yet determined whether I shall remain here during the winter or go South.

I regret that I saw so little of Mr. Peabody. He was here only an evening, the day after the election, when all was bustle and confusion; but I hope to see him more next spring when he returns from the South.

Make my kindest regards to your daughter, and believe me

truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

GEORGETOWN, MASS., *Dec. 10, 1856.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I feel quite ashamed at having omitted to write to you on my return to New York from the West; but daily expecting you there, followed by my confinement to my bed at the St. Nicholas for thirteen days, must plead my excuse.

I reached here on the 27th ult., but the severity of the weather, in connection with great debility arising from long confinement, prevented me from leaving the house till Saturday last, when I proceeded to New Hampshire to visit a sister for two or three days. The air and exercise have nearly restored me, and to-morrow I shall visit, for a day or two, the Peabodys at Salem, and on Saturday go to the Revere House, Boston, to remain eight or ten days, not having yet visited that city. How delightful it would be to meet you there, particularly if you would bring Loula with you! I am already engaged to dine there every day next week; on Wednesday, 18th, with your friend, J. E. Thayer.

Our poor, good friend, Sanford! He was with me two or three times every day while I was ill, showing every attention and kindness, and since I have been informed of his great affliction I can hardly get him from my thoughts. I discovered that he became much excited on business matters, and great digression in conversation—so much so that he frequently forgot the subject he was talking about; but I did not think this great affliction would so soon overtake him. I feel great anxiety to receive the opinion of the Asylum doctors, whose report, Mr. Murdock writes, was to be given yesterday.

After leaving Boston, I shall pass a few days in New York, a week in Philadelphia, and probably arrive in Baltimore about the 12th or 15th January. Will you go South with me in February?

Now, in conclusion, don't forget to give my best "regards" to my good young friend, Loula.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

THE HOME, BLADENSBURG P. O.,
PRINCE GEORGE COUNTY, MD.,
January 3d, 1857.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: In our conversation yesterday, you mentioned having read my letter to the President of the Agricultural Society of Maryland, on the subject of a scientific institution (published in the December number of the *American Farmer*), with interest, and observed you thought so highly of the object that you would make it a donation of one thousand dollars. Such generosity, so entirely unsolicited, though in accordance with your usual liberality, was the more unexpected and gratifying as you are neither a native nor a resident of the State of Maryland.

Had science a few more such generous friends, the good work would progress with rapidity.

I am myself but a private individual, and not connected officially with the matter; but it has my warmest sympathy and co-operation, and I shall take great pleasure in announcing your intended liberality.

Believe in the consideration with which I have the honor to be, most respectfully and truly,

your obedient servant,

THOS. G. CLEMONS.

Boston, 3d January, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: In saying I had received, by your kindness, the first volume of Perry's Expedition, I neglected to say it was directed to Mr. Everett. On opening it and finding it presented me by yourself, he sent it to me. It being directed on the outside to Mr. Everett and the inside to me, I felt some delicacy in receiving it. Will you please quiet my doubts? The last spring I gave a letter introducing to you my friend, Hon. Charles G. Loring. I am not quite sure if he delivered my letter, as he was only a day or two in Washington. He, with Mrs. Loring and Miss

Loring, will be in Washington about the middle of the next week. They are excellent people, and if you will call on them, asking them to any general party you may have, I shall be much obliged. I wish them to be in the way of seeing what is doing in the fashionable circle, and, at the same time, I do not willingly tax your kindness beyond what you grant to all deserving persons who visit your city. Mr. Loring will reside at Willard's.

Yours, very sincerely,

WILLIAM APPLETON.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN,
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Dix presents her compliments to Mr. Corcoran, and her thanks for the most kind and complimentary manner in which he has turned her regrets into rejoicing, and assures him that she will have much more pleasure now than she could otherwise have had in devoting herself to her *chosen idol*.

WEDNESDAY.

BOSTON, 19th January, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

You did not, I presume, break your heart at Mr. Buchanan's election; I did not, though I voted for Fillmore. I hope he will give us a prudent and conciliatory administration; but I have my fears. Mr. Buchanan is very much under party influences, and will, I fear, forget that he is President of the United States. You must try to keep him straight.

You have our friends, the Fays, with you. Pray remember me most kindly to them.

How I should like to drop in upon you, and enjoy a quiet little dinner in the small back room without another soul but ourselves; but I shall not be able to leave home at present.

I have had very pleasant letters from the Stanards lately, kindly urging me to come and see them at Richmond. If I was sure of having as pleasant a party to go down as I had last March, I should be strongly tempted later in the season.

Give my best love to Louly and Kitty. Tell them I think, between them, they might write to me. I shall begin to think they have forgotten me.

Commending my son to your often-experienced kindness, I remain, dear sir, as ever, sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NEW YORK, *February*, 1857.

DEAR SIR: I beg leave to introduce to you my son, William, who proposes to make a short visit to Washington preparatory to a tour he will shortly make in Europe. I shall feel obliged for any kind attention you may find it convenient to extend to him.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully and truly yours,

WM. B. ASTOR.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

LONDON, 20 *February*, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: Although I am aware how unnecessary it is for a British minister at Washington to have special introductory notes, yet I wish to secure for Lord and Lady Napier, immediately on their arrival, the very great benefit of your acquaintance and advice. Let me, therefore, be the medium of making you mutually known. It will, I am quite sure, be a source of reciprocal pleasure.

Very sincerely yours,

G. M. DALLAS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

ST. LOUIS, *April 5, 1857.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have neglected you so long that I am almost ashamed to write; but I can tell you that if I had written as often as the thoughts of your kind hospitality and the fair ladies who added so much to the pleasure of my visit have entered my mind, you would have had almost hundreds of letters every week. I look upon my sojourn with you as the most delightful during my tour.

I received several letters from you while at Charlestown. I have received the most kind and flattering attentions from every city I have visited in my tour. I spent a delightful two days with our friends, Stanards, at Richmond; five at Charleston, four at Mobile, five at New Orleans, two at Natchez, one at Cairo, and five here. I have been generally well, but in Georgia was taken with a swelled face, and suffered excruciating pain for six days. I shall leave to-morrow to visit the Governor of Indiana, at Indianapolis, and from thence to Cincinnati, Zanesville, and Pittsburg to New York. Write me a line on Saturday, the 11th, care Captain Schenley, Pittsburg.

I enclose a correspondence between the Chamber of Commerce at New Orleans and myself, and proceedings relative to my reception by the merchants here. You will also get a paper with the latter proceedings. Wherever I have been there seems to be an impression that Governor Cass is hostile to England, and this was my reason for introducing the conversation I had with him at Governor Bright's into my speech. His friends here generally seem much pleased that I have done so, and all think me justified. I think it will generally afford satisfaction and be serviceable to him.

I hope he will not think I have taken too much liberty, and shall feel much obliged if you will ascertain and let me know.

I have heard no complaint of Mr. Buchanan's inaugural

speech ; it seem to have given general satisfaction. I trust his *acts* will prove as successful.

Give my love to Loula. If Miss Fay and Miss Corcoran are with you, remember me as kindly as possible to them both.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

TUESDAY EVENING, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: When I had, yesterday, the pleasure of accepting your invitation to dinner for Friday next, I had not remarked that it was Good Friday, a day on which it is not customary in England for members of the Episcopal Church to dine out or appear in any festivity. My wife has since reminded me of the fact, and I beg you will permit me to excuse myself, and avail myself of some other occasion for paying my respects to you, if my absence does not cause you any inconvenience.

Believe me yours, very truly,

NAPIER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
Paris, April 26, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: My young friends, Mr. Edward Fould and Mr. Hottinguer, intend making a tour of the United States. They are the sons of two of the most eminent bankers of Paris, and are educated, amiable, and intelligent gentlemen. I desire to requite some of the acts of kindness which I have received from the families of these fine young men, by giving to them the advantage of an acquaintance with some of my friends at different points in the United States, to make them feel less that they are amongst strangers.

I beg, therefore, to present them to you, and to commend them to your kind consideration.

I am, dear sir, with highest respect,
your obedient servant and friend,

J. Y. MASON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington City, D. C.

WILLARD'S, *May 26, 1857.*

MY DEAR SIR: I cannot leave Washington without expressing, in behalf of myself, my family and party, the high sense we entertain of your kindness, and our deep regret that we cannot consistently remain long enough to partake of your kind, generous hospitality and enjoy your society, which we long since learned to prize so dearly.

I intended, too, to have conversed with you upon a matter of business, but have been so exceedingly pressed every moment that no time has been afforded me. I will write it on my return.

We have been delighted with our visit, and could we have remained until after Friday, it would have added much to our enjoyment.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BOSTON, *May 28, 1857.*

MY DEAR SIR: You may have seen, by the newspapers, that our dear Mrs. Dexter died on Saturday last. Mrs. Morris and others of your family, friends of Mrs. Appleton, will be desirous of knowing more of the event. She was confined two weeks before her departure. She died from exhaustion, leaving a healthy son. We are sad, very sad. There was much in her to love and admire. I send a no-

tice of her, said to be written by our friend, George Peabody, which shows the estimation she was held in by her friends.

Yours, very sincerely,

WM. APPLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, *May 30, 1857.*

MY DEAR LOUISE: Having half an hour before breakfast this morning, I thought I could not employ it so agreeably as in giving you a little account of your father's beautiful dinner yesterday, where there was nothing wanting but your presence. It was really the most beautiful and successful dinner at which I have been for a long time, not excepting Lord and Lady Napier's, last Wednesday. The company consisted principally of the members of the Cabinet and their favorites, with a few others, such as Mr. and Mrs. Reverdy Johnson, Mrs. Senator Slidell, Mrs. and Miss Bright—by the way, Miss Bright has a beautiful face, and seems to me a very sensible girl—Mr. Reed (the new minister to China), my daughter, Wise, &c. The flowers were superb, and your papa made a most liberal distribution of them among the ladies. Mrs. Wise brought home a splendid bouquet. I took Mrs. R. Johnson into dinner, and sat opposite to your father, between her and Mrs. Senator Slidell. It is unnecessary to add that I found myself most agreeably situated.

Thursday evening was Lady Napier's ball, in honor of the Queen's birthday. It rained in the afternoon, and the air was damp in the evening.* This interfered a little with the arrangements for walking in the garden, which was prettily lighted up; but the rooms were not overcrowded.

* When your father expressed his regret to Lady Napier that you could not be at her party, she said, very prettily, that she wished she could have had it a little earlier on your account.

It seemed to be a very successful party, though I am not much of a judge. I staid myself till after 1 o'clock, which I have not done before for years.

I was glad to hear, from your papa, that you had got safe to New York, as I trust you have, by this time, to Charlestown. I hope to get home by Tuesday, and shall come and see you very soon.

But I have finished my paper, and said nothing worth sending you; but I saw so little of you I could not forbear indulging myself with a half an hour's chat in this way.

Adieu, my dear Louise, and believe me ever your sincerely affectionate friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

MY DEAR SIR: Prince John borrows my horse to accompany the Princess Royal. My saddle and bridle are not sufficiently genteel for so distinguished an occasion; pray lend me yours.

Yours, truly,

JOHN SLIDELL.

MONDAY MORNING.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *July 28, 1857.*

DEAR SIR: We have, at the request of a friend, much pleasure in introducing to your acquaintance Col. the Hon. W. V. Scarlett, Scots Fusilier Guard; the Earl of Listowell; and Captain Tower, Coldstream Guards.

These gentlemen are about to make a short visit to the United States, and we beg to commend them to your consideration and courtesy during their visit in your city.

Yours, very truly,

GEORGE PEABODY & CO.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, August 23, 1857.

To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SIR: Perhaps (some years since) you will recollect giving the *carte blanche* to call on you to relieve certain *suffering* parties and disabled children—insane and deaf mutes. You will allow that the kindness so evidenced has not been abused by often requests; and, knowing your charities have not diminished as time has passed, so I now ask for \$200 in trust, to be expended for some indigent insane women of Virginia, whose funds cannot meet needed expenditures for some time to come. I will not multiply words, only I shall be much gratified by any favorable answer you may give my request through Mr. Hyde.

Respectfully,

D. L. DIX.

430 FIFTEENTH STREET, Washington.

[Translation.]

DEAR SIR AND VERY RESPECTABLE FRIEND:

The kind good-will which you have preserved towards me since your short sojourn among us makes me hope that these lines, written in haste at the moment of Mr. Mullhausen's leaving for the Rio Grande, Colorado, into which the Rio Gila empties with all its wonders of Aztec reminiscences, will be acceptable to you as a slight mark of friendship and remembrance.

My health is wonderfully preserved by work, although my muscular power and the steadiness of my steps are lessened. I am sometimes in pain, but never ill, and sensibly touched by the kind and gracious interest which is felt towards me in your noble and free country, which is feeling some of the troubles inseparable from everything which is great, and full of the consciousness of its own power. You know how much attached I am to this es-

timable Mr. Mullhausen, whose artistic talents and education have been much developed in the later days. He leaves a charming wife and child to embark in a new enterprise, with the pleasant but uncertain hope of one day being able to settle in the United States with his family. He relies, perhaps, too much on the favorable interest felt towards me. To much natural talent and an unimpeachable moral character he adds a strong will. At the age of 88 years, my life cannot last much longer, and I beg you cordially and sincerely, from friendship to me, to assist him by your advice and powerful support. Mr. de Gerolt has been with us for a week. The King received him in the kindest manner, as he well deserved from the excellent relations which he established between your Government and ours. Accept, I pray you, my dear and esteemed friend, the renewed assurance of my great and affectionate regard.

A. HUMBOLDT.

POTSDAM, 8th August, 1857.

BERLIN, 13th October, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I arrived here two days ago, and was struck by the general consternation about the sudden illness of the King.

To-day, reports are much more favorable, and every hope is entertained that our beloved King will recover; but it will be some time.

Baron Humboldt is in good health, and very happy about the kindness conferred by you and others to his *protégé*, Mullhausen.

I received your letter of the 5th of August last, and in answer I have to say that your candelabras have not yet been shipped from Antwerp, although I had ordered them five weeks ago. Probably they sent them by a steamer, and to-morrow I write again to the manufacturer about this matter.

My wife's health is rather delicate, and I have not dared to take her over the water in this season of the year. Probably my leave of absence will be extended to next spring, and then we will come all together to your blessed country and stay some years more, or be buried like our friend, Bodisco.

I left my wife and children at Linz, at the grape harvest. They will remain at Bonn during the winter.

On my return, will speak about a house for next year.

Please to present my high respects to the President, Mr. Buchanan, from Mrs. von Gerolt and from your humble servant; also thousand and kind compliments to all our friends, and principally to your fair daughter, Miss Luley.

Being in a great hurry, I must take leave of you to-day, and remain

yours, truly,

FR. GEROLT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

GEORGETOWN, *December 11, 1857.*

DEAR SIR: I am happy to be the recipient, in the name of the congregation of Trinity Church, of your really beautiful present, and I shall not fail to impress upon the members of the congregation their obligation of praying for their generous benefactor.

It would have been a pleasure, as it is a duty, to return you thanks in person; but I have been appointed to attend the sick infected with the small-pox, and have been advised to remain at home, except when visiting the sick, for fear that I might be an unwilling instrument in propagating the disease.

As soon as my quarantine shall be over, I shall not fail to perform my duty by thanking you for your magnificent donation. In the meantime, my assistant, Father Ailmer,

will hand you this and thank you in my name. I readily embrace this opportunity to renew an acquaintance formed many years ago.

Hoping that my excuse may be found sufficient,

I am, with all sincerity,

your friend and humble servant,

THOMAS F. MULLEDY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FRIDAY EVENING, 7 o'clock.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I thought I should be able to come up to see you to-night, and so told our friend, Bright. He did me the great kindness, which I can never forget, from the motives which dictated it; but I find I cannot do so, and, therefore, I write to beg you to come with him (Mr. Bright) to dine with me to-morrow. I asked him to fix the hour—which, as there is no court, is the same to me—and he has fixed 2 o'clock, as he is going to spend Sunday with Mrs. L. R. So pray come with him, *sans ceremonie*, as there will only be my boys and ourselves.

Bright has done me the greatest possible kindness, and I have not the same ancient *right* that I claim on you, my dear friend.

Faithfully,

J. M. CARLISLE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LOUISVILLE, January 14, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to introduce to your acquaintance Colonel Scarlett, a British officer, who is traveling in this country. Colonel Scarlett is the son of Lord Abinger, and served in the Crimea with one of the regiments of Guards. Let me ask for him your courtesy and attention during the visit he proposes to make to Washington.

With many kind remembrances,

believe me, very truly,

WM. PRESTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SIR: The undersigned have been appointed, by the Commissioners of the Maryland Agricultural College, a committee "to return you their thanks for your most liberal contribution to this institution," and to express their appreciation of your generous and discriminating effort in behalf of learning and for the advancement of scientific and practical agriculture. We avail ourselves of the occasion presented by the discharge of this most agreeable duty to congratulate you upon the success which has attended the efforts of the commission—to which you have so signally contributed—to establish, upon a firm basis, an institution fraught with so much of good to the present and future youth of our country, and so worthy the liberality of the philanthropist and enlightened patriot, and to express the hope that the Giver of all good will prolong your life, that you may see the fruits and witness the benefits resulting from your benevolence; and to assure you of the high estimation in which you are held by those we represent, and the esteem and regard of

your obedient servants,

J. O. WHARTON,
CHAS. B. CALVERT,
JAMES T. EARLE,

Committee.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Boston, *March* 16, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Thomas Ball, a sculptor of this city, who is going to Washington to attend the convention of artists.

He is a gentleman of great promise in his profession, who has already executed some admirable works, and is destined to a high reputation.

His statuette of Mr. Webster has already obtained a wide celebrity, and some of his busts have been admirably truthful and characteristic. He has recently completed two of

the bas-reliefs for the pedestal of our Franklin statue, and is every way entitled to consideration and patronage as a sculptor.

I commend him cordially to your kind regard.

Believe me, dear sir, very sincerely yours,

ROB. C. WINTHROP.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Boston, *March 25th*, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I have had the curiosity to note, on the margin of my charity address, the sums which have accrued at the places where it has been repeated. If you could procure me the amount at Georgetown, I shall be much obliged to you. The aggregate net amount of thirteen repetitions I believe to have been about \$12,000; the gross amount from 25 to 33 per cent. more. You millionaires don't think much of \$15,000 or \$16,000, but to us small fry this is a considerable sum to be raised by a single address.

I have been obliged to return suddenly to Boston by news received at Richmond of the increased indisposition of my wife. Whether I shall be able to go back to the South this spring is doubtful. I trust I may.

I fell in with Mr. Thayer, the other day, between Washington and Philadelphia. He gave me a brilliant account of the prospects of the railroad. I have got \$4,000 to invest in something or other. What is the best, and, at the same time, a reasonably safe thing, in your judgment?

With much regard, ever sincerely, yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Give my best love to dear Louly. I hope Ella is better; I saw her cousins, the Stuarts, at Fredericksburg, with their mother, whom I knew before she was married.

LONDON, *April 16, 1858.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

Were not my character so well understood by you, so far as it relates to private correspondence, as *unreliable in every respect*, I should feel greatly mortified in writing you for the *first* time more than seven months after our parting at Newport, in August last. I feel assured that you will not impute my neglect to any diminution of regard and esteem for yourself and *dear* Loula, or the want of grateful feelings for the very kind attentions I received from you both when in Washington. If you did so, you would do me great injustice, for that pleasant fortnight at your own home, and the few days at our friend, Wetmore's, stand out in bold relief as the *most* pleasant part of my very gratifying visit and tour in the United States.

What a contrast between those days and the anxious and annoying circumstances which I was called upon to experience within two months of my return ! But I feel that all is for the best, and trust the lesson, although severe, will not be lost upon me in regulating my course for the future. I am happy to tell you that my business is again quite snug, and so small will be my losses that my position, in a pecuniary point of view, will be quite as good in August next as I supposed it when I parted from you at Newport. On the 30th ult., my house paid the Bank of England in full for money borrowed (although not due till September next), entirely canceled the credit, and released all the guarantors from liability. Our credit here, I am happy to tell you, stands as high as ever before. *One* house, the cause of all our difficulties, still owes us very largely, but I feel assured that all will come out right in that quarter, and my friends may be assured that I shall, hereafter, more closely follow the good old adage, and not put so many eggs in one basket.

My health has been better than usual—no gout and but little rheumatism. I have, occasionally, pleasant accounts

of you and Loula, and as I hear nothing to the contrary, I take it for granted that you will visit Europe again this summer, as promised, and that Loula will accompany you solely under *your own protection*. I do hope to see you both here in June, or earlier.

I hear from my niece, Julia, often, and she has not failed to inform me how very kind Loula has been to invite her to pass her Christmas holidays with her at Washington. She thought, as I think, that Washington society is not exactly the place for a school-girl. Tell Loula that I feel very grateful to her for this proffered kindness to Julia, and I feel assured that her warmest esteem will ever be merited by this good girl, in whom I feel a very great interest.

In June she will return to Zanesville, where her mother resides and is in a very low state of health.

Please communicate the business part of what I have written to my young friend, Geo. W. Riggs, with kind regards. I mean to write to him shortly.

We are making rapid preparations to lay the Atlantic cable in June, and before 1st September *I* think the electric spark will pass from England to America. What say you, and for *how much*?

For your own and George W. Riggs' government, when opportunities offer, I beg to say that my house was never in a better position for safe business.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *June 11, 1858.*

MY DEAR SIR: I take great pleasure in making you acquainted with Lord Frederick Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, who contemplates making rather an extended tour in our interesting country; and I feel assured that yourself and all our American friends will be gratified to have an opportunity to show civilities to this

young gentleman, not only on account of his own personal worth, but in consideration of the courteous attentions which invariably have attended the visits of Americans to Chatsworth.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Boston, 13th June, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: Mr. Gardner told me, a day or two ago, that you had passed through town, on your way to Washington, and had requested him to express your regret at not being able to call. You cannot regret it more than I do. I should have been delighted to see you and dear Louly, and should have done my best to persuade you to prolong your visit. I hope you will come to the North again this summer, and be a little more liberal of your time.

Mrs. Louisa Washington is the proprietress of the original gold medal which, on motion of John Adams, was voted by Congress to General Washington, on occasion of the expulsion of the British army from Boston, on the 17th of March, 1776. This was Washington's first success in the war. The medal is described in Sparks' "Washington," Vol. III, p. 534. Mrs. Washington wants to sell it. It was offered to the City of Boston, some time ago, unsuccessfully. She wrote to me in March or April about buying it with some of the money accruing from my "Washington," but that I did not feel at liberty to do; but I told her, if she wished, I would try to find a purchaser for it, and asked her to name her price. She has written back, asking me to tell her what I think it is worth.

I have consulted my relative, Mr. C. F. Adams, who is the greatest *medalist* in this quarter, and I enclose you his answer; please return it when you have read it.

I have thought it barely possible you might like to buy it. It would be a noble relic of Washington for you to own. If I could afford a thousand dollars for such a pur-

pose, I would cheerfully give it. I do not know that Mrs. Washington would part with it for that sum. The proprietors of such relics usually overrate their pecuniary value.

If you would like to make an offer for it, and prefer not to appear in the business, I will cheerfully write to Mrs. Washington for you. If you prefer communicating directly with her, her address is "Harewood, near Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va."

The Wises left me for France on the 20th, and sailed in the *Vanderbilt* on the 22d. The little ones are with me, and make my home very lively. They are nice children. My son, Sidney, who is employed in the water-works at Brooklyn, begs me to say that he deeply regretted not hearing that you and Louly were in New York, till you had gone. He would not have failed to pay his respects to you.

I have wandered about so much the last year that I think I shall stay at home this summer, unless I go for a few days to Newport.

I hope you won't let Congress get into a quarrel with England. Her officers in the Gulf have probably gone too far, but there is, no doubt, much exaggeration; but there is one thing our ardent patriots forget. It is by no means our interest, as a great maritime power, to abridge the fair rights of *cruising officers*. Our naval commanders never scruple to overhaul vessels at sea; if they at all suspected them to be pirates or American slavers, they would think it a duty to detain and search them. If they made a mistake, no noise would be made about it; no one would think of calling it an "outrage."

There are some sensible remarks on this subject in the *Boston Courier* of this day.

I remain, dear sir, with much regard,
sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

My best love to Louly.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *July 9th*, 1858.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 7th has this moment come to hand, and I doubt not that Baron Gerolt has ere this received an acknowledgment of the acceptable present from Baron Humboldt. My answer was delayed by Mrs. F.'s illness, but I am happy to say that she is now convalescent, and joins me in cordial thanks for your kind congratulations on our marriage; and we should be most happy to accept your hospitable invitation to visit you if we should go to Washington, but such a thing is quite improbable.

Although circumstances seem to forbid that I should go to Washington, no such impediment prevents you from coming to Buffalo, and I can assure you that Mrs. F. and myself would give you and your amiable daughter a most cordial welcome if you would pay us a visit. Pray come and see how contented and happy we are.

My son joins me in kindest regards to yourself and daughter.

I am truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

JANUARY 22, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: This will be handed to you by Mr. J. J. Smith, of Philadelphia, and the present editor of the *Horticulturist*, and a mutual friend of the late Mr. Downing and myself.

One of Mr. Smith's objects in visiting Washington is to ascertain, if possible, (and it is on this account he desires the pleasure of knowing you) what has become of Mr. Downing's plans and designs for the improvement of the public grounds at Washington, and why they have not been carried out, &c., as he will express to you.

Mr. Saul wrote me the other day proposing to give me plans, &c., of your new place, and also photographs of your farm buildings, to go into my new edition of Downing's landscape gardenings; but, as one thousand copies were engaged for the 1st of February, there would not have been time to have had them engraved for the first edition. I wrote him, however, for a description of the improvements which are, or are to be, on the place, but he has not yet sent me these, and I am afraid *now they* would be too late for February. I should be glad, however, to have this description and the photographs at his leisure, to go into a second issue in the summer.

Very truly your obedient servant,

HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington*.

PHILADELPHIA, *January 28, 1859.*

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have your telegraphic dispatch. Nothing would suit me better than coming to see you, but it is not at present in my power. Owing to the wretched state of my poor wife's health, I have not yet dared start on our proposed Southern tour. I ardently wished to make it, but the fear of being called home immediately by telegraph, as I have been three times before, has kept me undecided.

I came on here to keep an engagement to deliver an address on Franklin, which I did last night. Next week I have five appointments to give my "*Washington*" in the State of New Jersey, and on Monday, the 7th of February, I give it at Brooklyn, N. Y. After that I must go home, and I shall then advise with the doctor whether, in the present state of Mrs. Everett's health, I can with safety undertake the Southern tour.

I know this is not keeping my appointment with you to

start about the third week in January, but you will make all due allowance for the cause.

In great haste, with best love to Louly,
I remain, as ever, sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

If Kitty is with you, give my love to her.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BOSTON, 11th February, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

Yours of the 7th reached me on my return home. I sincerely wish it were in my power to come to Washington, as you propose. If I conclude to make my Southern tour, which is still very doubtful, I shall take Washington in my way, and then have the pleasure of making you a short visit.

I wish particularly to have an opportunity of offering my congratulations in person to my dear friend, Louly, on her engagement. I am rejoiced that she has made so excellent a choice, and one which promises so much happiness to both parties. I am much obliged to you for letting me hear the agreeable news directly from yourself.

I have come from Philadelphia rather tired, having spoken nine times in fourteen days, and having picked up, the last day, a severe cold.

We are much saddened in our social circles with the loss of Mr. Prescott.

Give my love to the girls, and believe me, dear Mr. Corcoran,

sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

RICHMOND, *February 21, 1859.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

It is with much hesitation, and after repeated urging on the part of friends, that I address you this letter. I find that I shall incur much blame if I do not, as it was in answer to an application of mine, something more than two years ago, that you returned the assurance that, *when* there was a prospect of *consummating* the purchase of Mount Vernon, you would make your contribution.

Mr. Riggs will tell you that we have paid to Mr. Washington one hundred thousand dollars, and that we have some thousands more in hand, and will shortly make further payments.

This will prove to you that our untiring labors have not been without fruition, and the purchase bids fair to be completed. As Washington City is situated in a *District*, and it is only each State that is represented by a vice-regent, it will not be improper for the vice-regent for Virginia (or any other State) to make the effort to secure your name on her book. Indeed, Virginia needs more help than her sister States, for I greatly fear that her donation will be less generous than theirs. If your purpose to contribute to the fund remains unaltered, it would give me more pleasure than I can express if you will allow me to register the donation upon my book.

I have another request to make. I should feel much gratified if you would permit a portion of the sum to be registered in your daughter's name, before it is "merged in a wedding-ring and changed with a blushing vow." Pray present my kind regards to her—may I not add hearty *congratulations*?—for Mrs. Stanard, who has been passing several hours with me, confirms the pleasant rumor, which reached our ears sometime ago. All things seem to combine to crown the bride-elect with the promise of more happiness than generally falls to the lot of mortals.

I am, dear sir, yours, very sincerely,

ANNA CORA RITCHIE,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Vice-Regent for Virginia.

OFFICE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY,"
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

February 24, 1859.

SIR: We learn by the papers that a marriage will shortly take place between Miss Corcoran and Mr. Eustis, of Louisiana. The rank and position of your family are such that the public journals will be compelled to give some account of the wedding, &c.

Our correspondent, Mr. Ben. Perley Poore, writes us that, as he enjoys your hospitality and personal friendship of Mr. Eustis, he cannot run the risk of offending by acting for us in the matter as we wish. Our object in addressing you is to suggest, very respectfully, whether it would be possible for you to remove the obstacles which interfere with the discharge of Mr. Poore's professional duty.

Your own personal feelings would doubtless prompt you to shrink from giving publicity to a family matter; but it is quite evident that your wishes will not prevent the newspapers from publishing the fullest descriptions of the marriage, &c., doubtless with many errors and misstatements. A discreet account, prepared by Mr. Poore, would seem to be less likely to offend than the gossip of persons with less accurate information.

We will only add that we are emboldened to make this application by the fact that in Europe the marriages of ladies in Miss Corcoran's station of life are always deemed legitimate subjects for illustration.

We are, sir, with great respect,
your most obedient servants,

HARPER & BROTHERS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CINCINNATI, *March 18th, 1859.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind note of the 15th came to-day. It would be to me a pleasing association with past scenes and recollections to comply with your request. There is one

difficulty. After my long absence, there is a great deal to be done this spring in my diocese, and if I go to Washington, I must be very economical as to time. Now, the 5th April comes on Tuesday; of course, it would not answer to start on Monday. To start on Saturday and stop somewhere on Sunday, would cost me two days more than I wish to spend on the journey, and I could stop nowhere but at Pittsburg or Wheeling so as materially to remove the difficulty. Hence, I beg leave to ask if you could make it Wednesday, the 6th. Then I could leave on Monday and reach Washington by Tuesday P. M., and be rested on Wednesday. Please write me by return of post, and also inform me whether the marriage will be at your house or in a church, and at what part of the day.

Mrs. McIlvaine desires her kind remembrance. Mine to your daughter. Who is the happy man?

Yours, affectionately,

CHAS. P. McILVAINE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BOSTON, *March 22, 1859.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have received your kind note informing me of the engagement of Louly, and, although you did not mention the name of the fortunate member of the House of Representatives, I understood it to be the Hon. Mr. Eustis. At a dinner given me at the Lake, near New Orleans, two years ago, his father, Judge Eustis, sat on my right, and I have seldom met a more interesting man; and I am glad to find that Louly, from her host of admirers, has selected such a worthy scion of the good old New England stock. Be assured, my dear sir, that you have no friend that wishes more happiness to your good and interesting daughter than myself, nor one who more sincerely congratulates you and herself on the engagement which you have so promptly communicated to me.

I suppose, indeed I hear, that the happy pair are to come to Europe in May, and, if so, I am sure you will not remain at home.

Please to write and let me know what are to be the arrangements.

I have been a great sufferer by rheumatic gout in my knees and arms, as also in my right hand, for several months. I have been here about three weeks for the benefit of the waters, and may remain a fortnight longer. I am now quite well, except my right hand, which is painful when I write, and I fear you will hardly be able to make out what I have written.

As soon as my hand is better, I will write you on other subjects. With a kiss for Louly's cheek,

• I remain, very sincerely, yours, •

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BOSTON, 25th March, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: We received last evening the wedding-cards kindly sent to us. My son's I forwarded immediately to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is employed; but I fear he will not be able to take advantage of your kind invitation, as their spring work is just beginning.

I understood you, at New York, to propose to me to come to your house; but, on thinking the matter over, it seems to me that I must have misunderstood you, as, on this occasion, there must be others having earlier claims upon your hospitality. If I misunderstood you, or if, on further reflection, you want the room for other guests, do pray tell me candidly. You and I are too sensible to stand upon any ceremony about things of this kind.

I am going to take advantage of my visit to Washington to repeat my "Franklin" at Baltimore and Richmond, on the 4th and 8th, for the benefit of some of their charitable

institutions. If they derive any benefit from my labors, they must thank Louly for it, for without the attraction of the dear child's wedding, I could not have made up my mind to the journey.

With much love to the young ladies,

I remain, dear sir, ever sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: We have received your very kind and polite note of invitation for the evening of the 5th of April, and assure you it would give us the highest gratification to accept it, but circumstances prevent our doing so. However, we shall always appreciate with great pleasure this mark of your attention and recollection.

We tender to you our congratulations upon the momentous and interesting event that will soon take place in your family.

With our kind regards to your daughter and Mr. Eustis, we hope at some future time to see them here, and yourself likewise. It would give us great pleasure to have a visit from you and them.

Mrs. Markoe and daughter paid us a short visit last week, which gave us great pleasure.

I much regret to say that Mrs. Aiken has been much indisposed ever since her return home. My daughter is quite well, and would like much to see Washington again; in fact, we would all like to do so, as our recollections of the kindnesses received there are still warm in our bosoms.

With our kindest regards to Miss Corcoran, Mr. Eustis, and yourself,

I remain, with very high regard and esteem,
your friend,

WILLIAM AIKEN.

ICHOSSEE, *March* 28, 1859.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, *March 31, 1859.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN :

To an old and highly-valued friend like yourself I will not use any ceremony, and I am sure you would not wish me to do so, although what I am going to say might embarrass one with whom I am on terms less intimate and confidential.

It was my intention to have sent a present of some kind to Louly on the occasion of her marriage, but my absence from London has prevented me from being able to make a selection to please myself and send it by the *Europa*, which is the last that will probably arrive before the time stated by you for the marriage. Under those circumstances, I have thought it best to postpone sending anything for two or three months, being fully aware that Loula will be overwhelmed with personal ornaments, on the gratifying occasion, from her numerous friends; and, perhaps, mine might prove of a similar kind, but humbly contrast with that of some other person.

Before the time I have named I trust to see you here, but, if not, to have full particulars by letter, and I shall then be better able to decide upon something that will be acceptable; therefore, if you do not come out, do not hesitate to write me freely and suggest the article. If *Mrs. Eustis* goes to housekeeping, perhaps a silver tea set, or something in that way, might prove useful.

My general health is good, and my hand better than when I wrote you last week. I have great confidence that the waters here will do me good.

My kind regards to our good friend, Bishop McIlvaine, and say to him that I shall reply to his letter in a few weeks, when I return to London.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

Chief-Justice Taney very much regrets that it will not be in his power to wait upon Mr. Corcoran on Tuesday evening next, and, at that time, offer him his congratulations on the happy event, and also his best wishes to Miss Corcoran and Mr. Eustis.

APRIL 2, 1859.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Rives present their congratulations to Mr. Corcoran, as well as to Miss Corcoran and Mr. Eustis.

They are prevented, only by the distance of their residence, from offering their best wishes in person on the interesting occasion of the 5th, and, if it were in their power, would, with sincere pleasure, accept Mr. Corcoran's kind invitation.

CASTLE-HILL, *April 2, 1859.*

Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of cards from Mr. Corcoran indicating that his amiable daughter is to be married to-morrow, and regret exceedingly that it is out of their power to be present on so interesting and joyous an occasion.

But they beg leave to congratulate not only Mr. Corcoran but the happy pair who are about entering upon the matrimonial voyage, and to wish them prosperous gales and a serene sky.

BUFFALO, *April 4, 1859.*

I STREET, MONDAY NIGHT, *April, 1859.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

A canon of the Church prohibits a clergyman from officiating within the bounds of another's parish without his express permission. I have heard informally that the

Bishop of Ohio is to marry your dear child. I deem this so natural and proper for you, from your former relations with him, that I venture, on the presumption that my information is correct, to leave a note for him conveying my full and cheerful sanction. I thought at first that your brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Duncan, would probably be selected, and if this should be the case, have the goodness to consider my permission to extend to him. I have written because I did not wish to subject a bishop to the necessity of making an application of this nature to a presbyter.

This will be an anxious day for you, my dear sir, and my warmest sympathies and good wishes are with you. I leave, also, a letter for your daughter; if she cannot read it to-day, I hope she will do so hereafter.

Yours, faithfully,

SMITH PYNE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

I STREET, April 11, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I found your very kind note on my return home to-day. I need not say how much it gratified me. The accompanying draft surprised me only in one sense, as wholly unexpected by me. In no other can anything munificent done by you surprise me.

I hope, my dear friend, that you will find a great deal of happiness in this new connection. Do not begin—as I have known some parents do, who think they are in the way of their newly-married children—by isolating yourself. Feel that you have only one more member in *your* family; accustom them, from the outset, to the freest possible interchange of thoughts, feelings, and wishes. Then you will find that you have just one more child. You advert to my manner of performing the service. I felt it deeply—felt, among other things, that there stood by me a father mak-

ing over his only child, depriving himself from being her head; but, in a better and tenderer sense, you remain the head of two, instead of one. A great responsibility has, indeed, passed from you; but all the reverence and affection of child to parent will, I doubt not, flow towards you in reduplicated volume.

Gratified and honored as I feel in discharging the late office of my pastoral function, yet I may say very honestly that I sympathized in your disappointment. The Bishop of Ohio stands related to you in such tender associations that I never, for one moment, felt otherwise than pleased that you should select him.

I hope that I may see the young people before their departure. If Mrs. Eustis has not, among her bridal presents, a prayer-book, she must let me give her one; if she has, I will send her a little volume as a token of my interest in her.

Farewell, my dear sir, and believe me ever and faithfully your friend and servant,

SMITH PYNE.

Boston, 26th May, 1859.

DEAR SIR: You will see by the papers that I have been obliged to take the decisive step of resigning my seat. The doctor insisted upon it, and gave me his unqualified opinion that I could not continue in the attempt to perform my duties without imminent risk of the most serious consequences. The chronic nature of my complaint forbade the hope of material improvement by temporary repose.

You are aware that this will cause a considerable derangement of the plans formed upon the calculation of continuance in the Senate for the usual term, with my own family and that of Mr. Wise about me. I shall keep my house open this summer, with John Mason in it to take care of it. I expect the Wises home in October, when

they will go into it. It is a larger house than they will need, and, for that reason, I shall be desirous of disposing of it, which I shall be glad to do at cost. I shall be much obliged to you for your friendly aid in finding a purchaser for it. I have offered it to Mr. W. Appleton, but he is so comfortably settled that I do not know if he will think of a change. It is now a very superior family house, containing a great deal of room and much accommodation. The additions I have made, as usually happens, have cost me more than I expected. I have *paid* eight thousand dollars, and the architect's bill for services has not been presented, though I have repeatedly asked for it.

I did mean to come on next week, but I doubt whether my physician will allow me to undergo the fatigue of the journey, and the labor and excitement of breaking up my establishment in person.

I meant before now to have driven over to Charlestown to see your dear daughter. I hope you hear good news of her.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Corcoran, that I am deeply sensible to all your goodness. I feel that you have allowed me to find a second home in your house, and among the painful thoughts that crowd upon me in leaving Washington, few are so strong as the regret I feel in losing your society and the comforts of your hospitable dwelling.

With sincere attachment, yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

POTSDAM, June 1, 1859.

SIR: By the last will of Alexander von Humboldt, and by his legal donation, Mr. Seiffert, late master of the house of Alexander von Humboldt, now royal castellan in Berlin, has become the only inheritor of the whole property of his deceased master.

I am authorized by Mr. Seiffert, my father-in-law, to make this matter known throughout the United States, as it is our warmest wish that the inheritance of A. V. H. shall not become scattered all over the world by auction, as we wish to see it placed in a way worthy of his memory, and so that every member of human society may have a chance of looking with veneration upon things that have surrounded one of the greatest and best men of past and coming centuries during lifetime; and as, further, I hold proofs in my hands that the illustrious deceased himself would consent with all his heart to "his inheritance becoming the property of the United States of America," and as he has ordered "that nothing out of an erroneous delicacy shall be left unsold," I take the liberty of informing you that Mr. Seiffert is willing to dispose, by way of sale, of the whole inheritance. In this is included the library of about 15,000 volumes, maps, charts, chronometers of gold, clocks, astronomical instruments of all descriptions, meteorological instruments, copper and stone plates ready for use, works of art, among them a colossal marble bust of Alexander von Humboldt by David D'Anger, his portrait by Schrader, numerous busts, statuettes, engravings, drawings, oil paintings, portraits, precious stones, gold, silver, and platina medals, collections of natural history, the whole furniture, clothes; in short everything that has been left by A. V. H. to his old, true servant.

If the citizens of the United States are inclined to acquire, for the benefit of themselves and of their descendants, the inheritance in a way and on conditions that are worthy of the memory of A. V. H., they may appoint at once their agents, and give them the necessary authority to arrange this matter speedily. To name the value of the whole undivided property is impossible, but it will be between eighty and one hundred thousand dollars; insured, it is worth ninety thousand Prussian thalers.

As Mr. Seiffert is obliged to dispose of his property by the fall of this year, I ask you most respectfully to communicate to me as soon as possible on this subject. Until the arrival of your answer, we will keep ourselves under the promise not to make any final arrangement, neither with Prussia nor any other country, provided your decision will reach us before the first of September next.

I remain, sir, most respectfully,
your obedient servant,

H. B. MOLLHAUSEN.

POTSDAM, PRUSSIA.

BOSTON, *October 14th*, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have yours of the 13th. The report of my visit to Georgia this month is without foundation, as so many other items of newspaper information. I shall not be able to leave home at present, but I hope to see Washington before mid winter. Whenever I come, I shall depend upon a quiet little dinner with you in the back parlor. I hope you hear good news from Louly.

The Wises will be in Washington about as soon as this letter will.

Ever, with sincere regard,
truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *December 1*, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I believe that you, like myself, are not fond of writing, and that your attachment to old and valued friends must not be estimated by the frequency of your correspondence; but, without recollecting whether, as the ladies say, you are

indebted to me or I to you—a letter—I can assure you that I should, many months ago, have written had I not supposed, up to October, that you were coming out to pass the winter with your daughter in Italy. It was Mrs. Lawrason Riggs who put me right in this matter by stating that you had a large good work on hand in Washington, and could not at present leave, but, no doubt, you would come out in June next; and, if you will do so and remain till June or July, 1861, I *promise*, if I live, to return with you. You should do so, if only on the score of health, for at *our* age I feel confident we require change of air and scene, and to throw off our minds everything, in our power, tending to create annoyance or anxiety. I have been acting upon this principle for a year or two past, and I now find my health greatly improved, and I feel quite as well as when I was enjoying your kind hospitality in Washington in February, 1857. For a year past, up to September, I have felt that I was liable to a severe attack of gout at any time, and within that time I had six or seven painful attacks, confining me to my bed altogether over forty days. These produced great weakness, and affected my spirits, and while in town during last season I was deprived of my usual pleasure of entertaining, or, except occasionally, even calling upon my American friends. I, therefore, saw but little of Mr. and Mrs. Eustis during their short stay in London. Although you probably hear from Louly weekly, it will probably be pleasant to have Mr. Morgan's report, who saw her frequently in Paris in October. He says he never saw her look so healthy and handsome, that her complexion was perfect, and that paleness of the lips, which she sometimes had before, was superseded by a bright, rosy hue.

Miss Bright, whom I saw so frequently with Loula, was always a favorite of mine, and, as Mrs. Riggs (as I am now past envy), I find her equally agreeable; and if you promoted the match, as you probably did, you ought to have

the thanks of both sides. They have taken a house for three months, more to diminish than to add to the physical proportions of the good lady, whose size is now at least double that which Loula can ever hope for under the most favorable circumstances.

Everything regarding my business goes on as satisfactory and profitable as ever. What you probably saw in the *New York Herald*, dated from a correspondent in London, October 12th, is entirely false.

If you can give me any insight into Mexican affairs, please do so.

Make my kindest regards to George W. and family, and love to your niece, "Puss."

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

I hear, every week, relative to our good friend, Wetmore, and taking into consideration his dreadful attack and affliction, I look upon his present condition as a matter for the congratulation of his friends.

G. P.

BOSTON, 30th December, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have your obliging favor of the 28th, and I am much gratified with your approbation of my speech. I am aware that there is a class of politicians at the South (of whom, I suppose, Mr. McRae is a specimen) who, desiring separation, are disposed to put everything that looks toward the preservation of the Union in a false light. I find, however, in almost all the expressions of opinion that reach us from the South, that, while there is rather a cold acknowledgment of the good-will manifested by individuals at our Union meetings, there is generally tacked to this acknowledgment an intimation, more or less direct, that it is through

the apathy of the conservatives that things have reached such a pass at the North. This is mischievous and unfair. It enable our fanatics to taunt us with being repelled by the South, while, at the North, we are derided as "Union savers;" and it overlooks the fact that, in the struggle between the South and our Northern agitators, the Northern conservatives are as much trampled on as the rights of the South are.

That we have been so much reduced is, I am sorry to say, not through our apathy, but by a succession of unwise and violent measures on the part of the South, which, without helping them, have put us, as their friends, hopelessly in the wrong. It would not be prudent to say this aloud, but it is the melancholy truth.

I want to go to the South very much, and I should delight to go with you. I somewhat doubt whether the strong Union sentiments of my oration would, in the present excited state of feeling at the South, be acceptable, and I should not like to expose myself to manifestations of the contrary feeling. I have, besides this, much to occupy me at home. Still, however, I have the subject under consideration, with a strong wish to go if I can see my way clear.

Please let me know a little what your route is to be.

I am rejoiced to hear that my dear Louly is well, and I beg you, when you write to her, to remember me most kindly to her and her husband.

With the best wishes of the season, I remain, my dear Mr. Corcoran,

sincerely your friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BOSTON, 9th January, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have yours of the 3d. After fully weighing the subject, I find it will not be possible for me to make the tour to the South till later in the season, if at all this winter. I have written the article on "Washington" for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published at Edinburgh; and I am engaged in preparing a revised and enlarged edition of it, to be carried through the press in this country early this spring. With the constant interruptions to which I am subject, I cannot accomplish the work till about the end of February. You ought not, therefore, wait for me, especially as I cannot feel sure of being ready even then. I will follow and catch up with you, if I can.

I took the liberty, yesterday, to give M. Tribert, a very amiable and intelligent gentleman, highly recommended to me, a letter of introduction to you. As there is no French minister at Washington, I will be much obliged to you if you will be a little kind to him. He speaks English very well.

With much respect, sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1860.

DEAR SIR: I write to present to you Lieutenant Grant, an aide-de-camp of Sir W. Fenwick Williams, baronet, &c., &c., &c., the present commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America, one of the commanders most distinguished in the late war against Russia.

Mr. Grant is making a flying visit to the United States, and we here find him highly amiable and intelligent. I commend him to your kind attentions.

Very truly, yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.
Washington, D. C.

BOSTON, 30th May, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Allow me to ask your attention to the enclosed letter of my brother-in-law, Sidney Brooks. I can endorse all he says in praise of Powers' "America." He has sent me a copy of the head and bust, which is the loveliest thing I ever saw, ancient or modern. It is semi-draped, and entirely suitable for a private residence. This is the identical statue for which Congress, on motion of Governor Chase, in 1855, appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars, though, in consequence of Gen. Pierce's indecision and some sinister and adverse influences, the appropriation failed to take effect.

The sum of \$12,000 seems very large to give, but quite within European prices for first-class work. The Marquis of Lansdowne gave £4,000 for a copy of Canova's "Venus" thirty years ago. I was sitting next to the late Lord Ellesmere at dinner at Lansdowne House, looking at the Venus, at the time when the "Greek Slave" was on exhibition in London, and Lord Ellesmere said, "I would give more for the Greek Slave than for all Canova's works."

You will think that having the Greek Slave is enough of Powers' work; but you will want to put that into the new gallery, and then you will have nothing at the head of your large room.

I have a letter from Mr. Speaker Denison speaking of Powers' America in the highest terms, which, if you are at all tempted, I will send you.

I was much pleased to hear that my dear friend, Louly, was well, and I pray, when you write to her, you would remember me most kindly to her.

I remain, dear sir, as ever, sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

—
[Extract.]

MAY 9, 1860.

Since I commenced my letter on the 5th instant, I have heard that Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, was preparing to

get casts of all the conspicuous works of art, and would probably buy some statues. Can you not persuade him to buy the "America, or Liberty" of Mr. Powers? It is a most beautiful statue. It is large, and stands finely upon its pedestal, which is very handsome. I think Mr. Corcoran would be perfectly satisfied with the statue, and it would do him, Mr. Powers, and the country honor. It would be a great thing to have him buy it, and have this noble statue at Washington. The case is all ready for it, and the statue could be on board the ship at Leghorn in ten days after the order was received. He (Mr. C.) has a copy of the "Greek Slave;" and think of another copy like it having sold in London for 1,800 guineas—\$9,000!

Mr. Powers has a fine plaster cast of the famous "Boar of the Mercato Nuovo." The original marble Boar is in the Uffizi. This beautiful cast was taken when a copy was sent to the great London Crystal Palace. The bronze copy at Mercato Nuovo served as a fountain. Mr. Powers wants to make one of bronze or marble as a fountain somewhere in Washington, now they are leading water in there. It is rather too small to be put in a *very* conspicuous public place, but, in a garden or in some snug corner, would be beautiful. It is a beautiful work of art, and I wish Mr. Corcoran to have a copy in bronze somewhere about his place at Washington; he will never regret it.

Mr. Powers asks for the America \$12,000, and it is well worth it. It is a fine, large—not too large—costly statue. The pedestal is all marble—part of it dark.

The Boar in bronze, executed with care, with a fine marble basin, would cost \$2,000, properly done.

I wish Mr. Corcoran would let me order these two things for him. I would do it myself if I lived in such a place as Washington. I wish you could persuade Mr. Corcoran to this.

Most truly yours,

FLORENCE, *May 9th*, 1860.
To Mr. EVERETT, *Boston*.

SIDNEY BROOKS.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Having learned to-day that Mr. and Mrs. Eustis have left you, I hope you will favor us with your company at dinner *to-morrow*, 6 o'clock, where you will find my old friend, Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, from Cold Spring, with your neighbors, General Scott, Senator Dixon, and Mr. Rockwell, and Baron Wetterstedt.

Yours, truly,

FR. GEROLT.

FRIDAY, Jan. 11th, 1860.

BOSTON, 6th June, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Your letter of the 2d reached me last evening. I will write to Powers by the next steamer, and I shall be much obliged to you, on his behalf, if you will wait till I hear from him before you commit yourself in any other quarter.

I am much gratified with what you say of my letter. I do not expect to get any credit for sincerity with the mass of readers, but really nothing could be more unwelcome to me than the nomination; and, after having withdrawn my name as a candidate for the first place, I do not think it was quite fair to offer me the nomination to the second, without giving me a chance to be heard from before the convention broke up. If I had had such a chance, I should have peremptorily declined; but I found I could not do it afterwards without damaging the ticket and giving great offense to all interested in it. Of course, I had no exception to take to the place assigned me on the ticket. As most of the members of the convention were Southern men, and the greater part of the votes, if any are given for it, must come from Southern States, it was quite right to take a Southern man for the first office; but it was hardly right, against my expressed wishes, to compel me to come upon the ticket at all.

But it is of no great consequence ; a mere ripple on the great wave of affairs. I agree with you that there is little or no chance for the success of the ticket, especially as far as the Vice-Presidency is concerned. Mr. Bell, as a third candidate, may come into the House, with a possibility of election there ; but I think it hardly possible that the Union candidate for Vice-President should stand *second* on the list, and, unless he does, he will not come before the Senate. If our democratic friends, despairing of success themselves, should see the wisdom, for the public good, of giving the preference to the Union over the black republican ticket, we might have another lease of the union of the States for four years ; but this they will not do, and the crash may, perhaps, as well come now as four years hence.

When you write to Louly, tell her I always think of her with great affection.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MR. CORCORAN :

DEAR SIR : The return of your daughter to her native land and her father's house being a subject of congratulation to yourself and friends, I have taken the liberty, as directress of the Protestant Asylum, to ask the favor of your permitting our little orphans to call, on any day at any hour most convenient to yourself and Mrs. Eustis, to welcome so warm a friend as she has ever been to them, and thus give the only evidence in their power that they, with the board of managers, appreciate such kindness, both from father and daughter.

With earnest wishes for many, many years of health and happiness to you and yours,

I remain, very kindly,

SUSAN R. COX.

WEDNESDAY, 1861.

Boston, 19th November, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: By the newspapers I am informed that Mr. Eustis is coming to Fort Warren. I shall do all in my power to make his confinement as free from discomfort by supplying such things as he may require. Mr. Faulkner writes me that their position as to rooms, &c., is good. They have, as I understand, their mess, and supplied daily from Boston market; their own cook (at their own expense). He writes fully and freely, complaining of the injustice of his confinement, and not having an opportunity to communicate with his family; nor will they allow his friends to see and converse with him. If Mr. Eustis arrives as is anticipated, I shall write him, sending him some wine, &c., and asking if anything in the way of beds, &c., are required, and attend to his wishes. I will write you again, and, if you will give me the address of Mrs. Eustis, write her, which he will not be allowed to do.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM APPLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SUNDAY, 24th November, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: I have yours 22d. Mr. Eustis and others will land at the fort this day. I wrote him saying anything in the way of warm clothing, bedding, &c., that he might require, to send to me for. The physician at the fort, Dr. Green, is a connection of our family; through him I can confer freely as to Mr. Eustis' health. I shall probably hear from Mr. Eustis to-morrow. I understand from Mr. Faulkner they have all they wish that can be had in Boston market—their mess, a cook—at their expense of course. I sent Mr. Eustis a box sherry wine and a hamper seltzer water. I note what you say as to writing. I am writing at the post-office.

Yours, sincerely,

WM. APPLETON.

Boston, 3d January, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: I had a very kind letter from Mr. Eustis just on departure. He drew on me for \$167.86 for his expenses, which amount I have drawn on you. I am delighted that they are off. Did Mr. Eustis tell you he received the books you sent him the last week? He has not acknowledged half the parcels I sent him. That may be his neglect. I am looking into it.

You cannot conceive of the nonsense there is among our strong-minded women and weak-minded men.

I am watched for having been disposed to be kind to Faulkner and Eustis. You know I am not a republican dyed in the wool, but a Union man and love my friends alike North and South, when they behave equally well.

Yours, with love to that little secessionist,

WM. APPLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

LONDON, January 11, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. EUSTIS: I have been confined to my room, and most of the time to my bed, for ten days with a very painful attack of gout in my feet and knees. I am slowly recovering but cannot yet walk across the room without assistance; and am so weak and nervous that I can hardly write legibly. Thus you have my apology for not answering your kind note dated 4th instant.

I have scarcely for a moment ceased to think of you during the anxious week we have passed, and be assured that you have no friend, old or young, who more sincerely reciprocates and appreciates your kind wishes for my health and happiness, as expressed in your note to which I have referred.

I sincerely congratulate you on the release of Mr. Eustis and friends. I have never for a moment lost my confidence that such would be the case, for mad as I think

my countrymen have acted in bringing about the dreadful war that now exists, I could not suppose that they would voluntarily place themselves in a position to be entirely *crushed* by England.

On enquiry of Mr. Morgan, I learn that the house have lately had letters for you from Boston, which have been forwarded, and I trust they have been satisfactory. I have nothing direct from your father of late, but something tells me that he will accompany Mr. Eustis, and *both* be in London on Tuesday next. Has this occurred to you? Had you not better come over and meet them?

Now, my dear Mrs. Eustis, oblige me so far as to write me a few lines and post the letter *on Sunday*, and I shall then get it *early* on Tuesday *morning*; and if you will enclose a line for Mr. Eustis, I will see that he gets it as early as possible after he arrives.

Very sincerely you friend,

GEORGE PEABODY.

MRS. GEO. EUSTIS.

WASHINGTON, *January* 17, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received intelligence by telegraph from New York that the *Rinaldo* arrived at *Bermuda* on the 9th instant, coaled, and sailed on the 10th for St. Thomas.

Yours, faithfully,

LYONS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, *March* 8, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: You must excuse me for expressing to you my appreciation of the great kindness and hospitality evinced by you to me during my recent visit to Washington. In the midst of our general disasters and the disruption of so many of the relations and amenities of life, it

has been to me a source of the greatest gratification to receive attention from one whose father was the friend and acquaintance of mine.

Upon my return I found Mrs. Smith and the rest of the family quite well.

Nothing here whatever new.

With my best regards to Miss Emily,
believe me, truly your friend,

J. B. H. SMITH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *April 7, 1862.*

MY DEAR COLONEL:

This may be my last autograph. Let it, then, be devoted to thanking you for your kind inclosure, which fell upon my heart like dew on a withered flower. The promptings of my feelings would induce me to say much, but extreme exhaustion admonishes me not to be prolix.

The immortal gods shield you from ill-health, and from all mental affliction!

With the highest esteem,
I am, very sincerely,

RIND.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *April 23, 1862.*

MY DEAR SIR: An uncle of mine, Mr. William Lyons, who is on a visit to me, and who is an amateur of art, is very desirous to visit your gallery. Could you, without inconvenience, give him permission to do so, you would very much oblige your faithful servant,

LYONS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, *July 10, 1862.*

MY VERY DEAR COLONEL:

Not having sufficient strength to use my pen, I avail myself of the services of a friend to convey to you my grateful acknowledgments of your *truly acceptable* presents. Indeed, I must candidly admit to you that had it not been for your generous manifestations in my behalf, I would *literally* have suffered; and, whether I live or die, the recollection of your manifold kindnesses to me will be found engraven upon my heart.

And now let me implore you to *make an effort* to change this depressing atmosphere for one more salubrious. With a kind and confidential servant, easy stages may be made from city to city until you reach some town where there are no camps nor hospitals to spread around the pestilential vapors engendered by this fratricidal war.

God bless and restore you to your pristine health is the sincere prayer of one who feels so proud of your friendship.

W. A. RIND.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

430 FIFTEENTH STREET,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 26, 1862.*

DEAR SIR: Some years since, about the time that you liberally and humanely provided for the education of a deaf, mute, deformed child, you gave *me carte blanche* to ask of you relief for those I might find needing small pecuniary aid, or any aid. I have not, I think, drawn on this *reserved treasury* from that time, but now I ask one hundred dollars for mixed cases of real need, for a varied relief of both men, women, and children, feeling satisfied that such amount will do more good than you can easily appreciate, who count and employ by thousands the ample income derived from a fortune acquired through intelligent use of opportunities of acquisition.

Yours, sir, with consideration,

D. L. DIX.

BRIGHTON, *December 10, 1862.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I left my bed on Friday, after a confinement of thirteen days with a very painful attack of gout in my left knee, and came here on Sunday to try the effect of sea air in restoring me again to health and strength. I have greatly improved in three days, and hope to return to town on Monday, quite well.

In reply to your note dated 2d, I have pretty much made up my mind (under advice of Sir Henry Holland) to pass about three months of the winter at Nice, making a short visit to Florence and Rome, and I need not say how happy I shall be if you will be my traveling companion for a part or all the time.

I expect to leave here about the 10th January, and probably may be accompanied to Paris by some friends, in which case I shall remain till about the 20th, and then proceed South.

If you can see any indication of light through the clouds that now so sadly darken our once happy country, don't fail to drop me a line, as I think your position at present much better than mine for that purpose.

Please give my warm regards to Loula and Mr. Eustis. Don't forget to kiss the baby for—yourself.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

3 BERKELY SQUARE, *December 20, 1862.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I much regret having missed you yesterday, when you were good enough to call. If you are likely to be at home between 10:30 and 11:30 this morning, I will call at your hotel.

The best way of seeing you, without interfering with

your arrangements in London, would be for you to come and join our family party (consisting of Lady O. and myself, and, *perhaps*, my son-in-law) at dinner, at or about 7, if that suits you. I hope, if you do not prolong your stay, that you will return to London by and by.

We have letters from the Roosevelts and others, but, doubtless, nothing that would be news to you.

I hope that your daughter is well and likes Paris, as most ladies do. Pray make the compliments of the season to her, and accept the same from us yourself.

Ever most truly yours,

W. G. OUSELEY.

HOTEL VICTORIA, NICE, FRANCE,

February 11, 1863.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I comply with my promise to write to you after I had been a while at this place. I left Paris at 11 on Thursday, and arrived at Lyons, 328 miles, at 10½ at night. There was a fast train the next morning at 6, which goes to Marseilles in 9 hours; but, rather than rise so early, I took a slow train the next morning at 10, and arrived at Marseilles at 11 at night. The next day at 7 A. M. (having secured my place by railroad, 75 miles, and by coupé of the diligence, 65 miles) I left for Nice, and arrived here at 10 at night, without much fatigue; and, in the short space of eight days since my arrival, have quite recovered my health. The last day from Marseilles is through a most interesting country, and for several hours after you take the diligence you will see, on one side, the olives and mulberry trees in their summer costume—the fruit trees in blossom—and in the distance, on the other, the Alps covered with snow. I mention these particulars because I think you will “tear yourself” from the baby in the course of next week and join me here. It is full of English and

Americans, and the climate is most beautiful; there has not been any rain for twenty-seven days, and ever since my arrival there has been a hot, sunny, cloudless weather—so much so that no fire has been required, night or day.

Now, my dear Corcoran, I advise you to leave off politics, and come and join me without delay; and, early in March, we will go to Florence together. I have a good courier, so that if you can take care of yourself as far as this, you need bring none. If you join me, you need bring no letter of credit. I shall return to Paris in about two months. Affairs seem to be coming to a crisis in our distracted and self-destroying country—exchange on England about seventy per cent.! How lucky you were to get to England the \$1,600,000 at ten!

I have a sunny bedroom at this hotel, only one window in front, at fifteen francs a day, and most fortunate in getting it after four days waiting, and occupying a dark room in the Hotel Angleterre. Let me know what time you will be here, and I will endeavor to have a room for you on your arrival.

With kind regards to Loula and Mr. Eustis,

I am very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

HOTEL VICTORIA, NICE, *February* 18, 1863.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I see by your letter of the 15th that you mean to cut me as a traveling companion; those *Confederates* of the right kind being better than one not exactly defined. You don't name your friends, but, if I guess right, the "Bois"* is of a combustible character, and, if inflamed, may be too hot for you; and, old as you are, (I am 68 to-day—you are only a *little* younger,) take care not to get enveloped.

* I don't mean the baby.

I write to say that if you intend to stop here, you must write me stating the time you will arrive, and what rooms you will require, about two days in advance of arrival, as Nice is full and apartments are difficult to be had.

With regards to all, I am

very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

I shall probably remain here till about the 8th March,

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, *February 21, 1863.*

MY DEAR SIR: An enterprise has been started in this city to form a surgical and anatomical museum, to which the Smithsonian Institution has given aid and co-operation. The effort has thus far been very successful, and, through the agency of the present Surgeon-General and his colleagues, the largest and most valuable collection to be found has already been gathered. The only drawback on the establishment is the want of a suitable room in which to exhibit the anatomical specimens, and, therefore, the proposition has been made to apply to you for the use of the upper part of the building near Dr. Gurley's church. I know not what your present intention is in regard to this building, but I can truly say that it cannot be appropriated to a better purpose for the reputation of the city and the good of humanity than the one mentioned.

I have the honor to remain, very truly,

your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HENRY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

PROVIDENCE, *March 11, 1863.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Paris.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your favor of 20th ult., inclosing Mrs. Eustis' ac-

quittance for the legacy under Commodore Morris' will, for which I am much obliged.

I beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for the kind expression of sympathy which you express for Mr. and Mrs. Eustis and yourself in my sad bereavement.

Please present my remembrance to them.

Believe me very respectfully and truly yours,

ROBERT H. IVES.

INVERGARRY, FORT AUGUSTUS, N. B.,

August 20, 1863.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I have just received your favor dated 18th, and shall be pleased to see you any day you can make it convenient to come.

You must take the train that leaves Perth at 9:20 A. M. (Blairgowrie, 8:45), which arrives at Inverness at 7 P. M. Sleep at the *station hotel*, and take the steamer the next morning at 7 for Fort Augustus, seven and a half miles from us, where I will have a conveyance to bring you here, if you will give me a day or two's notice when you will be there. You should take the *Edinburg* (Captain Turner), that leaves Inverness on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, as the boats on Tuesday and Thursday are inferior for traffic, and on Saturday and Sunday there is no conveyance.

The weather this week has been very fine, with every prospect of its continuance.

Please make my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop and Mr. and Mrs. Bright.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

INVERGARRY, FORT AUGUSTUS, N. B.,

October 3, 1863.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I have no word of you since you passed through London. The weather, since you left us, has been almost constantly wet and stormy, which has greatly interfered with my avocations; and, for a week past, have been laid up (from exposure to wet) with rheumatism, but not very painful, and on Monday I expect to be out.

I told you that whatever you wrote to me should be in *strict confidence*, and I wish your opinion on American affairs. Somebody writes that Mr. Adams told him that peace was near to hand, but I don't believe it. What say you? I see Alex. Stephens is on his way to France. What will Napoleon do with respect to Mexico?

You must have been shocked at the sudden death of our friend, Edw'd Ellice. He lunched with us on Monday, and was to have been with us over Wednesday night to play a rubber, but was prevented by the arrival of visitors, and that night he died of disease of the heart. He was much beloved throughout this country, particularly by the people on his estates.

With love to Loula and kind regards to Mr. Eustis,

I remain, very sincerely, yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

ROME, October 12, 1863.

Mr. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: I have just received, through Messrs. Maquay, Packenham & Hooker, the sum of fifteen hundred and thirty francs, or two hundred and eighty-six scudi and seventy-five rios (\$286.75), as part payment of an ideal bust I have made for you. The sum agreed upon was, I believe, three hundred scudi.

As I write, the bust is being packed, and, no doubt, will be forwarded to you this week. I sincerely hope it will give you satisfaction.

With many thanks for the commission and the money,
I remain, with great respect,
your obedient servant,

WM. H. RINEHART.

P. S.—I regretted very much not seeing you whilst I was in Paris—not that I wanted the money, but out of pure respect for the gentleman who has done so much for art.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 10, 1864.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Paris.*

DEAR SIR: I am glad I stepped into the office of Mr. Hyde just as he was about to despatch a letter to you. I must add, what you can't doubt, the interest my wife and myself take in your welfare. We rejoice you continue in Paris. You had much better be there than here, and I would hope you will find peace restored when you return home; but of this I need not say more. You will be well informed about the state of the country when you receive this.

My niece, Miss Emma Tayloe (daughter of my brother William, who is in Alabama), is with Mrs. Woodville, in some out-of-the-way place (I can't indicate) in Paris.

She took with her an introductory letter to yourself, but, rather than trouble you, I understand she destroyed the letter.

I lately saw your friends, the Brights, in New York. All well.

The democrats have been beaten at the late election by their own mismanagement, and particularly in not running their race at the top of their speed *from the start*—in the

way Eclipse beat Henry ; and got beaten as the Virginians then were.

Please present my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Eustis, and with my best wishes for yourself,

I remain, as ever, your friend,

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE.

36 CATHEDRAL STREET,
BALTIMORE, *December 23, 1864.*

TO MR. W. W. CORCORAN,
Paris, France,

MY DEAR SIR : An object in which I have, for several years, taken a deep interest, and which, before the dark clouds which now envelope us all, claimed a share in your benevolent regards, furnishes the occasion for my present greeting to you, my friend.

As the secretary of the Washington City Orphan Asylum, I wish to lay before you our plans and hopes for the advancement of the helpless beings with whose welfare we have been entrusted.

The managers, long distressed by the insufficiency of the buildings of the Asylum for the accommodation of the children, have earnestly set to work, and have raised quite a large sum of money by a *fair*, and by liberal private subscriptions, with which to erect additional buildings ; but before undertaking the work, it has been thought advisable that the site of the Asylum should be changed from where it now is to some more remote and suitable place, and that the price for which we could now sell the grounds of the Asylum, together with the funds above mentioned, would enable us to erect a building much better adapted to this institution.

We remember that you have a square or a large lot of ground on Fourteenth Street, which, at one time, you had contemplated to appropriate for an asylum for orphan boys,

and the thought has come to us that it might not be too violent a departure from your original inclinations to suffer our proposed new edifice to be erected on that site. The situation is, perhaps, the best in Washington City for the purpose, and, to have your name connected with that of Mrs. Van Ness in the first and noblest charity of the city, we have fondly trusted would not be disagreeable to you.

I know that we are taking a great liberty in making this proposal to you, and surely I should never have the courage to communicate with you on such a subject did I not, by anticipation, see the angelic expression of gratitude in the countenances of those fatherless innocents leading me to make this suggestion in their behalf.

And if I should have trespassed too far, I feel confident that our long acquaintance and pleasant social intercourse, which I trust may be renewed at no distant period, will make the penalty of my presumption very light.

Though living in Baltimore, I go over to Washington to attend the regular meetings of our board.

With the kindest salutations to Lulie and the *grand boys*, of whom I occasionally hear from your sister, Mrs. Hill,

believe me, very sincerely,
your friend and well-wisher,

MARY W. MERRICK.

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN.

BALTIMORE, *February* 10, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, so gratifying, was received a week ago, and I read it to the managers at our monthly meeting, held on the 7th of this month.

You would have been very well satisfied could you have heard and seen the manifestation of grateful feelings evinced on the occasion.

We determined to begin the work as soon as the weather will allow.

With the funds already on hand and those in immediate prospect, we think we will be able to command \$50,000 with which to erect a very beautiful and appropriate building.

Mr. Thomas U. Walter has consented to give us a plan for the new edifice at our meeting on the 7th of March, and then we will set to work in earnest; and should you return this summer, I trust you may see the walls of this new asylum rising upon the grounds you have given to us, to be a lasting monument of your generosity.

I have sent you our report for 1864. You may learn from it what we are trying to do and our present condition.

My good husband and self often think and speak of you with grateful esteem. The past is not, and never can be, forgotten by us.

Please mention us both very kindly to Loulie, and receive for yourself our sincere regards.

Yours, most truly,

MARY W. MERRICK.

IRELAND, *August 5, 1865.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

Since I saw you in England, I have not heard a word from you or from Mr. Morgan relative to your intentions whether to remain in Paris a while longer, or to return to Washington during the present year. Please give me your views and intentions. I cannot remain in London a week without risk of gout, and when I left, 1st June, I did not expect to return for five months, and I shall probably carry out my intentions. With the exception of ten days in London, I have been here since 1st of May, very hard at work fishing for salmon six or ten hours a day, and living on a plain diet, which has kept me free of gout and in excellent health. I feel assured that nothing but this hard exercise in the open air will do so, and I have leased a fine fishery on the Shannon to commence 1st April, 1867, and end 1st

April, 1872, and hope we may both live to meet there even to the last date. If I live till March, it is my intention to go to the United States for a year, and work hard to endeavor to place "my house in order" there, and then return to pass the time that may be allotted me in quiet, and, in a measure, retired from the world.

I am now on my way to Scotland, and shall reach Inver-garry about the 12th. Shall you come to Scotland this season? Has Elisha Riggs come out, and is Mrs. R. and family going to New York this year?

With warm remembrance to Loula and Mr. Eustis,

I am very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

JANUARY 18, 1866.

DEAR SIR: I have been waiting for the arrival of the font to acknowledge your kind thoughts of me and the church at whose altar it is my fearful responsibility to minister; but an act of kindness so unlooked for demands an early acknowledgment, and I now write to thank you for it. You have many friends of long standing who are far more capable of appreciating your great liberality of spirit, and from whom the expression of what they feel could not but be most welcome; but not one of them has viewed with more pride and pleasure your noble acts, and that more noble spirit that prompts to noble acts, than myself. I value the gift, not so much for its intrinsic value (and it is exquisitely beautiful and rich) as for the sympathy it expresses, and the good feeling of the giver to one who had no claim whatever on your beneficence. While you were abroad I often thought of you, and trusted you would be watched over and guarded until your return, and, now that you are at home again, and in view of your liberal gifts to the city where you reside, I trust you may find all of heart happiness that is deemed to be good for you by

Him from whom all your good things come. Your gift to the Ascension is a most invaluable gift to us, and, my dear sir, would it be transcending the bounds of propriety for one who does not sustain to you the relation of pastor to suggest that it calls up for review the first and highest duty we owe to God in Christ. You have wealth, a host of friends, a career of usefulness already past, full of kind deeds to others, all that heart could covet here below; but, without faith in something higher—the meek following in the footprints of Christ, which the holy font pledges us to—you know that all is emptiness and vanity. And now, if one who has no right to obtrude his thoughts upon you but the right that one dying fellow-being has to say to another who has bestowed on him a kindness, may, without offence, ask you to look upon that font and all it symbolizes of love and mercy in an earnest spirit, that seeks a divine guide and would find rest for an imprisoned soul, I would affectionately whisper just that one word in your ear to-day. If in this letter there is anything that you would have erased, just run your pen across it; and for the font and the feeling that dictated the gift, all so unsolicited and unexpected by me, accept my sincere thanks.

Yours, truly,

WM. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

January 30, 1866.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I send you with this a prospectus of a proposed text book of "Art Criticism." Responses, most complimentary, have been received from presidents and professors of at least fifty of our best colleges and schools. Among them are the following:

Yale College, Connecticut; Brown University, Rhode Island; Union College, New York; New York University; Columbia College, New York; Rochester University, New

York ; Lewisburg University, Pennsylvania ; Chicago University, Illinois ; Georgetown College, District of Columbia ; University of Virginia ; University of North Carolina ; Howard College, Alabama.

These responses are far more flattering than could have been anticipated. Mr. Lippincott desires that the manuscript be made ready for the press. It is his wish and mine that the stereotype plates should be mine, and he use them, giving me 20 per cent. of net proceeds. The pages will cost, stereotyped, about \$1.50 per plate, or about \$1,200 for 800 pages. The desire is generally expressed that the entire work, as prepared, including the supplementary volume, be published, which may extend the work to 1,000 pages.

My object in addressing you thus is two-fold.

In all my former publications, the copyright has been the publishers, but I desire this for the benefit of my family, whose resources my self-sacrificing life has left but limited. The sum necessary for this, from \$1,200 to \$1,500, is not at my command, unless I could secure a loan. I have reason to expect a sufficient remuneration from this extended work to enable me to re-visit Europe with my two sons, now in the study of law and medicine.

The work must be dedicated to some one, and there is no patron of art and no personal friend to whom my judgment and my inclinations lead me so strongly to make this dedication as to yourself.

The subject is thus frankly and simply commended to your consideration. Should this communication receive no response, I shall not regard it any want of true friendship.

I have the honor to be your true friend and servant,

G. W. SAMSON.

P. S.—I received to-day a generous subscription of \$500 for our college improvements.

Please accept two little volumes sent with this. For my sake, please read the smaller on Sunday : it has aided many thinking and thoughtful minds.

RICHMOND, VA., 15th February, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR: Your very liberal contribution of one thousand dollars was handed over to me by Mr. W. H. McFarland, of this city. The sisters are very thankful, and will often obtain for you the prayers of their orphans and give their own, while I pray and hope God will award you health and length of days here, and the greater blessing, some day, of a berth in Peter's Ship, the only one sure to carry her passengers safely into haven on the shores of eternity.

Your friend and servant,
very truly, in X T.,

J. MCGILL,
Bishop of Richmond.

To Mr. W. W. CORCORAN,
Washington, D. C.

PETERSBURG, February 17th, 1866.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I write to acknowledge the receipt of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) sent by you, through Mrs. Judge Perkins, to the Petersburg Female Orphan Asylum.

I have no words in which to express our gratitude for your munificent donation, but I am sure, could you know the difficulties we have struggled through to procure necessary food, fuel, and sometimes, in cases of sickness, even a little medicine for the children, you would appreciate our feelings of gratitude for your kind charity; and as the little ones again enjoy comforts from which they have been so long debarred, they shall be taught to invoke blessings on their kind benefactor, that the prosperity you so nobly use may be always continued to you, and that, in the world to come, the God of the fatherless will give you the abundant reward He has promised to those who care for His poor.

Gratefully and respectfully yours,

MARGARET F. JOYNES,
Pres't P. F. O. Asylum.

BRIGHTON, *February 17, 1866.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I have just received your letter through Souter, who, with his family, are at Mentoni, near Nice, the letter having gone there and been returned. I also received your letter on the eve of your departure from Liverpool, 23d Oct., while near Limerick; and, as I was but three hours from Queenstown, I tried to find out how long the *Jura* would stop there, with a view to see you and the ladies, and bid you farewell for a short time, but I could get no information, and gave up the trip, but felt annoyed the next day to hear that you were detained at that port from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M., as the delay would have enabled me to have been with you several hours.

I could sincerely sympathize with you in your affliction (on the passage and after arrival) caused by boils, for you will recollect that in November, 1856, I was unable to leave my bed for two or three weeks, in consequence of one on my knee, and this was followed by four or five more during the following winter and spring. Before this I had not had a boil for forty years, and have had none since.

My health is now very good, and it is nearly a year since I have had an attack of gout, and I hope it has taken its leave of me. To-morrow, if I live, I shall be 71, an age that you and I, fifty years ago, used to consider *very* old; but my feelings and disposition, I am glad to say, do not keep pace with my years, and I hope to pass my year's *visit* in the United States in the same health and spirits. I have secured my passage in the *Scotia* on her first voyage to New York; not yet settled when she will leave, but Judson says 7th or 21st of April.

I passed a couple of days with W. C. Pickersgill about a fortnight ago, and had a pleasant visit. They are all coming here on the 2d March to pass a few days with me. Anna said to me, "I do love Mr. Corcoran." She expects

you out to her wedding, but I offered to bet twenty to one that you would not come.

I had a kind note from Loula lately, from Pau, and was glad to hear that all were well, particularly Wm. W. Corcoran and George Peabody. Very kind regards to George W. and all his family.

Yours, very truly,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

GEORGETOWN, *March 5th*, 1866.

MR. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: I send you a copy of Rev. Dr. Balch's letters, just out. I think you will find them to be humorous, facetious, and characteristic of the Doctor. They also contain some interesting historical events. They are published for the author's benefit. The war stripped him of all funds, and he is too good and noble a man to suffer. It must be gratifying to you, sir, to know that a kind Providence has given you both the means and the disposition to help the needy. Unlike many of fortune, who *die to give*, you *live to give*. You are the almoner of your own benefactions, and live to *see* the good you are doing and to enjoy it. Could the dead of Georgetown speak, they would thank you for that Eden in which they sleep. The poor of our city are warmed and fed by your charity, and recently, I see, you have sent a beam of sunshine and a thrill of joy to the widows and orphans of the South. God bless them, and bless their Howards, and Nightingales, and Dorcases, and Corcorans, too!

Any number of copies of the letters that you may wish for yourself you can have by application to the Doctor at his residence in Washington, or to me in Georgetown. Any influence you may exert in favor of their sale will be highly appreciated.

Yours, very respectfully,

D. BOWERS.

NORFOLK AND PETERSBURG AND SOUTHSIDE RAILROADS,
 PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, PETERSBURG, VA.,
March 30th, 1866.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I am directed by General Mahone to hand you the enclosed annual pass, as a slight evidence of his respect, and token of appreciation of your kindly interest and generosity in behalf of our distressed people.

Very truly and respectfully,

FRANK HUGER.

APRIL 27, 1866.

Will my much-esteemed friend, Mr. Corcoran, excuse the liberty I have taken of asking his acceptance of a little work, as a slight token of friendship from one who often thinks of him, and covets for him, in the midst of the munificent gifts of Providence, that higher gift which sanctifies and sweetens all the rest? It is written with wonderful beauty of style and illustrated with the most attractive imagery. I know of no work which occupies the ground it takes, and I am fully persuaded that, in those calm, quiet moments when free from the cares of business and the pleasures of the social circle, you will find its perusal an intellectual treat and a great practical blessing. It is not possible, my dear sir, for any of us to lose sight of the stewardship we fill, or of the vanity of everything below the skies; and, although it may seem to be presumptuous in one who is so full of infirmity to proffer either advice or counsel to you, there is *that* in the office I bear which justifies my proffering to you a book so full of touching beauty and tenderness of appeal.

With the monuments of your munificence scattered all around you in the beautiful retreat provided for those who

know nothing of the pleasures of the homestead, and the thousand other objects you have patronized, you must still feel that your work is not begun, much less completed, so long as the gift of that noblest of all your possessions—yourself—is withheld from God. The Scriptures tell us of those who gave themselves first, and then offered up their memorial of prayers and alms to God; and now, my dear sir, is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation—the day and the hour in which you may follow their bright example.

If, in thus obtruding upon your time unasked, I should seem to transcend the privilege of a friend or the legitimate province of a minister of Christ who is only your fellow-sinner, you will, I am sure, in respect of the motive, overlook the presumption of the act. I might have talked with you face to face, but there is something in the written expression of the feelings of a friend which remains with us, and appeals to us more powerfully still. For that I have a predilection. All that I ask is that you will take this little work and give it, a thoughtful and prayerful perusal. Read it when alone. It is full of unction; the sweetest spirit pervades it; it speaks right home to the heart. Its beauty of style and richness of thought will command the respect of your intellect, and the sifting power of the truth it inculcates, and the satisfactory exposition it makes of the great scheme of redemption, will commend it to the heart. The world you have weighed in the balances, and I am sure you have found it wanting. The other world is near at hand. My desire is to see you in earnest preparation for it in the use of the appointed means; and if this little work, which is offered to you in the spirit of unfeigned humility and true friendship, should be blessed of God to your assumption of the vows it is your privilege to make as a sinner before God, I shall be devoutly thankful. It is as bread cast upon the waters.

Once more I must claim your indulgence, and close by signing myself

yours, truly,

WM. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

PENDLETON, *April 28, 1866.*

DEAR SIR: Your kind letter of the 17th inst., with its enclosure, was received yesterday, and I hasten to acknowledge it, and thank you for your noble gift. God will prosper one who makes such a faithful steward of the talent entrusted to him. I envy you the glorious privilege of giving and aiding the unfortunate.

Rest assured the portion you have entrusted to me for distribution shall be expended to the best of my abilities, and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in making me the means of bringing comfort to so many hearts. I sent for two of our worthiest and most benevolent gentlemen, and requested them to aid me in seeking out those most needy and deserving, and they have entered heart and soul into the matter, and request me to thank you for our suffering people. As soon as we can get the draft cashed (our community is so small and now so poor that we have to seek some one needing it) we will begin our labor of love; in the meantime, we are preparing our lists, &c. By the time this reaches you, Mr. Clemson will, I suppose, be in Washington. He started a fortnight ago, *via* Charleston, New York, and Baltimore, for your city. My son is with my uncle in Abbeville, about sixty miles off, and well when I last heard. My daughter is with me. Her health is not good, tho' somewhat better than it has been. My mother is a dreadful sufferer, with no hope of recovery, and requiring my constant care. She and Floride request me to present their kind regards, and join their thanks to mine for your kindness to our sufferers.

Be good enough to remember me to any of our mutual friends you may see, and say to Mrs. Riggs that I have received her letter and will answer it shortly.

Very sincerely yours,

ANNA C. CLEMONS.

WASHINGTON, *May 8, 1866.*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor and pleasure of informing you that, agreeably to the constitution of the Association of the "Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia," and as an expression of appreciation, by the members, of your merits as a benefactor of the District, you were, at the meeting of last Wednesday, unanimously elected an honorary member of the society. The meetings are held at the City Hall, the first Wednesday of each month, at 5 P. M., and your old friends of the Association would be glad to see you among them.

As it is desirable to preserve a photograph of each member, I have to request that you will furnish me with one for insertion in our album, and vignette size, with your name, date, and place of birth, and time photograph was taken, written on the back.

I remain, with great respect,

your obedient servant,

JOHN CARROLL BRENT,

Corresponding Secretary.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., Present.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 20, 1866.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I am directed by the trustees of the Washington City Protestant Orphan Asylum to acknowledge the reception by them of a deed executed by you for the lots in 239, which you donated to the asylum. It is with emotions of the deepest gratitude that we acknowledge this

generous and timely gift. Surely, among the many noble charities whereby you have aided the cause of our suffering humanity, this is not the least. The fruits of it will abound through countless years to come, gladdening the hearts and brightening the prospects of the children of want and sorrow. You yourself will contemplate those fruits with unutterable satisfaction as long as you live, and when you have faded and passed away they will make your memory blessed. While we are grateful to you for your liberality towards the institution, whose pecuniary interests are under our care, we are also grateful to *God*, who disposes you to devote to the cause of benevolence so large a share of your earthly substance; and our prayer to him is that you may long be spared to "strengthen the hand of the poor and needy," and show to a selfish world the blessings that ensue when wealth is laid as a willing offering upon the altar of God and humanity.

On the behalf of the board of trustees,

I am yours truly,

P. D. GURLEY,
Secretary of the Board.

WINCHESTER, *September 1, 1866.*

DEAR SIR: Last week the National Express brought to my home your generous gift, Jackson's portrait. I called the committee of gentlemen together. They opened the box and placed the picture, for safety, in one of my rooms, until such time as they can arrange to exhibit it. In the name of our brave dead do I thank you for your aid and encouragement. I wrote you some time since acknowledging the donation of one hundred dollars sent by Mrs. Lee.

We have resumed our work of exhuming and reintering. We hope to have dedicatory services the 25th October. Governor Vance, of North Carolina, has agreed

to deliver the address, if he can be released from his parole, which confines him to his own State. Will you add to your other favors conferred upon us by exerting your influence in behalf of Governor V. He has now written to Washington. I would not have you subject yourself to anything unpleasant, knowing your position; but I think you may have the opportunity to interest some one who can aid the Governor in his wishes. If he is allowed to leave his State, he will come to us, and then, I think, we may promise the Southern public who will assemble on that occasion a rare treat. May we hope to see you at that time?

Respectfully,

MRS. PHILIP WILLIAMS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: How shall I sufficiently thank you, or express the gratitude of the community, for your great kindness in our behalf? At this moment, in which we need assistance, you have tendered it substantially, and we beg to return heartfelt thanks. Your charity resembles a favorite attribute of Almighty God, and encourages us to greater assiduity. Commencing this great work, namely, the purchase of a square of ground, under such favorable auspices—your kindness, I mean—we do hope to succeed, and that our institution, which is to benefit the public, will become not only an ornament to the city, a nursery of piety and learning, but also a monument of your liberality. Certainly we are under lasting obligations to you, our dear, good benefactor and friend. We will not let a day pass without imploring the choicest benedictions of Heaven for you and yours, and recalling with pleasure that we are your willing debtors for life.

May God bless you, and grant you happiness and prosperity, here and hereafter !

Believe me, with esteem and gratitude,
sincerely yours,

M. DE CHANTAL CUMMINGS,
Of the Visitation B. V. M.

Nov. 3, 1866,
Mr. CORCORAN.

NEW ORLEANS, *December 14, 1866.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your handsome donation of one thousand dollars has been received, and I hasten to convey to you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for your generous aid and assistance.

I felt sure, from my knowledge of your character, that in addressing you I should not appeal in vain ; and if all upon whom we have called respond as generously as yourself, I venture to predict with confidence the success we so ardently desire.

Enclosed I send a certificate which makes you a life member of the Southern Hospital Association.

Again, with many thanks,

I am, most sincerely, yours,

MRS. JAMES HEWITT.

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN, *Washington.*

PENDLETON, ANDERSON DISTRICT, S. C.,
December 30, 1866.

DEAR SIR: I have the greatest possible satisfaction in wishing you the compliments of the season, and I will pray that you may live to see a thousand returns.

Your letter of the 20th inst. gives me hopes that the good old State of South Carolina will still live. If we have many such friends as yourself, it will be placed beyond a doubt. We can do nothing within ourselves, and must depend entirely upon our friends without. The cause we have at heart is the only hope for this great Republic;

the object for which we are striving is the only route through which we can recover permanent prosperity. Those who aid us will go down to future time as certainly as the Pyramids of Egypt stand. I am pleased to know that you appreciate our efforts, and I congratulate you that you have an opportunity, and can place your name so prominently before the civilized world.

Help, my good friend, the remnants of the advanced guard of liberty. You will live to see the tables turned, and may I live to participate in the ovation that will be offered you at some future visit to objects of your sympathy. Help us through the press, help us through your friends. Such a cause cannot offer again in our time. We periled all upon a conviction; we were right. Had we possessed as much science as we had courage, things would have terminated differently.

Miss Floride wrote us that she had the pleasure of seeing you, and we were pleased to learn from her that you were looking so remarkably well. Mrs. Clemson and my son join me in tendering our kindest regards.

Very sincerely yours,

THOS. G. CLEMSON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 11, 1867.*

DEAR SIR: Though so slightly acquainted with you—having been introduced to you at the opening of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore—I trust you will not consider it too great a liberty if I invite you to attend my lecture in behalf of a reformatory for destitute boys, to be delivered at Gonzaga Hall, on next Sunday evening, the 13th inst., at half-past seven o'clock. Should you honor us with your attendance, please come to the platform.

I am, very faithfully, yours,

M. J. SPALDING,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

ICHOSSEE ISLAND, *Jan. 25, 1867.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: A few days ago I replied to a note of our mutual and noble friend, Mr. Peabody, in answer to one written by me to him some time ago.

In his note he does me the honor to invite me to meet him in Washington, the last of this month, upon business. As I suppose he is now there and with you, will you do me the kindness to ask him if he has received my note. It was directed to Salem, Massachusetts, and endorsed on the back "to be forwarded to Mr. Peabody's address if not called for, &c."

It would give me great pleasure to go on and meet Mr. Peabody, and will do so when I hear he has arrived there, if possible; but I am now so bound down here, trying to nurse what remains of my property, that I cannot command my time. I have been laboring hard the whole summer, and shall scarcely make both ends meet. I intend to persevere and see what can be done. I have just commenced again, but find the Negro very impracticable. My opinion of them is very much changed. They have not much gratitude; they have become impudent and worthless, and their fate is very apparent to me. It is only a question of time. I think the South is ruined; the labor of the country, formerly the first in the world, now almost valueless. Nothing but Coolie labor can now save the South from absolute want; otherwise, its destruction is certain. What a terrible change from plenty and happiness to poverty and ruin, and the question naturally occurs to my mind, Who has been benefited by it? Certainly not the white or black man of the South. It is the first step taken toward the destruction of this once great and glorious Republic.

Do tell me if our friends, the Tayloes, have gone to Europe. I was told so some time ago.

If Mr. Peabody is with you, do give my kind remem-

brances to him, and also to my much-valued and excellent friend, Baron Gerolt. Remember me kindly to Mr. Riggs and family.

Yours, with very high regard and respect,
WILLIAM AIKEN.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND,
March 13, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just had the great pleasure to receive your exceedingly kind letter of the 8th inst., in reply to mine of the 7th.

I can truly say that your noble generosity affords me more real happiness than words can express. It not only relieves me from the great embarrassments with which I am now oppressed, but confirms the high opinion I have ever entertained of your humane and generous character. Such noble conduct cannot but render you happy, and even deprive death of its terrors.

I beg you to accept the thanks of a grateful heart.

Enclosed I send you a copy of a pamphlet I wrote on the causes of the failure of the Confederate States to maintain their independence, which you may not have seen.

I am, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

R. T.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FORTIETH CONGRESS,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, March 21, 1867.

DEAR SIR: I consider it very desirable that the medal to be presented to Mr. Peabody (under the vote of Congress) should be worthy of the munificence it is designed to commemorate. There is no restriction in the appropriation, and the highest taste and art should be consulted in its execution. I have said this to the President, and to

several of those who are looked upon as his special friends ; but, unfortunately, such things are often overlooked or forgotten. I am sure that, as a friend of Mr. Peabody, you will take some interest in this matter, and give it such attention as may be in your power. Let the medal, in design and execution, be what it ought to be under such circumstances.

Yours, very truly,

J. N. L. PRUYN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, April 17, 1867.

DEAR SIR: After some experience, I find it a hard thing to collect money. The attempt is by no means desperate. It requires time, though, and great care. I made a mistake in not getting some special letters from you. The general letter you gave was of great service, and caused parties to manifest an interest, who would not otherwise have listened; without it I should have come back without doing anything. I have been strongly advised to return, and wish to do so. The field is not one-fifth part explored. Governor Winthrop thought it possible to do something in Boston. Mr. A. T. Stewart gave handsomely. If Mr. Peabody had added his name, with a subscription, however small, it would have proved very valuable. I beg you will write me some letters to such as you think fit—among others, to Mr. August Belmont, if possible—and send them in enclosed envelope, as directed. May I ask you to mention the fact that much local destitution may be arrested by giving employment to the laboring classes, if it becomes practicable to commence to build? Enough has been accomplished to make a beginning with, and when once a beginning is made there will be no difficulty.

With the utmost respect,

your obedient servant,

BENJ. S. EWELL,

President of William and Mary College.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FREDERICKSBURG, *April 26.*

MY DEAR SIR: Mrs. Fitzgerald has handed me fifty dollars, a contribution by you for the repairs of our desolated church. Please accept my thanks and the thanks of the congregation for it. We are hoping, after awhile, to be able to have the building as it was before the war. The circumstances of the people here are as sadly changed as those of any in our whole ruined section. Ichabod is written on everything, and years must elapse before they are again comfortable. Mrs. F. herself lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the war. The people manifest a just and virtuous spirit of independence, so far as their own private wants are concerned, but do not feel justified in leaving the house of God a ruin. Mrs. F. told me that you expressed kind recollections of my father. I am always proud to know and to be grateful to those who knew and loved him. How sadly have the affairs of our country changed since the days in which you knew him! Without filial partiality or prejudice may I not say how strangely do the spirits, who rule the hour now, contrast with those who then guided the nation! May God, in His mercy, help us in the future, and keep the vessel from the breakers which threaten! We can never have any peace as long as radicalism is rampant, and it does seem to me that, unless the conservatism of the North shall rise and eject such a wild, fanatical spirit, we are lost. The scenes of the French Revolution must be re-enacted, with the additional element of horror in the conflict of races. I stand in dreadful fear of what is before us in the future. I remember your visit to Virginia with Mr. Fillmore, your pleasant time in Staunton. Oh, that we had such days again! Oh, that Virginia could be what she was then! But neither you nor I will see those days again.

May God bless you, and may His good will be done.

Very gratefully yours,

THOMAS M. GILMER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Maury is not in town, and will not be for some weeks; hence he is ignorant of your generous donation.

NEW YORK CITY, *May 25th*, 1867.

DEAR SIR: Be pleased to accept from the college faculty the only acknowledgment in their power to make, a picture of William and Mary as it was in one hundred and fifty years of the past, when Jefferson, Marshall, and Monroe were among its students. The picture has no intrinsic value, but may excite some interest. Business is so much depressed here, I have been advised to defer further applications. Mr. Belmont made a small donation. In the meantime, there will be enough to begin operations, and this is the most important point. I shall stop for a day or so in Philadelphia, and as long in Baltimore. As soon as definite steps are taken to begin rebuilding, I will apply for your subscription. This may be in a short time. Had it not been for the practical, real interest you have manifested in the college, its prospects at present would be far more gloomy than they are.

With wishes for your welfare,

I remain yours, most sincerely,

BENJ. S. EWELL,
Pres't William and Mary College.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

RICHLAND, STAFFORD COUNTY, Va., *June 7*, 1867.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

* * * * *

I should like to come up and pay you a visit, and hope to do so *after awhile*; but, at present, my presence is needed here. I am living on the banks of the river that washes the shores of your beautiful city, which, in part,

owes its grandeur to your most liberal munificence. I am away here in the far distance, happy and contented, and out, I hope, of harm's way, making my living by ploughing "the tame, dull shore," and not "the dark, blue ocean," as in other days. I should be pleased to see you here, *when I get nicely fixed up* and can make you comfortable. Mrs. Lee joins me in kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Eustis, if with you.

I am, most truly, yours,

S. S. LEE.

WARRENTON, VA., June 15, 1867.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: The military bill and the apprehension of the further measures of Congress have so depressed the spirits of our people as, to a great extent, to paralyze our industry, arrest enterprise, and endanger all, and, indeed, destroy many existing establishments.

The *Richmond Enquirer* is the best paper in Virginia; has a wider circulation, enjoys, to a greater degree, the confidence of the people, and is more essential to the good order and dissemination of sound principles, than any other; and this paper, conducted by one of the ablest and purest men in the State, is tottering and must go down without some speedy relief, as the editor, under existing circumstances, is unable any longer to sustain the paper, unaided and alone.

In this extremity, the friends of the paper, at least some of them, have conferred, and the conclusion is to make it a joint stock concern, with a capital of \$25,000—its estimated money value—and so keep it afloat until this unhappy crisis shall have passed.

We know your liberality, your patriotism, and, what is still dearer to Virginia, your deep sympathy in her broken fortunes; and we have, therefore, concluded to appeal to you

to co-operate in the work of sustaining the *Enquirer*, by taking such portion of the proposed stock as you, on reflection, may consider judicious and kind. I will add that, if the skies brighten and the impending crisis shall be favorably passed, I have every confidence that any investment you may make will prove highly remunerative.

I shall hope to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

WM. SMITH.

WOODVILLE, RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTY, VA.,

June 26, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just been to my old home in Culpeper, where your kind contribution has just been expended in a kitchen and stable—the first movement towards reconstruction since the desolation of the place in 1862. It inspires me with hope that I may again have a home, after having been a weary exile and wanderer for so many years. The dilapidated dwelling still stands, the only relic amid the ruins; every other building, every paling, fence, &c., &c., gone, including my beautiful church. Of course, I never expect to restore things to their former style and comfort; I have no aspirations of that kind. My church will not be rebuilt in my time; my library, furniture, pictures, &c., &c., hopelessly gone. My only desire is to have a home where I can live in decent comfort. As you have inspired me with the first hope of realizing that idea, and as you were pleased to say, spontaneously, that if one or two hundred dollars more would do me service, I might draw upon you for that amount, and as I now think that would probably turn the scale, I would avail myself of your kindness, if you are still of the same mind. A few years ago and I had lots of friends all over Virginia who would have gladly restored my fallen fortunes, but they have been stripped of all available means,

and are as powerless as I am. As in these circumstances, without any agency of mine, God has raised you up to give me a start, I have hope that He may incline some other friends to lend their aid in making my home habitable.

I am spending the summer with a sister here, whence I send editorials to the paper in Alexandria.

Apologizing for this intrusion of my affairs upon your valuable time, and begging that you will convey to Louise a godfather's love and prayers, and accept for yourself my profound gratitude,

I am, very truly, your friend.

PHILIP SLAUGHTER.

I send copy of one of my speeches, which I hope you will read if you can spare the time.

LONDON, *July 14, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR: The true and deep personal attachment which your kind proffer at parting indicated has been on my mind ever since we separated. Why has it been called forth? I have asked myself this question often. We have our worldly aspirations, our actual needs for material things; but are these—so soon to pass away, so unsubstantial while they last—are these controlling attractions with us? I cannot think so. I am sure, from the words that have passed between us, that higher thoughts than earthly—things that concern us most here, interests that soon will be everything to us—occupy a deep place (sometimes hidden, yet the more true) in our hearts. I know you regard me as sincere. In early childhood transformed and devoted in religious spirit, confirmed after questioning and examination in religious belief, I know from my private interviews with scores of men in public life when advanced in years—among them Polk, Marcy, Pierce, Graham, Houston, Dodge, Buchanan, Green, and Kendall—that all men

that have made for themselves a prominent position are necessarily men of thought on religion as upon other subjects; that they are men of religious as well as of social sensibility, and that there is nothing so prized a treasure as a Christian companion in whom they have entire confidence. I have had the joy of feeling that my humble conference and prayers have been blessed to each of the men mentioned, and to others whom I might name.

I have felt conscious that you have regarded me a sincere Christian, and have felt at times, from your manner, that you enjoyed our occasional references to our personal faith and hope, which must be companions of that "charity" so adorned in your life, in order that we may be accepted of God, and be prepared for His kingdom above. Something in your manner at our parting a few days ago, at your office, brought all these thoughts so vividly to my mind that I have sat down in the quiet of this calm, sweet Sabbath to assure you that, while praying fervently, your name has a place in frequent petitions of my own. I pray that God may spare your life to accomplish the noble ends you have in view for art; whose love God has planted so deeply, for wise and holy purposes, within us; that you may accomplish all your heart desires in other provisions for generations yet to come. But especially do I pray that your prayer may be heard for that pure and undefiled religion which is such a joy on earth and promises such a crown hereafter. It is a gift of God alone, but it is bestowed by Him on all who sincerely ask it. Three or four of the men of whom I have spoken have, within the last year or two, made a public profession of their faith in Christ in different churches.

I hope not to have any occasion to avail myself of your kind proffer; nothing but unforeseen emergency can lead to it.

Ever your friend,

G. W. SAMSON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WILLIAMSBURGH, *August 2, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR: Be pleased to accept my acknowledgment of your letter of the 18th ult. and enclosed check for \$1,000, to be applied to rebuilding William and Mary College. I trust there is no danger of your losing your interest in this institution. To you, as I have before stated, will the rebuilding be due. Without your subscription and interest, it is propable nothing would have been done. If you will continue to give such advice as you may deem pertinent, the future is safe. In New York I tried and tried, but found myself unseasonable, or, rather, out of season, but believe the prospect for doing a great deal *there* a good one. There is a smart and good chap here, John S. Charles, the son of a very worthy mechanic, unable to pay fees. Will you admit him to the benefit of a college education by appointing him to the new scholarship known as the "Corcoran," and requesting him to be admitted on this "foundation" by the college faculty? A note to me to this effect will answer.

With the highest esteem and respect,
your obedient servant,

BENJ. S. EWELL,
Pres't William and Mary College.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NO. 3 BELSIZE SQUARE, LONDON, N. W.,
August 24, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I bear in most grateful remembrance your kind offer of money when first I came to London, in 1863. It touched me at the time more than it seemed to do, and I have often thought I would make the generosity of the act, and the delicacy with which you graced it, matter of record like this.

I hope you have gathered planks enough from the wreck, at most, for a raft, upon which you float comfortably down

upon the tide, which is now ebb with us both. I escaped with what I stood in, but kind friends, hard work, and good luck have enabled me to drift along, so far, with tolerable comfort. I contemplate returning to Virginia, but, as yet, I have had nothing in the way of a living to return to. Moreover, I have children here at school, and I preferred to wait awhile on that great revolution which is still going on in the country. As to what the final result is to be, time so far has cast no light. It's a big country; the seeds of the revolution in the midst of which it now is, though not sowed by General Jackson, were forced into rapid development by influences which he brought into play. We have had one act only in the drama, and its subsequent acts will probably follow each other more rapidly than the decades do. I was in Paris about this time last year, where I went by invitation to explain some of the new implements of warfare that are brought into play. They are adopted; but I did not see any of the old *confreres* out there except Corbin. I inquired for Eustis, but both he and his wife, they told me, had left.

I took up my pen to write only a few lines, but you see I have run around and around, and it is quite time to "bring up."

Good night, and believe me, my dear friend,
very truly yours,

M. F. MAURY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington*.

UPPER MARLBORO', MARYLAND,

September 6, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I was very sorry to hear to-day from Carlisle that you are called to Paris by news of your daughter's ill health. I hope you will find her recovered, and that you will have only pleasure and benefit from your trip.

I received to-day the enclosed from our friend, General J., the first scrip of the pen I have had from him since the day he left Washington. Carlisle says the Virginians maintain that his removal from the army opposed to Sherman lost the cause.

Mr. Blair to-day was exhilarated by the certain hope and evidence of a total revolution in politics and the complete triumph of the democracy.

Yours, truly,

J. F. LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

THE LAWN, NEAR GAINESVILLE,
PRINCE WILLIAM CO., VA.,
September 6, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: Your greatly-valued note of the 4th, coming to hand last evening, apprized me for the first time that you had found leisure, amid your many cares, to think of our poor neighbor, Dr. Balch. Strange to say, my repeated applications to Gainesville had failed to bring me any tidings of anything addressed to my care for our friend, and when he dined with me on Sunday, though your name came up kindly at my board, he did not say a word about the check. Your good intentions, indeed, were entirely unknown to him.

Upon sending one of my boys 'cross country to what he will call his "manse," early this morning, I got the intelligence that the check had quite recently only been received—joyfully I am sure; and as I shall repeat, and with emphasis, my inquiries at Gainesville, I shall, doubtless, be eventually as fortunate with respect to the two packages of good things. We all feel sensibly, my dear sir, your thoughtful consideration for this venerable unfortunate, doubly dear to us, as he draws near his sunset.

My good wife, who had somewhat against you for your fling at her dear old "Virginny" at dinner at the Hotel

Callaghan, and upon which I have plagued her without stint, has wiped all that off her slate now, and sends you her very best acknowledgments and kind regards.

Now as to the health and stamina of our good doctor. When I tell you that on Sunday he dwelt for two hours and ten minutes upon "John's baptism," I don't know which will have most of your admiration, the pluck of the parson or the patience of his flock. I think I know which had most of your sympathy.

We are deeply concerned to infer from your note that you have less favorable tidings of your dear daughter's health, and do sincerely trust you will find her restored when you reach her.

Recall me, if you please, kindly to her good husband, Mr. Eustis, when you meet him.

I am trying to get my own consent to a six weeks' trip to England, but doubt whether I shall succeed.

Faithfully, and with the greatest regard,

I am, my dear sir, yours,

CHARLES GREEN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

THE LAWN, NEAR GAINESVILLE,

September 8, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: In my P. S. of the 1st I told you that the people at the station had just responded negatively to my many-times repeated inquiry for your bounty. Still unsatisfied, and knowing that there was no other Gainesville than ours known to your express offices, I sent over my son yesterday, with the request that he would ask for reference to all the way-freight bills on file since the 17th of August. These were hunted up, and showed, sure enough, one barrel and one case as having arrived, soon after that date, to the address of Dr. Balch, and, upon investigation in the freight house, there they were, overlaid by other

goods. I regretted exceedingly to think that my last will have caused you the trouble of unnecessary inquiries, and fear that we shall, among us, have fastened more strongly in your mind than ever the conviction that old "Virginia" never *does* tire herself. I shall send my wagon over to the station betimes in the morning, and, if I could, would be with it at the Manse to see the Parson and "Susan" breaking in upon their "treasure trove."

Again thanking you for your prompt and courteous recognition of my appeal to you for the good man,

I am, my dear sir, very respectfully,
and with renewed regard, yours,

CHARLES GREEN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SEPTEMBER 30th, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: After much painful hesitation I have decided to appeal to you for aid in a matter which may seem almost beneath your notice, but which is of great moment to me. I need not recapitulate the poverty and desolation of our once proud Palmetto State. It is now a "twice-told tale;" but, universal as is the distress throughout our State, nowhere is the ruin so appalling or the need so great as in St. Helena Parish, of which Beaufort is a part, where our lands and homes have been seized by the United States Government.

At the close of the war I returned to this, my native place, a widow and almost penniless, and since that time I have supported myself and family chiefly by fancy articles of Palmetto and orange preserves, etc.; and my object in writing to you now is to solicit your kind offices in having my work disposed of in your city. In every Christian community there are always "good women" whose hearts respond to the calls of charity—that charity which "considers the poor" and "beareth each other's burdens."

Could you, my dear sir, put me in correspondence with one such lady, to whom I could describe the various kinds of fancy work, preserves, etc., by which many of the Beaufort ladies so *suddenly* reduced from wealth to poverty endeavor to earn a livelihood? Your lady friends could judge what probability of success I should have in Washington.

I am perfectly aware that the liberty which I have taken would be unwarrantable in ordinary times or under ordinary circumstances, but does not the very fact of my taking so extraordinary a step prove, more conclusively than anything I can say, the exigencies of my situation?

It is now about three years since we returned here—a little band of sad and weary exiles, who found their broad land and ancestral homes confiscated and in possession of strangers and Negroes. How that little band have subsisted in a ruined country, without capital and untrained to labor, it is hard to say, and what the ordeal has been is known only to Him who, having formed the human heart, can alone estimate its full capacity for suffering—degrees of suffering being proportioned always by our sensibility to it.

For myself, allow me to say that I am the widow of —, a younger brother of the honorable ——. The family name is probably not unknown to you. Is it weakness in me which induces me to say how much I shrink from the idea of what I have done? My comfort is that I write to one who can understand and sympathize with those feelings of delicacy natural to the station in which I was born, and which have suffered so sorely in making this application to one who has once before rendered me a *not forgotten*, but a gratefully remembered kindness—a kindness shown me in the very darkest day of my adversity.

Very respectfully and truly,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

KNOWSLEY, PRESCOT, *Oct. 6, 1867.*

MY DEAR MRS. EUSTIS:

We were very sorry indeed to hear, some little time ago, how ill you had been. I hope you are already getting stronger, and that the good air of Cannes may completely restore your health. When we heard in the summer that you had given up the idea of your journey to America, I took it into my head to hope that it was only for the same reason that made you take care of yourself last winter, so that I was quite taken by surprise at finding you had been really ill.

We are so grateful to Mr. Eustis for all the trouble he has so kindly taken about us. The papers he sent will, no doubt, be of the greatest use to us on the journey to Cannes. I can hardly say we got his letter safely, for it had a railway accident, and arrived cut in two by the wheels of a train; but I have pasted the papers together, and they are as legible as ever.

We are beginning to find the weather too cold here for Charlie, and cannot often let him go out. It is brilliantly fine, but we had five degrees of frost yesterday. We leave this place on Wednesday for my father's London house, 23 St. James Square, where we stay till the Monday following, and then start for the south. We have had a good deal of gayety here—the Queen of Holland last week, and now the Duke of Cambridge and a large party for a review near Liverpool. The Queen of Holland made herself very pleasant. We knew her before when she was in England; she is very clever and agreeable.

I wished I had seen Mrs. and Miss Eustis again before they left Lancashire, but we must hope to meet very often at Cannes. I did not think Miss Eustis was looking very strong.

My husband is out—at the aforesaid review—and Charlie

is not here, or I should be charged with many messages for you and for Willy.

Ever, my dear Mrs. Eustis,
yours, very sincerely,

E. C. TALBOT.

I heard rather a better account of Lady Mount Edgcombe.

BEAUFORT, S. C., *October 20, 1867.*

DEAR SIR: I have received yours of the 8th inst., and thank you most warmly for your kind compliance with my request to aid me in my little undertaking. This aid is most acceptable to me, and although I feel the deepest gratitude to you for the liberal gift which accompanied your note, yet I frankly confess I felt my pale cheek flush for a moment, as I feared you had construed my letter into an appeal for pecuniary aid. Believe me, dear sir, I meant simply to ask your assistance in the matter I mentioned and express gratitude for past kindness. I will gladly avail myself of your suggestions about Baltimore, and write to your friend, Mrs. M., although the Baltimore ladies have already done so much for South Carolina that it seems almost an imposition. My youngest daughter is now there at school, educated by the association. It was hard to part with my lovely child, but the priceless boon of a liberal education was offered and could not be declined. The bitterest drop in our cup of humiliation is that our children are growing up with few educational advantages. Such as they do enjoy in Beaufort they are indebted for to the association of St. Louis, which supports a school here of over thirty scholars. You say you think "things will soon mend;" the probable election of Grant

does not look much like it. I fear despair will seize the Southern heart.

Forgive me for trespassing so long upon your time.

Yours, gratefully and respectfully,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, November 6, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

When I left you at the dinner table on the 25th, I certainly expected to have seen you the next day, but I presume you returned to Washington by an early train. I got through my work in Baltimore, but from the day you saw me I suffered greatly by inflammation in my knees, and when I left on Monday at 8 A. M., in Garrett's private car, I could only get to and from the carriage by being assisted, and with great pain. I stopped two nights at Oakland to rest, and arrived at my niece's at 9:30 P. M., 31st, where I kept my bed till yesterday, and now I am quite well, and happy that so much of my work is done.

Bishop McIlvaine is here at the invitation of Mrs. Goddard (mother of the bride), and will perform the ceremony of marrying my nephew to-morrow. I shall not go to Cincinnati at present, but leave *via* Pennsylvania Central, and be at MacAllister's, Philadelphia, about the 16th, and leave for New York about the 19th and for Boston 23d, where I shall remain (in Salem and vicinity) until I move south for Washington the last of December.

You now know my intended movements, and I hope I may meet you and have a social chat, dummy, &c. Please remember me kindly to G. W. R. and family.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

RUE DE LUXEMBURG, PARIS,
November 20, 1867,

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

My heart as well as my eyes overflow at the receipt of your kindness. Surely you who lighten so many cares for others should never have a sad burthen of your own to carry. We were all so grieved to hear of your sudden departure and for the cause of it, and rejoice with you that Mrs. Eustis is better. May the reviving influences of Italian skies bring her back to health and renewed happiness.

Your friends here are all well, and all regret your absence.

Miss Horsey continues to improve, and to bless the skill of European physicians. She has returned to her lodgings.

Mrs. Graham returned last night from England, highly delighted with her trip, despite the November fogs.

You did not leave me the package, you spoke of, for "*America*." There is yet time, if you will send it, as she does not sail before the 28th.

Mrs. Carroll and Miss Thompson are making preparations to join us very soon in Rome. Miss Horsey and Miss Carroll will come later. We hope to be off by the first of December, and, if possible, I shall induce Miss Harper to go by the Cornice route, that we may take a peep at you *en passant*, and see the beauties of Cannes and the curiosities of Monaco of which you boast.

Remember us all to Mrs. Eustis, if you please, and assure her she has our best wishes and our best prayers; and, for yourself, be assured you have no warmer and no more grateful friend than

EMILY V. MASON.

Ah, you cannot think how much this blessed 1,000 francs will do! It shall be sent to America directly, divided out amongst my children—\$25 for the winter cloth-

ing of *six*, who are in St. Louis; \$50 for the seven who are at school in Wheeling—the little —— have just arrived there, and I had not clothes for them; \$50 for Baltimore, where are some of my most beautiful, most beloved—the very cleverest of all! And so do you relieve my heart of the *only anxiety* I had, and remove the *only cloud* which promised to obscure the brightness of my winter in Rome. By the time the spring comes, and new shoes and dresses are wanted, my *new edition* will be selling, or “*God will provide.*”

Again believe me,
most truly, your obliged

E. V. M.

COUR LA REINE, December 6, 1867.

DEAR MR. EUSTIS:

I am divided between two strong feelings—the ardent wish to express to you my unbounded sympathy in this, your day of sorrow, and the repugnance to intrude on that privacy which sorrow has so sacred, even for those who have greater claims than mine. As is too usual, the egotistical consideration has prevailed, and, for my own satisfaction, I give you the trouble of reading these few lines. I am really anxious that you should do me the favor to believe in the sincere friendship with which I write them. I will not add another word, where words are vain, but only ask you to remember hereafter that, on an occasion like this, I write myself, as I should in one of joy,

Yours, affectionately and truly,

HOUDEN.

PARIS, *December 6, 1867.*

It is with feelings of real grief that I send you these lines of deepest sympathy, dear Mr. Eustis, to assure you how sincerely I share the great misfortune that has befallen you. No one better than myself can feel the intensity and extent of your affliction, for the remembrance of my own is still as fresh and green as on the day my dear husband closed his eyes forever. I cannot hope to offer you consolation. That, the Almighty alone can send you in His divine mercy; but sorrow is somewhat softened by the assurance of real sympathy. You cannot doubt mine, dear Mr. Eustis, and I am sure you will believe that I personally regret your dear wife, always so kind and affectionate to me. May the sight of your little children, who will, alas! look to you for *double* love, and the sincere friendship of so many who know you and *loved* her, still attach you to life, though the light and joy have died out of it to your anguished heart. Pray express my heartfelt condolences to your dear mother and your poor father-in-law, and believe me, dear Mr. Eustis, with deep sympathy,

yours, very sincerely,

A. DE ROTHSCHILD.

33 CHAMPS ELYSEES, *December 7.*

MY DEAR EUSTIS:

I cannot pretend to consolation, but if the sincerest sympathy on the part of Mrs. Greville and myself, affords you the slightest pleasure you have it to the fullest extent. How sad that one so young and so generally beloved should have been snatched suddenly away from her husband and her children!

I can feel for you even more strongly than most others, as my own wife's existence seems to hang upon a thread, so pale and emaciated has she become. The depression is most painful and makes me very wretched. She is in her

bed, and has been, with a slight interval, ever since you left Paris.

Good bye, dear Eustis, and believe that none can feel for others more acutely than those who suffer themselves.

Yours, most sincerely,

BROOKE GREVILLE.

MY DEAR MR. EUSTIS:

I do not know how to express my sincere sympathy at the sad misfortune which has just occurred. You have, indeed, had an irreparable loss, and one that you will, alas! feel more and more each day; but is there not some slight consolation in thinking how deeply regretted your dear wife has been by all those who had the happiness of her acquaintance? She was so good and so amiable that she was universally beloved. It is also a comfort to know she had every care necessary to her delicate state of health, and, better than all, she was blessed in the best of husbands and most affectionate of fathers. We have done nothing but talk of you and yours, dear Mr. Eustis, so pray excuse me for intruding upon your grief at such a moment; but I wanted to assure you of my true sympathy, as well as that of Mr. Vaughan and Mrs. Fane.

With kindest regards, believe me
ever sincerely yours,

MARY I. VAUGHAN.

25 RUE MARIIGNAN, PARIS,
December 8, 1867.

48 CHESTER SQUARE, *December 8, 1867.*

MY DEAR MR. EUSTIS:

It is with feelings which I cannot easily describe that I now take up my pen to write to you, and would that it were in my power to say or do anything to soothe your sorrow at this moment. The news of your sad affliction

reached me yesterday through Mrs. Griswold, and it is, as yet, almost impossible for me to realize that your dear wife is no more. Few things in my life have ever grieved me like this, for I had learned to love Mrs. Eustis so much from our intercourse last winter, and fully appreciated her charming, gentle disposition. You will pardon my writing so soon to you, but my mind is so full of sorrow that I felt I must express it to you at once, for, indeed, I can think of nothing else. Please give my love to your mother and sisters, and tell Titine I hope she will write to me before very long. May God bless you, my dear friend.

Yours, very sincerely,

H. ABINGER.

486 D STREET, WASHINGTON,
December 9, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You know what, in God's providence, I have suffered, and you know, therefore, that I can feel for you as only a father can feel who has laid his precious child in the grave; but, from the same mournful experience, I know too well how vain are all words of merely human consolation. Still, I cannot help hoping that when the first anguish is over, your heart will recognize the mercy of Heaven in prolonging your daughter's life (with, probably, the fatal seeds of that frightful malady for years) until she has left you—to cheer and bless the years yet in store for you—those beautiful children whose likenesses we looked at together, and who, I trust with all my heart, may be spared long after you and I shall have mouldered in the dust. Will you convey to Mr. Eustis the assurances of my respectful sympathy, and believe me

faithfully your friend,

J. M. CARLISLE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Cannes, France.

PARIS.

MY DEAR MISS EUSTIS:

I have waited to write to you, not because I have not thought of you all, and felt most deeply for you in your great affliction, but because I feared to intrude upon your sorrow, and I half feared you might have left Cannes. I hear to-day that you are still there, and I must send you a few lines to tell you how deep and strong is our sympathy with you. Will you express to your brother how very, very much Mr. Holland and I have thought of him, and how great has been our sorrow for him? I cannot forget those pleasant mornings we spent at your house, when your dear sister looked so sweet, so young, and so full of bright hope. I suppose never was there sympathy more universal and more tender than that felt by every one for your brother. May it carry with it some slight consolation; but it will be long ere poor Mr. Eustis can be comforted. I am so glad to learn that you are still at Cannes. I trust most sincerely that this sad trial may rather attach you to the place instead of making you leave it, for one of my greatest pleasures connected with Cannes was the idea that I should renew my acquaintance with you all. May I venture to ask you to remember me very affectionately to your mother and to Mr. Eustis? and believe me, my dear Miss Eustis,

yours, very sincerely and affectionately,

HOLLAND.

BEAUREPAIRE PARK, NEAR BASINGSTOKE,
HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND,
December 11, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. EUSTIS:

I cannot tell you how deeply I feel for you and your children in this, your sad affliction, which I saw, a few days ago, in the English newspapers. I was not aware that

poor Mrs. Eustis was worse. Your mother and sister called on me the day before I left Paris, and put no address on their cards, so that I was unable even to write to them and say how sorry I was not to be able to call and see them. Will you kindly tell them all this from me? If I can be of any use to you in any way, pray let me know. Will you kindly give the enclosed to your sister?

We have taken this curious old place for the winter months, to be out of the fogs and smoke of London, which this year were worse than ever. Indeed, since my return from Paris, which was bitterly cold in October, we have never seen the sun once until we came down here, excepting when I was at Radmear Hall with my daughter, Lady Anne Chandos Pole. Here, at least, we have no fog and smoke, and are only one hour from London by railroad—on a high hill in a fine park, which elevation gives us just one hour's more daylight at this season of the year. This house belongs to an old family sadly ruined; so they were glad to let it to me for a high rent, knowing I would be careful of the strange old place. Queen Elizabeth lived here, and her room is just as she left—and is haunted. Her suite lived at "The Regne," a most wonderfully curious old place, which in those days belonged also to the proprietor of Beaurepaire, but which has passed into another old family by marriage, the Chutes—mentioned in Horace Walpole's, Miss Seward's, and other letters of that period—and their descendants still live there, and are pleasant people. I shall return to Harrington in March, but not till the fogs are gone, for I could not stand what I have done last November, again, on any account. Should you or Miss Eustis be coming to England, pray come and stay with us, either here or at Harrington; and with our united kind regards and much sympathy, believe me

yours, very truly,

ELIZABETH HARRINGTON.

LONDON, *December 14, 1867.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN :

I duly received your note of the 4th, announcing the death of your angelic daughter on that day. Although anticipated (and you must have been prepared for the afflicting event), no power but that of God can assuage the grief and affliction of a father at the loss of *such* a child, and an *only* child, in which, for more than a quarter of a century, a large portion of your happiness has been centered. Be assured, my dear friend, that I sincerely sympathize and condole with you in this severe dispensation of Providence.

The cough which commenced when you and Soutter were here, and which has at times been troublesome, but not dangerous, is just about leaving me, and I feel tolerably well; but my appetite is not good, and I am twenty pounds lighter than when I went to the United States in 1866.

I shall leave for Rome about the 15th January, where I have promised three or four weeks' sitting to Story for the statue which the City of London and the nobility and bankers and merchants have so liberally subscribed for.

I hope to meet you in Cannes on or about the 20th, and have promised my old friend, McKillop (83 years old), to be at Nice about the 22d, and stay four or five days at his villa, where you and I lunched in 1863. I have engaged to be in Rome by 1st of February. I hope you will make arrangements to go with me.

With kind remembrance to Mr. Eustis, I am,
very truly yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

CHALET DU MINISTRE,

Tuesday, December 17, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I do not know which has touched me most, your cordial acceptance of my very sincere sympathy, or the munificent manner in which you have requited my poor services.

I thank you very heartily for both ; and with kind regards to Mr. Eustis and love to the children, I am,

very sincerely yours,

EDWARD F. NEVILLE ROLFE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Villa de Luxembourg, Cannes.

No. 1 RUE NEWTON, PARIS,

December 19, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have been thinking so constantly of you that I cannot resist the desire to write to you again, though I scarcely know why, for what can I say to comfort you ? But I have thought it might be a little satisfaction to you to know how deeply you were sympathized with in your great sorrow.

Your life had been so dedicated to your darling child that I know what a blank there is now in your existence ; but, my dear friend, you have her dear little children yet to love, and you must not sorrow as one without hope. The past is yours, and you have not one single act with which to reproach yourself, and you can look back on the life of your daughter as one bright, sunny day without a single cloud to mar its joy and brightness ; and if *her* pure spirit could, this day, speak to you, it would be to cheer and comfort, and to beg you not to sorrow too much for *her* !

I *know* you *must* grieve, deeply grieve, for I am sure there is no earthly love so deep as that of a parent ; and I have sometimes thought the strongest love was that of a father for an only daughter ; but I want to say something to mitigate that grief, and I feel how empty words are. All that I can say you know, and still the aching void is in your heart and cannot be filled ! If my prayers are of those that " avail much," your comfort will come with time, for every day do I ask God's blessing on you, and that *He* will comfort you.

If the deep sympathy of friends is any consolation, you may feel assured, my dear Mr. Corcoran, that you have it from many. You have been the friend of so many in the hour of need that many tears will flow with yours from those who did not know the beloved-lost one, but who sorrow for your sorrow. Of those who knew *her*, *all* grieve for *one* so young, so lovely. For myself, I always loved Loulie. I have frequently thought of the time when we went to the White Sulphur Springs together, and how sweet and affectionate she was. To me she was ever so; and, on my reaching Paris six months ago, *she* gave me the most cordial and affectionate reception I have received from any one in Europe. Prosperity had not spoiled *her*; and she was the same sweet, unpretending girl, with the matured intellect and mind of the woman. I was never so struck with any one; and frequently spoke of her as a remarkable person for her age. Now I *know* that God was thus early preparing her for Himself. She seemed so devoted to you, and seemed so anxious for you to come. Now it will ever be a comfort to you that you were with *her* to the last!

My dear friend, interest yourself in your dear little children, and try to bear your affliction for the sake of those left you. You will not deem my letter an intrusion, I know, for I am sure you are certain of my deep sympathy, and that I love you as a brother, and would do anything in the world to comfort you.

Judge Perkins has received Mr. Eustis' letter. He and Evelyn desire their love to you, and unite with me in kind regards to Mr. Eustis.

With sincere affection, your friend,

EVELYN M. PERKINS.

DEC. 19, 1867.

ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM, *December 28, 1867.*

HON. MR. CORCORAN.

HONORED GENTLEMAN AND MOST VENERATED BENEFACTOR :

We, the little orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum, do most sincerely sympathize with you, our generous benefactor, in the deep sorrow of your heart caused by the death of your dear daughter. How glad would we be if we could always know that so kind a friend as you have ever been to the poor orphans would never have any sorrows or troubles, and that your dear children would never die and be put in the cold grave, like our dear parents ; but the sisters tell us that our blessed Lord made us just to live and serve Him on earth, so that after awhile we could go to heaven and be happy with Him forever. And we suppose it was because your dear daughter was so good that our blessed Lord took her to Himself ; but, still, we know, by our own hearts, that you, our generous benefactor, must feel very sad and heart-broken because you will never again on earth see your dear child. So we, the poor orphans, whose hearts you have so often made glad, will pray our Heavenly Father to comfort and console you, and to keep a happy home in heaven for you, so that when you die you will again meet your beloved child, never more to lose her through the long, bright, never-ending day of eternity.

Your devoted and grateful

THE LITTLE ORPHAN BOYS
OF ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM.

MY DEAR MISS EUSTIS :

I did not like sooner to intrude upon your grief, or I would have written before to tell you how very deeply I have felt for you in your recent deep sorrow. Pray accept *now* my most sincere sympathy, and believe how truly I feel for you all, more especially for poor Mr. Eustis, in this most overwhelming bereavement for him.

I hope Mrs. Eustis is pretty well. Perhaps you will kindly remember me to her, and believe me,

very sincerely yours,

K. E. MOUNT EDGECOMBE.

WEDNESDAY.

DECEMBER 23, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR: I was greatly shocked and grieved to hear of the death of your lamented daughter; for although I had only heard of her by the hearing of the ear, I felt as though I had seen the loveliness of her character, her extreme gentleness, and charming unselfishness. It is almost an intrusion for one who has not walked through the fiery furnace that tries you to proffer words of comfort, or offer the poverty of human sympathy; and yet I am sure you will not despise this poor offering from one of the least valued of your many friends.

I have thought of you, all through this heart-rending trial, from the day you left, amid the gleamings of hope and the dread of impending ill, to this hour, when you are lonely and sad. God has ordered, in His mysterious but all-wise Providence, that you who have so often wiped the tear from the eye of orphanage, and soothed so many hearts in their hour of distress by your munificent gifts, should feel the bitterness of the greatest loss that could befall you. You must accept it as His appointment; and, oh! with the many assurances that the death of those we love is a blessing on their souls or ours, and that, if we will it, these light afflictions will work for our good, you cannot but rejoice to believe it true. Her very loveliness, the memory of her still more lovely deeds of kindness and mercy to others, her strong hold upon the heart-affection of all who knew her, give you comfort in this sad, sad hour. You know that to make her happy, and strew the pathway of her young life with flowers, was the single aim

and object of your life, and that is an eloquent soother of the heart. You were with her, and, by a thousand loving offices, you did all you could to win her back to life; and that, too, is a source of sweetest soothing. There is, however, one source of comfort—the great, the only sure source—and that is the cross of Christ. There is one feeling above all the wealth of the chiefest human comfort, and that is the sublime belief that God gives our loved ones sleep, and that He waits to fill the void which this Providence occasions. That cross is accessible to you; that feeling may be yours. Shall I presume too much on the claims of friendship if I venture to suggest the wisdom of casting your care on Him who careth for you?

You may plant one flower on her new-made grave which will adorn it more beautifully than the costliest marble wrought by the most cunning artisan, and that is the flower of faith, which is moistened by the tear-drop of patience and is redolent of heaven. All below the bending blue is vanity and vexation of spirit, and you must now realize it in its full force. None but God can fill the void. He can, if the jewel of faith takes the place of the jewel removed from the golden casket of the heart. The tear may gather on our eyelid, and we may grow weary of watching for the returning footsteps of a loved one gone from us which shall never more echo on our eager ear, but faith gives us back our dead and reconciles us to our lot. This is not cold philosophy, the counseling of an unfeeling stoicism. Oh, no! It is the sublimest philosophy; the very prompting of the keenest, truest sensibility. It is God's own voice to us, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Cast your care on me, for I care for you."

You may, perhaps, think it strange that my thoughts are turned to you; but it is not strange. I have seen the granite of your character tested and proved, and, in sweet-

est proximity with it, I have seen the heart touched by the sorrows you could not ward off; and that alone has made me feel that in this dark hour, while the memory of the loved one departed is so fresh, I should like to say, if I may do so without obtrusion, that I most deeply sympathize with you in your great sorrow.

Yours, truly,

W. PINKNEY.

HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK,
January 2, 1868.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I am almost afraid that, in your great trouble, a letter will seem like an intrusion; and yet I loved dear Loulie so much, and feel such deep sympathy for you and her father and those dear little children, that it is impossible not to write. All through the summer I have been hearing such contradictory accounts of Loulie's health that at last I would not believe anything unfavorable; but aunt Maria's sad letter, which I received yesterday, has made the terrible truth only too real, and my heart aches for you, though I feel that no sympathy, however real, can be much comfort, or lessen the feeling of loneliness that must be so hard to bear. The children must be a great consolation and interest, especially the little girl, whom I have never seen. I hope she looks like her mother, and that she is healthy and strong. I am so glad that your mother and sister are with you; they loved dear Loulie so much, and are so devoted to the children, it must have comforted her to feel what affectionate care they would be surrounded with.

I so often think of that winter in Washington, when you were engaged, and how kind both you and Loulie were to me, never letting me feel in the way of your enjoyment and happiness, but, on the contrary, giving me a share in

all that you did. She was the sweetest and most affectionate friend, and I cannot bear to think that, in this world, I shall not see her any more. If I did not believe that all of us who really love one another would meet again in heaven, which is the blessed hope of all Christians, I think I could not live at all. These separations from those we love would drive me to despair; but I do believe that we shall be permitted to meet again, without the terrible dread of partings which poisons our earthly happiness, and that all these sorrows will be healed forever and ever. I do not see any other consolation in such an overwhelming affliction as yours, and for a long time I think it must be impossible to feel anything but the grief of separation. I do feel so sorry for you with my whole heart, and for poor Mr. Corcoran. Give him my love, and, if it would not be too much trouble for you or your sister (if she would be so kind) to write me just one line to say how you are, and to tell me a little about the children, I should be so grateful.

Believe me ever sincerely and affectionately

your friend,

KATHERINE EVERETT.

NEW YORK, *January 8, 1868.*

DEAR MR. EUSTIS:

I have shrunk from intruding upon your sorrow, but cannot longer delay telling you of the grief with which my husband and I heard of your wife's death, and of our heartfelt sympathy in the affliction which has so darkened your home. That home, to which she gave so much grace, has been among the pleasantest souvenirs of our short visit to England in '66, and has bound and strengthened the warm feeling which has always induced my husband to number both you and your wife as among his earliest and best friends.

Her grace and the charm of her manners and conversation were such as to make a deep impression upon all who came within her influence. I was almost startled by her loveliness as I first saw her on her couch the day I dined with you; maturity had so ripened her charms, and the delicacy of her appearance heightened rather than diminished her beauty.

Remembering how bright your home then was, and knowing, too, what it is to grieve for one who has so gladdened and graced life, I feel how heavily this sorrow must have wrung your heart; how full of anguish are your yearnings for one who was to you both a joy and a pride. I pray that you may find some consolation and comfort in your children. In having Mrs. Eustis and your sister with you, you are relieved of anxiety in regard to them. The atmosphere of childhood is one of such gladness that your sorrow cannot resist it. Pray remember me to both Mrs. and Miss Eustis. I wish we could hope to meet you either here or in Europe this summer. My husband is well, and joins me in sincere sympathy for you and warmest wishes for you and your dear little children.

Believe me, ever, very sincerely yours,

S. N. F. WEBSTER.

SWEET SPRINGS, VA., *January 15, 1868.*

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: I have only now seen in the papers the announcement of the death of your only child in the morning of her days, and in the fullness of a tender, beautiful, and truly womanly life. The event has filled me with such a sincere and unaffected sorrow that I cannot restrain the impulse to offer to your acceptance, in your bereavement, the unavailing but heartfelt sympathies of a parent and a fellow-being who comprehends the whole extent of your suffering and loss. I hope you will forget how much I am

a stranger to you, and that you will not consider the expression of my sympathy in the light of an intrusion upon the sacredness of your grief, for with me it is not only the tribute that every one instinctively feels disposed to offer to a man who has long endeared himself to the kindest regards of all who are capable of estimating unselfish goodness, but it is the expression of my individual remembrance and grateful appreciation of your mercy and benevolence to me, in the hour of my distress, that has made your successes and your griefs alike the subject of the liveliest interest and the most profound and heart-felt sympathy and condolence. Words of sympathy seem to have but little meaning in the first hours of a great grief, even when uttered by those who have the nearest right to console, but as time softens agony into remembrance, it will be some alleviation to know that there were many hearts that shared your distress, and would gladly have offered a balm for wounds they must feel to be incurable. Yet I err in saying incurable, for we can but consider the destiny of all mortality to know that at last it is but a brief parting, even with the best and dearest. You have alleviated so many sorrows in your life, cheered so many aching hearts, brought the light to so many tearful eyes, that I can only pray God to return to you what you have done for your fellow-men, and make your own goodness a consolation to you. Few have carried with them into the hardening sunshine of unexampled prosperity a heart so mindful of the wretched, or a hand so open for relief and consolation.

Time will bring healing on its wings, and will enable you even to feel grateful to God that your child was transplanted, with the dew of life still fresh on its roses, to the airs of paradise ere she had ever known a sorrow or a trial—ever known any experience that did not make this world a beautiful preparation for that which is eternal. Full of goodness and virtue, loving and beloved, her young and innocent life found but its true climax in an early, peace-

ful, and lamented death. May our dear Lord himself be your consoler, and give you the strength, resignation, and comfort that human sympathy would vainly offer.

I have never forgotten your goodness and generosity to me, nor the delicate manner of offering it. I entrusted the expression of my gratitude to an abler pen than mine, long ago, and hope you were made to understand how truly I appreciated your kindness. You have renewed every obligation we owed you in your kindness to my husband's daughter, Mrs. Bailey, who has been a great sufferer. I had no pride to wound, for in our oppressed and ruined land my eyes have grown so familiar with sorrow and trial that a mere worldly pride could have no place with me. Time and war have dealt sadly enough with me and mine. Homeless and destitute in my age, I try to accept the lot that God appoints, and take my place with resignation amid the ranks of the thousands of the brave and noble who suffer in silence, if not cheerfully, every ill that flesh is heir to in a nation of mourners and sufferers.

Hoping that the sincere and almost involuntary expression of my sympathy may not seem an intrusion, and with the offer of my poor prayers and best wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare, I have the honor to be, with esteem and respect and grateful remembrance,

truly your obedient servant,

LETTY P. LEWIS.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, *February 4, 1868.*

SIR: The Department is advised that W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of this city, will arrive at your port, within a few days, by the steamer *St. Laurent*, bringing with him the remains of his daughter, who recently died in France.

The object of this letter is to call your particular attention to the fact, and I will thank you to extend to him, on

arrival, every facility in your power which the peculiar circumstances of the case may seem to require.

I am, very respectfully,

H. McCULLOCH.
Secretary of the Treasury.

To H. A. SMYTHE, Esq.,
Collector, New York.

You cannot think, my dear Mr. Corcoran, how I have felt for you ever since your terrible affliction, and how I pity you. May God give you strength to bear this awful misfortune. My mother and aunt feel for you so deeply, too. We all three spoke of you last night, and of your sad, sad journey, and I do hope you may not be angry with me for intruding on your grief.

We all loved her dearly, and appreciated thoroughly your little darling, and I cannot refrain from telling you so. My dear Mr. Corcoran, you were so sympathetic to me, and I do hope that when you are far away in America you will still keep some friendship for me for *her* sake. I should have wished so much to see you again, even for a few minutes, and I *take* you this little note, which I shall only leave in case you be out or prefer not receiving me.

Ever, my dear Mr. Corcoran,
your most sincere friend,

CHRISTINE V. DE ARCOS.

EGG'S POINT, WASHINGTON CO., MISS.,
February 11, 1868.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I am living here in solitude, with ruin and desolation all around me, trying to wind up my affairs so as to leave this God-forsaken country, and only heard through my wife recently of the death of your dear and beloved daughter. I assure you that I have no

language which can express to you my heartfelt sympathy for your irreparable loss. I know from experience how little consolation there is in such sympathy. I lost, many years ago, a lovely daughter just blooming into womanhood—the very idol of my heart; and when I heard the news of your loss, it was rendered the more heart-rending by an involuntary association of your calamity with my own.

When the shadow of a deep sorrow has fallen on us, we instinctively hide, from the rude gaze of the busy world, the raw and bleeding heart, and commonplace expressions of sympathy often render the silent anguish greater; but a friend, endeared to you by the strongest ties of affectionate gratitude, now that the first pang is past, may speak his feelings without reserve. I saw her matchless loveliness; my heart was often gladdened with the bright expression of her face. I witnessed the tender feelings of her refined soul towards all around her. Her winning grace extorted admiration from every beholder. She was, indeed, one of whom a father and husband might justly be proud. I was so often the recipient of her kindness and courtesy that I loved her not less on her own account than yours. She is dead, and I beg to mingle my own grief with yours and that of her bereaved husband, to whom you will please tender my condolence and sincere sympathy. She is now a bright celestial flower, and it will not be long before we shall have to follow in her star-girt path. Before this occurs, may her children rise up to call you blessed, and may God bless and preserve you and them is the fervent prayer of your faithful friend,

C. S. MOREHEAD.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 16, 1868.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: The announcement, yesterday morning, of the funeral of your deceased daughter was the first intimation received of your return home. My first impulse was to call on you. I know, however, by experience, how much we crave quiet at such a time. This note will not violate privacy, and may be a testimony of the truest sympathy.

You do not know, as I do, what a place you have in the hearts of the people who know you. Many men of your position are courted insincerely, but that is not the secret of the expression which you receive. There is something deep in the heart that wells up in an overflow of *pure and disinterested* affection towards you. It is not too strong an expression to say that the people of Washington (I mean the intelligent and worthy of our city), as much as they *esteem* you, find their hearts getting the mastery of their mere intellectual appreciation—they *love* you.

Can it be possible that our Heavenly Father has put in *us* such a drawing of attachment, and He cherishes Himself no affection for His stricken child? I can never believe it. I never shall forget my intercourse with Gov. Marcy at the loss of his favorite son, when I copied for him a page from Cicero's joyous faith at the death of his son—such a reproof to thinking men with the New Testament, if they do not look up with a steady faith and a cheerful hope.

My conversations, my long acquaintance, have made me believe that you cannot possess so much of the "charity" belonging to true religion without possessing its "faith" and its "hope" also. That faith, I know, is the gift of God, but he gives it in answer to prayer. *Many* prayers are offered for you from sincere hearts.

This brief expression is accompanied with the ardent

petition that my Saviour, a friend whom I have found closer than a brother, may be the companion and solace of your bereaved hours. It has been, it will *now* be more, my prayer that your last days may be your happiest, because filled up with purest joys, and the best, because crowned with success in all the worthy enterprises with which you will be linked to the history of our city, and I believe, too, accepted in a better world.

I am truly, your friend,

G. W. SAMSON.

P. S.—At any time when your leisure permits I will call. I shall be at the funeral to-morrow.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, *Feb.*, 17, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

There are times when silence best becomes us ; when the sacredness of grief should be awfully respected, but when not to speak were to appear cold. That hour is now upon you. Yet what can sincerest friendship say ? May God temper the storm. So doting a father to lose so loving a child ! Truly this affliction is severe. But what mockery is human sympathy ! How impotent are our words ! All, all is sadness ; all but the hope of another meeting.

Your dear child sleeps only. The bright morning will dawn for a happier day.

Yours, truly,

JAS. B. DONELAN.

Will you, my dear Mr. Corcoran, please put my little message of love among the flowers on darling Louly? It is the only tribute I can pay, except my tears, to my sweet young friend. God comfort you in this great trial.

Believe me, very truly,
your sympathizing and afflicted old friend,

MARIANNE KERR.

FEB. 17, 1868.

MITCHELL'S STATION, CULPEPER CO.,
February 18, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have just received, in my sick room, to which I have been confined for four months, a confirmation of a rumor of the death of your beloved daughter and only child, Louise—the offspring of your first love, the pride and joy of your manhood, and to whom you looked as the solace of your declining years, and your representative when you should have passed away. It is the greatest affliction that could have befallen you. I feel a delicacy in intruding within the sacred precincts of a family circle bowed down by such a blow; and yet, perhaps, my relations to you as an old friend and my *benefactor*, and to Louise as her godfather, may entitle me to the privilege of mingling my grief with yours, and dropping my tears upon the tomb of *your* child and *my* god-child. Would that I could say a word to comfort you. A great poet has said:

“Oh, Time! the beautifier of the dead!
Adorner of the ruin! Comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled.”

But that great poet, with all his genius, had, perhaps, never read the fourteenth and sixteenth chapters of St. John and the twelfth of Hebrews. With all his learning he did not know “the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,” whom Christ, after He ascended to heaven, sent “to reprove the world of sin,

of righteousness, and of judgment ;” and He guides us into all truth. It is He only that can so enlighten the eyes of our understanding that we can see things in their true light and rate them at their right value. It is He alone that can teach us the consolatory lesson that “ *God is love,*” and that our afflictions, however severe, are tokens of His love ; that our Father in heaven does not willingly afflict or grieve His children ; but that we are prodigal children, who wander away from our Father’s house, and need discipline, the rod, to bring us to our senses and back to His outstretched arms.

There is so much pretence, hypocrisy, and humbug professing Christianity in these times that an upright, honorable man, conscious of his integrity, is often repelled from communion with such people ; but this, although a plausible objection, is a great fallacy when urged as an argument against Christianity, which denounces these hypocrisies with withering severity. There is a great deal of bad money afloat in the world, and yet no man of sense refuses gold coin on this account. Every one professes to be honest ; but, in fact, dishonest men abound in society ; but this does not prove that there is no such thing as honesty, and that there are no honest men. No more do the many counterfeit presentments of Christianity which abound in the Church prove that Christianity is not divine, and that there are no true Christians. So long as there is one genuine specimen of it in the world, *that* attests its reality and its power. But I have inadvertently been tempted into sermonizing, instead of a mere expression of my cordial sympathy with you and the other members of the family upon the sad occasion, and to offer my devout prayers to God that He will send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, to bind up your broken hearts ; pour the balm of consolation into your bruised spirits, and give you in time “ the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.”

I take a melancholy pleasure in thinking that, although I saw but little of Louise, I occasionally wrote her a letter reminding her of her baptismal engagements, and exhorting her to their renewal in the offices of confirmation and holy communion, and to lead a new life, of which they are the significant signs and symbols. I will send you to-morrow a copy of my last letter to her—1866.

Please offer my hearty condolences to all the bereaved members of the family, and accept for yourself once more my grateful acknowledgments of your generous benefactions to me, without which I should now, in my long sickness and misfortunes, be poor indeed.

Very truly, your friend,

PHILIP SLAUGHTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

RECTORY, *February 18, 1868.*

TO W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

VERY DEAR SIR: Your kind interest in this venerable parish leads me to hope that assurances of the heartfelt condolence of myself, family, and flock will not be a matter of indifference to you in your great affliction. The little I can say will be only a drop in the broad stream of human sympathy which is now flowing towards you; but, such as it is, please accept it.

The darkest cloud, we know, has a bright side; but the silver lining is hard to be realized while the storm beats over us. We rejoice to hear that you have already been able to discern it, and that you have found some consolation in your heavy bereavement. It is, indeed, blessed to mourn when we sorrow with a hope full of immortality. May the great Physician apply this sovereign balm more and more richly to your heart, and to the hearts of all near and dear to you.

The healing hand of Time and the consolations of our holy religion can alone assuage all our grief, and give us

“the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” God takes our loved ones before, and treasures them up in heaven, that where our treasures are, there our hearts may be also. He takes to Himself and blesses those we love, that we may be drawn to Himself, and made partakers of His eternal blessedness. Many, very many who have cause, and many who have no cause but friendship and affection, now remember you at the mercy seat. Nor are the holy angels and the saints departed, and your beloved child among them, indifferent to your happiness. God himself yearns over you to fill you with all spiritual consolations, and may they abound towards you and in you evermore. That He may give you songs in the night, and strengthen you with the patience and resignation of the patriarch, Job, and enable you to feel and say, as he did, “the Lord gave,” &c., is the fervent prayer of,

very sincerely and affectionately,
your friend and servant,

J. A. BUCK.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

It was with great grief that I learned the fatal errand which last called you to Europe. The melancholy circumstances of your return have filled us with sadness.

To one thus bereaved I would not attempt to address words of consolation, but I am sure that you will not deem it obtrusive in me to express my deep sympathy in your affliction.

The lovely character of your lamented daughter must surround you with many mourners; and whilst this, for the moment, seems to give a new pang to sorrow, it must bring to a father's heart an abiding comfort.

Mrs. Ives unites with me in the kindest condolence.

I am, very truly, yours,

ROBERT H. IVES.

PROVIDENCE, *February 24, 1868.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

RICHMOND, *February 24, 1868.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

This is the first day I am out, but I ought to be at home in bed. I am still in great pain. I would have written to you before if I had been able. It was my most fervent hope to be present at the obsequies of the dear departed, as a feeble testimony of my great respect for the dead, and of my affection for the living bereaved; but so it could not be. I was unable to move.

My dear friend, the bereavement which has so crushed you turned my own house into one of mourning. The sympathy and grief of each member of it gushed out like water from the stricken rock. Daily and nightly has gone up the prayer that God would be with you, and bring healing and peace to your heart. My poor wife, forgetting her own troubles, thought and talked only of you and the dear one. Her whole soul was wrung with anguish. My own heart goes out to you in a deep tide of sympathy. May God take care of you, and long preserve you to your friends, and to the little ones who have just met with the mightiest calamity that can befall tender years.

Yours, truly and faithfully,

RO. OULD.

WOODLEY, *February 25, 1868.*

DEAR SIR : I was confined to my room by a dislocated ankle when you arrived, and for some time afterwards.

You will be grieved to receive this letter. It tells you, confidentially, that the doctor announces to me the extreme peril of my dear daughter, Mary: it is consumption. Perhaps, I may yet save her by hurrying her to the South.

Rest assured we all deeply sympathize with you in your great loss. I have, now, a realizing sense of that terrible anguish—that mortal agony.

Ever yours, in heart,

R. J. WALKER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FAIR VIEW, COLLINGTON P. O.,
PRINCE GEORGE COUNTY, MD.,
February 25, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Mrs. Bowie asks me to express to you our deep sympathy in your recent bereavement, and the melancholy satisfaction with which we heard that the remains of one so dear to you in life had arrived to rest near the home of her childhood, and where, we trust, you may be long spared to beautify and cherish her peaceful resting-place.

We hope that you will not regard us as re-opening the fountain of your grief, and that you will derive much solace and comfort from those she leaves behind to take her place in your affections, and (we hope) to fill honored ones themselves in the future.

Allow me, sir, to offer you my thanks for the many kindnesses of which Mrs. Bowie says she was the recipient from you last summer. She unites in warm regards with

yours, very truly and respectfully,

ODEN BOWIE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, VA., *February 26, 1868.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I sympathize most deeply in the great sorrow that has fallen upon you and your house, and trust that He from whom it comes may, in His mercy, give you strength to bear it, and enable you to say, His will be done!

I know how hard it is for you to feel this sentiment—to relinquish her who has been your pleasure, your comfort, and your link with the future; but think of the peace, the surpassing happiness she enjoys, and the grief and suffering she has escaped.

I remember, with peculiar pleasure, her last visit to us at Arlington, and the recollection of her will always bring me happiness.

I hope that you will visit the mountains of Virginia this summer, and it would give me great pleasure if you will come and see us at Lexington. I can assure you of a cordial welcome and the sympathy of early friends.

Most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN.

HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK.

March 1st, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have thought of you *so much* lately, and have been wishing to write to you, but I hesitated lest it should be a trouble to you to receive or answer letters. You must not answer this if it is in the least an effort to you; but I cannot refrain any longer from telling you the deep, affectionate sympathy that I have been feeling for you in all this terrible time of trouble.

I loved Loulie so dearly, and have such happy associations with all the kindness you both showed me when I used to stay with you, that I would give anything in the world if I could be in the least a comfort to you, or show you how deeply all the kind, affectionate acts of both of you are impressed on my heart.

I am sure that you have thought of every comfort that there is in such a heart-breaking sorrow; but I should think that one of the great comforts would be to feel how happy dear little Loulie was in her girlhood and marriage, and how you always gratified her wishes and surrounded her with everything to make her happy, and, *above all*, that she had so much affection and love, and never a harsh or unsympathizing word. I shall always think of her bright happiness and sweetness the winter of her engagement, and I grieve over my loss in such a dear, loving friend. I cannot bear to think of those darling little children that she showed me with such pretty maternal pride; but we must believe that, for some inscrutable reason that God

knows, it was happiest for her to be taken, or else we should lose all hope and faith, and the blessed belief of meeting again which sustains us in these dreadful separations. Dear, dear Mr. Corcoran, if I could only say something or do something for you, for I have such a desire for the love of dear Loulie to comfort you, and, at the same time, I know I can do so little. I shall think of you and pray for you every day, and I hope some time to see you again and talk about our dear Loulie.

Ever, most affectionately, yours,

K. EVERETT.

Don't answer this if it is in the least a trouble.

DALTON, 6th March, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have long wished to write to you, especially since your arrival in America on your sad errand, to express to you my deep sympathy. I truly mourn for the death of my lovely and dear friend, and for you in this trial which renders your life so desolate.

Few know better than I all you have lost, and how terrible is the affliction you have sustained. I have passed many happy hours with her in your society, and know the devotion which existed between you. May the all-wise God, who saw fit to afflict you, send you comfort in your great sorrow !

It was a great shock to me to learn of Loulie's death. I saw last fall, in the columns of a newspaper, that you had been called to France by bad news from her, but had no idea it was more than a temporary attack of illness, or should have written to you then. When I saw you last summer, although you seemed much troubled by her inability to come to this country, I did not think you apprehended any serious trouble.

I propose a visit to Baltimore next week, and shall try to go to Washington to see you.

I heard from papa that you requested your little grandchildren to come to you in the approaching summer. They will be a source of deep interest to you, and I trust their gentle presence may comfort you. Poor little ones, and poor Loulie! What a trial to have to part with her babies!

I fear I have ill-expressed to you in this all my sorrow, but you do not need to be assured of its depth and sincerity.

With much love, I remain,

ever most affectionately, yours,

ELLA.

BALTIMORE, MD., *March 24. 1868.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

We arrived safely here (after a stormy passage) yesterday, just in time to find that we had come too late to see you at Mary Riggs'.

Our heartfelt prayers have gone up for you in your great affliction, out of the depths of hearts which know sorrow in almost every guise. Believe me, dear friend, the young, the beloved child who has left your arms has gone to those which have the power not only to embrace, but to shelter her for all eternity; and time will enable you to dwell rather upon her glorious certainty than your desolation. May He who doeth all things well hasten that period of pious resignation, and, with "His own hand," wipe the tears from your eyes. I would it were in our power, dear friend, to do something to comfort you and her bereaved husband; but we can only watch and pray with you for God's Comforter.

If this note seems an intrusion, you must excuse the pain it causes by remembering that nothing would have called it forth but a warm and affectionate friendship for you and yours.

Will you kiss Loulie's little ones for me, and give our love to Mr. Eustis, with the assurance that you and he have the tearful sympathy and earnest prayers of

yours, faithfully,

VARINA DAVIS.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I am much touched by your kindness in sending me the pamphlet which so vividly expresses your joys and sorrows. The author well describes the mixed character of your experiences in his allusion to your daughter's life and character. Remembering, as I do, the floral magnificence of her marriage, and, again, the sweet tribute of flowers upon her early grave, the beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans are forcibly recalled to memory. They seem, indeed, to have been written expressly for her :

I.

" Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear ;
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth ;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

II.

" Bring flowers, pale flowers o'er the bier to shed—
A crown for the brow of the early dead ;
For this, through its leaves bath the white rose burst ;
For this, in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers !"

In such a generous love as yours, the certainty that *she can never suffer* the pangs of parting that you now endure, there is, indeed, consolation. There was a parent's true love in the Shunamite mother's expression, "It is well with the child ;" and every year makes *me* doubt, in this world of uncertainty and sorrow, whether it may not be a greater grief to *leave* our children than to lose them.

With heartfelt sympathy, in which Judge Loring and my daughters earnestly join,

I am, very truly, yours,

H. B. LORING.

SATURDAY MORNING, *March 28th*, 1868.

ROXBURY, NEAR GUINEA'S STATION,
CAROLINE COUNTY, VA.,
March 28, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I cannot express to you the earnestness and sincerity of the profound sympathy I feel for you in your great affliction. I know better than but few others do the magnitude of your great loss. I loved dear Loulie; she was always sweet and affectionate to me, and my dear husband was so fond of her. The news of her illness was a great shock to me, for she looked the picture of health and happiness when I saw her in Paris. Mrs. Ould was kind enough to give me somewhat of the contents of your letter to her, giving a most touching account of her last moments. It seems so hard to realize that she is gone; she was so bright and charming. I know from sad experience, my dear friend, how entirely unavailing is all human condolence, but to be fully assured of the appreciation of her loveliness, and the terrible depth of loneliness the separation will cause, is a solace. Pray convey my kindest regards and tender sympathy to Mr. Eustis.

With the hope and prayer that you may receive consolation from Him to whom your beloved daughter has gone to be forever at rest,

always your sincere friend,

M. STANARD.

PARIS, 29th *March*, 1868.

DEAR MONSIEUR CORCORAN :

I was deeply grateful for your attention, and I have many thanks to offer for the newspapers you kindly sent me. I read, with much emotion, the articles dedicated to our beloved Loulie.

I have cut them with care, and put them aside with the precious souvenirs you gave me. I shall always consider them with the same affection and regrets, for it is impos-

sible to ever forget that dear child whom we loved so tenderly. What a loss, dear Monsieur Corcoran, for you and all my family !

My thoughts and prayers constantly followed you during your long and sad voyage, and it was with great satisfaction that I heard you had accomplished, without difficulty, your dutiful mission.

The families, Ledoux, Ambert, and Gen. Neigre, request me to present you their affectionate compliments and thanks for the newspapers they also received. They were, as myself, sincerely touched by this attention on your part. My good Anna sends you her respectful regards.

I thank you a thousand times for the news you sent of my boxes. I am happy to know they are not lost.

Mathilde Johnston arrived yesterday from Liverpool ; she will spend some weeks with me.

Au revoir, dear Monsieur Corcoran. Forget not, I beg you, that I shall be most happy to be of any service to you here, should the occasion present itself, and rest assured of my sincere friendship.

CELESTINE SONIAT.

31 RUE BOISSY S' ANGLAIS.

WASHINGTON, *March* 29, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

There was much in the attendant circumstances of your baptism, apart from its own intrinsic beauty and importance, which touched me deeply, and caused my lip to quiver in the act of its celebration.

I mingled the waters of the Jordan with the water already prepared, so that the brilliant scenes enacted in that most interesting of the waters of old were brought into almost actual contact with the grandest event of your life—that which brings you into the household and family of God. A Syrian leper was cleansed in Jordan ; the children

of Israel passed over it when it flowed back at the command of the Lord ; Christ was himself baptised in it ; and, in all these respects, there is a touching and beautiful significance in the use of its waters in the sacrament I administered to-day. The font was your own munificent gift, unasked for and unexpected. God took the flower, you had so carefully watered and blessed, from your bosom just as it was shedding the aroma of its sweetness over your declining years, and transplanted it to softer skies and a more congenial climate. You gave him, to-day, the flower of your heart which the cold winds of adversity had beat upon, but which had, of late years, blossomed in abundance and plenty ; and you gave it to Him when He caused one deep shadow to creep over it, and thus you consecrated the touch of the Fatherly hand that afflicted you for your good.

It is a signal mercy of God that the freshness of your heart was not lost in the glare and glitter of a worldly prosperity which few have witnessed ; and now, my dear brother, that the waters of the Jordan have been poured on your head, and the new birth of water and the Spirit is vouchsafed to you, and you share in the army of the saints, right under the blood-stained banner of the cross, and have proclaimed publicly that you are not ashamed of Christ, and have professed Him before men, you may walk with assured steps down to the water's edge of that other Jordan, satisfied that He will conduct you over in safety, who has blessed the font and made it the laver of regeneration to us.

There is something very touching in one of the incidents mentioned in the second lesson of the day, which, it strikes me, we may regard as providential, which, perhaps, neither you nor I thought of when we fixed upon this day as the time. It is that Christ went out at night, and abode in the Mount of Olives. He went there to meditate and pray. The world is dark ; fiery trials awaits us ;

the battle rages ; the powers of evil are trooping around us ; the evil within us is intensely active ; the cares of this world multiply themselves. To-day, you have enlisted as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The font you gave us, of solid marble, with the cross moulded on, or rather carved out of it, the befitting sign of our profession, is now consecrated in your own baptism. On the canvas one picture meets our view. It is surpassingly beautiful. It is Christ going up to the Mount of Olives, and dwelling there all through the hours of the night, praying for us. As He ascended from that self-same Mount and took possession of the heaven for us, so He prays for us still ; and on that prayer of intercession all our hopes of heaven depend. It is something remarkable that in the same second lesson (providentially, as I believe) you are reminded of the necessity of taking heed, watching unto prayer. With this injunction the scene closes.

Drawn to you before you had, in any way, identified yourself with my poor ministry, by the moral bravery I had witnessed, the large-hearted charity of your life, your dignity and devotion to principle at a time when time-serving is so popular, I thought of you with a perfectly disinterested feeling, sent you a loving message when God took from you the joy of your life, paid my humble tribute to her worth in death ; and now, with a feeling of like disinterestedness, I offer you the greeting of a poor fellow-sinner, and hope that no cloud may ever darken the sunshine of our friendship, and no other feeling ever mingle in the future of our relationship but the sense of a cross that presses on us equally.

Your friend,

W. PINKNEY.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have hesitated to send you a message of remembrance from my pen, knowing how many there were to speak words of soothing and comfort to you ; but it pains me to think that the hand of God is laid so heavily upon one of the best and truest of my childhood's friends, and that I, perhaps, am the last to offer him sympathy ; but this must no longer be so, and I hope it may be a little gratification to you to know, as it is a great pleasure for me to assure you, that the kindnesses of long ago are not forgotten, but are still affectionately and gratefully remembered. The sad event which has deprived you of the pride and joy of your life has recalled vividly to me so many scenes in the happy past in which dear Loulie and yourself bore a part that I cannot realize the changes time has wrought, and feel, almost, as if it were the same sweet little friend and companion of yesterday that had passed away from us. Every source of consolation is open to you. The warm sympathy of friends, the unbounded happiness with which a father's tenderest care and affection surrounded her, must all be pleasing to you in spite of your sorrow ; and then, which is better far than all, as you watched lovingly day by day at her bed-side, you felt that her pure spirit was reaching forward to the light of heaven, and know that she has, indeed, gone " to live with the angels." I am sure you have been taught how gently our Father in heaven binds up the wounds His hand inflicts, and that, like the good shepherd of the Alps, He has folded the lamb in His bosom, and borne it upward that the sheep may follow.

Please allow me to congratulate you upon the event of last Sunday, which has given all your old friends so much pleasure, and none can sympathize more warmly in your grief and in your joy than

yours, most sincerely,

SARAH A. HAGNER.

MARCH 31, 1868.

Will it be asking too much in begging you to give me one of dear Loulie's photographs for my album? I would prize it very much, and place it by the side of the one you gave me of yourself.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *April 27, 1868.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington City.

MY DEAR SIR: It is only very recently that I heard of your return to Washington, or ere this I would have conveyed to you an expression of my sincerest sympathy under your last most heavy affliction.

My heart is devoted to its early friendships. Mine for you has withstood the vicissitudes of more than half a century; you are my oldest friend, and hence, however late, I obey only the impulses of my nature to tender you my strongest condolence. I had the pleasure of only a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Eustis. It is now just eleven years since Mrs. Jones and I met her under your hospitable roof. We both were equally pleased with your lamented daughter's appearance and manners. She was evidently one whom "none *could* know but to love, nor name but to praise." Time only can abate the grief for the loss of such a daughter and only child. You have the very consolatory reflection that by her you did your amplest duty, as you had so faithfully done to her greatly lamented mother. For her memory no greater respect could be paid than that you, for thirty years, have remained unmarried.

I have the photographs of Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Marbury, and yourself. If you have one of your daughter to spare to add to the group, I would be greatly obliged if you would send it to me.

I have just returned from a long visit to my brother in New Orleans. Old times and friends, including your family, of course, were the subjects of our nightly conversa-

tions. As James spoke of you so kindly and favorably—to you, his old friend—I enclose his photograph. On my downward trip I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of some of your connections, I believe—Misses Sanford, Matthews, and Levering. The last one (quite a maiden lady) remembered 'Mrs. Marbury very well when she held the G. T. post-office.

I was so much gratified with the society of New Orleans and the many attentions I received, that, were I wealthy, I would move there. Among many other ladies, I became well acquainted with a widow—niece of J. Davis. She lost her husband in battle, and negroes and other property, nearly to the value of \$200,000. She supports her family as a principal in an academy. Yet she told me her only regret was “the cause;” for *that* she would *sacrifice* a hundred husbands! The Southern ladies are very demonstrative and effervescent—full of mettle; but it was sad to see the poverty and ruin. The agent of an estate on Grand Lake told me that it contained 3,600 acres, three cotton-gins, and a dwelling that cost \$40,000, and that it could be purchased for \$5,000.

Pray excuse this long letter. My kindest respects to Mrs. Hill and family.

Yours, truly,

J. ALBERT JONES.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

BOSTON, *May* 11, 1868.

Having felt a deep sympathy with you in the irreparable loss which you have sustained, I trust that with you the lapse of time may have had its soothing effect, and that your grandchildren may be the source of the greatest comfort to you in your remaining years.

I wish now to communicate to you a matter of the greatest interest to Mrs. Gardner and myself. Our daughter,

Eliza, the only one of our children remaining at home, is just engaged to Mr. Francis Skinner, of this city. The match has our entire approbation, as he is a young gentleman of intelligence and good feelings; and as you know Eliza so well, I have felt that you would be pleased to know that she had so happy a connection in prospect for her future life.

I am yours, very truly,

JOHN L. GARDNER.

CHARLESTON, *February 20, 1868.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Cannes, France.

MY DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter to me, enclosing your check on your bankers in Washington for one thousand dollars, with the request that I would present the same, as a donation from you, to the ladies in charge of the home for destitute widows, mothers, and sisters of deceased Confederate soldiers, was duly received. Your request had my prompt attention at the time, although I have to crave your pardon for having delayed so long acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the transmission of the letter from the ladies of the home to you, which I now enclose.

There are already in the home some fifty inmates, many of them ladies of the highest connections and respectability; and, besides giving them house-rent free, they are otherwise assisted, which is extended also to others not living in the home, as far as the funds of the home permit. A more benevolent and useful institution, or one more needed, has never been established; and you may be assured that your generous donation could not have been more usefully bestowed.

Political matters do not mend with us. There is no loosening of the military tyranny under which we have been bound so long. The only light breaking is from the

evident manifestations from the great body of the Northern people, who are themselves getting satiated and wearied out with radical rule.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully and truly,
H. GOURDIN.

MACON, GA., 25th May, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I thank you for your prompt response to my letter. I fear, however, you may have misunderstood my object, in part. I said, or *intended* to say, that I only wrote in the hope that the time *might* come when you could do me a service in the matter, for at present I would not advise any capitalist to invest in *anything South*. In our present condition we can present no temptation to invite either immigration or capital, and it may never be otherwise. Still, we hope for a better day; till then we must live on as best we can.

And now, my friend, what of the country? What are your hopes and your fears? Grant is the candidate of the radicals, with a platform fully up to the demands of the ultras, so far as the continued persecution and final ruin and degradation of the South is concerned. Negro suffrage and rule is good enough for the South, but ought not to be put upon the North—is their programme for the fight. This, with Grant's military *ecclat*, is the appeal made to the North to fasten upon the conquered South greater ills and severer punishments than were ever before inflicted upon any people. Is this foul iniquity to be consummated? The answer is with the democratic party. If the radicals carry the election, they will owe their success more to the folly of the democrats than the wisdom of their own leaders. We want no better platform for the fight than antagonism to the destructive policy of our enemies. Instead of dividing upon other issues, we should unite in a solid mass upon the issues which radical policy and radical action present. I doubt not a large majority of the people

are cordially opposed to radicalism, and honestly desire to see the country rescued from the hands of men who are breaking down all the barriers of the Constitution and hurrying the country to utter and inevitable ruin. Why not, then, *unite* upon that idea alone, and leave for the future the settlement of minor questions. Let us *first* save the country and the Constitution, and *then* discuss questions of detail in the administration of the Government. To do this, the democratic party must stand upon a platform that *all* friends of the Constitution can unite upon—and *all* can unite upon *opposition to radicalism*. Let that be the voice of union upon which we will wage a warm, certain, and aggressive warfare upon the enemy. We need no *affirmative* issues for this contest. Give the radicals nothing to fight, but keep them, from the start, *on the defensive*. It seems to me such a course on the part of the democracy would ensure certain victory.

As to the candidate, we need the man who will most thoroughly unite our own forces, and, at the same time, draw as much support as possible from the ranks of the other side. From the papers I infer that General Hancock is at present the favorite. Very good; we of the South are content; but I am free to say to you that, in my judgment, Mr. Fillmore is the strongest man that could be run. If the democrats could unite upon him, he would certainly draw more men from the radicals than any other candidate. There is a certain class of men at the North who were whigs, and slid first into the republican and then into the radical party, without any real political sympathy—men whom Mr. Webster used to call the “*solid men of Boston*”—that would recognize in Mr. Fillmore a safe statesman to save the country from anarchy and radical rule, and would vote for him.

Pardon me, for I commenced to write only a letter of inquiry.

Your friend,

HOWELL COBB.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *June 27, 1868.*

DEAR SIR: You will find enclosed the semi-annual report of our "Widow's Home," to which we would respectfully desire to draw your attention, in order that you may be aware that your munificent donation of one thousand dollars has not been ill applied.

While gratefully acknowledging this most liberal contribution, we fully appreciate the kind wishes which accompanied it.

May the sunshine of prosperity attend your path through life, and may you be ever enabled to follow each noble dictate of your large heart.

Very respectfully yours,

M. A. SNOWDEN,
President Widow's Home.

N. C. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF
AND DUMB AND THE BLIND,
RALEIGH, *June 30, 1868.*

MR. W. W. CORCORAN,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of a letter from Miss D. L. Dix, informing me that you have donated the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150) towards the purchase of a cabinet organ for the blind pupils of this institution. Enclosed you will find a resolution adopted by the blind of our institution, expressive of their feelings on the receipt of this generous donation. It is their own offering, having been written and composed by one of their number.

Permit me also, as principal of the institution, to return my most sincere thanks for the evidence you have given of the interest you feel in the enjoyment of an unfortunate class, who, by the loss of sight, are deprived of many blessings which we enjoy. This gift is, perhaps, more gratefully appreciated from the fact that it is the *first* and only valuable donation that has been made to our institution

during a period of more than twenty years since its establishment. It seems to be the general opinion that, as the deaf and dumb and the blind are provided for by the beneficence of the State, they have no claims upon private benevolence. Therefore, in the many donations to the library, apparatus, &c., to other institutions of learning, the institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind of our country have, to a great extent, been ignored.

The gift of the beautiful organ, sent us through the agency of Miss Dix, supplies a want long felt by the blind of our institution, and will add much to their enjoyment of sacred music especially.

I am, sir, with much respect, yours,

W. J. PALMER,

Principal.

N. C. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF
AND DUMB AND THE BLIND.

RALEIGH, June 24, 1868.

Resolved, That we, the blind pupils of the N. C. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, tender to Miss D. L. Dix, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, and Mr. L. Harris Fahnestock, our sincere thanks for the beautiful chapel organ presented by them to our institution, and for the kind expressions of interest in our welfare with which the gift was accompanied.

We will ever gratefully remember the name of Miss Dix, and those who have so generously assisted her; and when, morning and evening, we join our voices in a hymn of praise to the Giver of all good, there shall ascend with it a prayer that His blessing may ever attend her in the work of love in which she has been so long and successfully engaged.

NARCISSA T. DUPREE,

JOHN A. SIMPSON,

FLORA C. McLOAN,

AND OTHERS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 7, 1868.*

DEAR SIR: Your letter was received this morning, and it will give me pleasure to comply with your request. When the money was handed me by Mr. Riggs, I requested him to write and inform you of my good fortune; this he promised he or Mr. Hyde would do.

We have met with a great misfortune in the death of my son Duncan's infant daughter from cholera infantum. This event was most unexpected, and has surrounded our household with the deepest gloom. It was the most lovely, beautiful, and intellectual child I ever saw; so good and patient also; it never cried.

The father and mother are overwhelmed with grief, and the latter is quite unwell.

Mr. Selden has received a very good office, say, \$8,000 a year, and will pay his note; so will Andrews next fall, as he is about obtaining very valuable employment. Our client, Whitney, will certainly be able to pay his note, \$500, as we gained his case by a *unanimous* decree of the Supreme Court of this District. They have appealed, but cannot succeed.

It is certain, however, that, but for your generous interference last year, all would have been lost. It was the turning point, financially, in my destiny when you came to my aid and prevented the sale of Woodley.

Ever your friend, in heart,

R. J. WALKER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,

September 2, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR: Commodore M. F. Maury will deliver his inaugural address, on assuming the chair of physics in this institution, on the 10th of September. In the name of the faculty of the institution I respectfully invite you to be present on this interesting occasion.

It would afford me peculiar gratification to have the opportunity of making you acquainted with the work we have in hand here, and how much we have been able to accomplish through your kind loan to us. We are just entering upon a broader and more important field of operations, to be cultivated by the fertile mind of the distinguished scientific Virginian who has come back to this country to cast his lot with us.

May I not hope that you will favor us with your presence, and do me the honor to be my guest while you are here?

I remain, very respectfully,

FRANCIS H. SMITH,
Superintendent.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

HARRISONBURG, VA., *September 18, 1868.*

MY DEAR SIR: But for your kindly message by Rev. Mr. Dudley, requesting me to write again, I would not have troubled you with this second letter, for really I had supposed the little boy of years gone had faded from your memory and I can hardly express to you my gratification at knowing you have not forgotten me.

I have never forgotten—never can—our meeting. Your kind words of encouragement fastened themselves upon my memory, and kindled in my breast a hope for the bright future to which you pointed. Indeed, sir, you could not then have imagined the influence you were to have upon my future life. Had you not have seen Mr. Dudley, I would tell you something of my life since then, but I suppose, of course, he has told you all.

In my former letter I was so bold as to ask your assistance in behalf of our church in this community. We are just now seeking permanent establishment here, and are engaged in building a place of worship. As vestries usually

do who build for the first time, we took the estimate of our architect as accurate and commenced work. Already, by the excess of cost over that estimated, we can plainly see that several thousand dollars will be needed beyond what we have in hand and subscribed. We are few in numbers, and though our people have given freely, of course we must meet, as best we may, this unexpected burden, and, therefore, I take the liberty of asking that you may assist us. Before I wrote the first letter I hesitated long, because I did not like to trouble you; but, finally, yielding to a sincere and earnest desire to see our church established, I determined you would appreciate the motive, and, therefore, not misjudge me. Your kindness has relieved me of my embarrassment already; and now, sir, hoping I have not wearied you, allow me, most respectfully, to subscribe myself your friend,

W. F. EFFINGER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, *October 6, 1868.*

DEAR SIR: Having learned, incidentally, that it was your intention to donate funds for the establishment and support of an institution to be called the "Widow's Home," it occurred to me that it would not be out of place on my part, but rather in accordance with the philanthropic design which you entertain, to request your attention to a crying want that exists in our community, and which, in my opinion, could be easily provided for in conjunction with the good work which you contemplate. My long experience has convinced me that one of the greatest charities that can be performed by a Christian is to furnish the necessary shelter and protection to women, particularly young women, who are in want of a situation or employment, and who, although industrious and disposed to work, are

often driven by the stress of circumstances to despair, and plunge into habits of vice for the purpose of earning a living. We have asylums for orphans of both sexes, hospitals for the sick and insane, almshouses for the poor, foundling asylums for abandoned children; why should we not have institutions which will afford a temporary shelter to young women who are out of a situation—institutions in which they may be usefully employed in washing, ironing, sewing, and other handiwork until they can find a place which will furnish them with an honorable means of subsistence?

The advantages of such an institution would not be limited to the inmates themselves, but would be experienced by the community at large, because a house like this would be the best intelligence office that could be established. It would be the most reliable source of information for the heads of families who would wish to procure the services of seamstresses, nurses, cooks, or others on whose character and qualifications they could depend. I have no doubt whatever that an institution of this kind would save a vast number of women from destruction, and would be greatly beneficial to the community in a moral and industrial point of view.

You will, therefore, excuse me, my dear sir, for suggesting this matter to your charitable attention, and for expressing the opinion that the object could be accomplished conjointly with that of the Widow's Home. In the building erected for the latter there might be such arrangements as would be adapted to the former good work, without the one interfering with the other.

One of the main points to be considered in such an undertaking is the management or direction of the institution. So far as the success of the establishment is concerned, this question may be satisfactorily answered by saying that the Sisters of Charity or Sisters of Mercy would be most willing to take charge of it, and I am sure that you have every

confidence in their ability to conduct works of this kind. This, however, is a matter for future consideration.

In presenting these views, my dear sir, which exhibit a mere outline of what is to be done, I beg leave to say that even before I had heard of your generous intention to found a Widow's Home, I had determined to lay before you the subject of this communication. No mortal being knows that I have written to you about it.

Hoping that you will take my suggestions in the same spirit in which they are offered, and that God will bless you for the noble charities which you have distributed, and for those which you contemplate,

I am, most respectfully,
your humble servant,

CHAS. J. WHITE, D. D.,
Pastor St. Matthew's Church.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WOODLEY, *October 18, 1868.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I could not express to you how grateful I felt for your kindness and generosity when I last saw you. You have relieved us of much anxiety for the future, and have taken a great weight from my mind. My husband and children feel your kindness most sensibly, and wish to join me in expressing the most grateful sense of your generosity.

That God may preserve you and yours, is the sincere and fervent prayer of your devotedly-attached friend,

MARY B. WALKER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NIAGARA, ONTARIO, CANADA,
October 19th, 1868.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I received in due time and was very much obliged by your kind note, giving me the information derived from *Mr. Ould*, and in which I presume he was correct. As things, however, seem likely to turn out from the indications of the late elections, I do not think it will affect my movements. I can never return to dear old Virginia and be there under any dominion but her own. Better to drag out what remains to me of life, an alien in a foreign land, than voluntarily to subject myself to such degradation. Should Grant be elected, I think it not improbable that I may go to England in the latter spring. I have some plans in view which, if matured, may give me occupation, with some profit, in Canada. Should I do so, I suppose I can get your address on the Continent, or learn your movements from the house of Morgan & Co. I am wearied with an idle life.

Breckinridge is still here, and will remain in Canada for the winter, his wife only with him, though he talks of going next month to Toronto. Should he do so, I shall be alone, indeed. The Prestons, of South Carolina, who spend the summers here, have all gone. My daughter, Virginia, went to Baltimore a week ago, where and whereabouts she will be for a few weeks. Should you go there and have leisure, she will be very glad to see you. You will see or hear of her at Mr. James Howard's, 235 St. Paul Street. I hope you have good accounts of Eustis and his children. Tell me, by a brief note, your address in Europe. I have a late letter from Colonel Mann, who remains in Paris. He said that Slidell had not returned with his family from the sea-side, where he spent part of the summer.

With the united regards of my household to you,
yours most sincerely and truly,

J. M. MASON.

WASHINGTON, *January 7, 1869.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Some time ago I promised, through my son-in-law, Mr. Fox, to send you the original list of subscribers to the stock of the first telegraph company organized in the United States, which I supposed to be in my possession; but as I have not, after much search, been able to find it, I think I was under a wrong impression as to its being left in my hands, to whom, in fact, it did not belong.

The list embraced \$15,000, deemed sufficient to construct a line of two wires between New York and Philadelphia, and was headed by you with a subscription of one thousand dollars. It was gotten up after the failure of all our efforts to raise a dollar in New York or Philadelphia. Your example, doubtless, induced others to subscribe, and to your confidence in Prof. Morse's invention, and your kindness to him and his friends, is ascribable the pecuniary means of testing the value of a mode of communication which now pervades the civilized world; and I do not appreciate your act the less because it was practically another of your many kindnesses to me, and a boon of inestimable value to the worthy inventor of the American electro-magnetic telegraph, whom I then had the honor to represent.

With enduring regard, your friend,

AMOS KENDALL.

64 QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON,

January 22, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have received several notes from you since last spring, and have long intended to write to you, but the state of my health has been such from a gouty cough and entire loss of appetite, and consequent prostration of strength, that my nerves have rarely enabled me to write a note legibly, and

to-day I am obliged to employ another hand. I have, therefore, been obliged to give up all friendly and private correspondence, which, I trust, you and my other American friends now fully understand and will forgive my apparent neglect. I have now to acknowledge your favor of the first inst., and sincerely hope that you may live in health and happiness to the same date in many coming years.

I am obliged by the honor you have done me in your communication to the Georgetown paper regarding my early military career in Peter's Artillery. There is an error or two in the account which are, however, of no material consequence. When we meet in Washington next year, trusting that we both shall be alive, I will give you many more additional particulars of the history of those days.

I fully expected you to be out here in November, and was preparing to go to Nice and Cannes with you; but private business matters have, since that time, so accumulated on my hands that it is now uncertain whether I shall go there at all, but may go to Pau about the middle of February for a short time, which the doctor thinks, at that season, will be better for me than Nice. I have a late letter from Miss Eustis, which speaks favorably of the health of the children, and informs me of the postponement of your visit to Europe till the spring.

All my donation buildings in London are full, and going on as well as could be desired. A most untruthful letter appeared in the papers here regarding them, and was probably re-published in the United States, but it was quickly refuted by a letter from the trustees, and the writer disgraced. As you might not have seen the latter, I enclose you a printed copy.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., *April 30, 1859.*

DEAR SIR: I cannot retire from the position which you temporarily assigned me, without a *written* acknowledgment of the high degree of gratification afforded me by an association which had its origin in your considerate kindness.

Amidst the perplexities which I may reasonably anticipate, it will prove a source of inexpressible satisfaction to reflect that I have been honored with *your* confidence; and, in reference to this unexpected favor, I must adopt the language employed on a similar occasion by a celebrated author, and say,

“’Twas *meant for merit*, though it fell on *me*.”

Before concluding this communication allow me to remark that, having recently been selected as the instrument for carrying into execution *one* of your many benevolent designs, I might justly incur the imputation of insensibility to a noble act, did I not avail myself of the present occasion to make allusion to it. Without entering into a specific enumeration of the *peculiar circumstances* attending this transaction, I must express my conviction that when they *are* made known it will be universally conceded that no other individual, similarly situated, would have evinced such disinterested generosity.

When I *know* that—in the days of this nation’s glory—men who maintained a proud pre-eminence in her legislative halls have given emphatic expression to their admiration of your munificence, the language of eulogy from *me* may seem superfluous, but I think it becomes every man, “in these degenerate days” of our country’s history, to bear his testimony, however humble, to an act that indicates true nobility of soul.

With sincere wishes for your happiness, and with reiterated assurances of high regard,

I remain, dear sir, very truly,
your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN HUNTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MAY 11TH, 1869.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: With pride and pleasure I accept the trust confided to me, and pray that your life may be spared many years to enjoy the fruits of your wise and noble munificence.

With sincere respect,
your obedient servant,

J. C. HALL.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note of the date of yesterday, designating me one of your "trustees" in furtherance of your munificent design in the establishment of an "Art Gallery" in Washington.

Have the goodness to receive with my acceptance the assurance of the honor I feel you have bestowed upon me, and my heartfelt wish that you may be spared for very many years to counsel and direct those whom you have selected as your instruments.

As little valuable as it may prove, you will not doubt, I am sure, my earnest desire to render my best service.

It will give me pleasure to be present at your house on Saturday, at the time designated.

Very respectfully and sincerely, your friend,

W. T. WALTERS.

BALTIMORE, *May* 13, 1869.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *5th June*, 1869.

WM. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Miss Vinnie Ream, on the eve of her departure for Europe to accomplish the work committed to her by Congress, asks me to beg of you a letter of introduction to our great sculptor, Powers. As you have shown

yourself the greatest patron of the arts among us, by giving them "a local habitation" in the capital of our country, and placing there the first great work of Powers as the Genius of the place, I hope you will encourage the aspiring young female artist whom our Government patronizes, and, indeed, sends abroad to catch inspiration, not so much from the works of the dead artists, but from the living one of our country who has already raised for it so high a reputation for art in Europe. I am sure he will not be disposed to see that reputation suffer by the failure of one who goes to him so accredited, if any kind suggestions on his part to the novice who throws herself upon his generous criticism for succor can prevent it.

The intimates of Mr. Lincoln, while he lived, consider the plaster cast of him by Miss Vinnie a perfect likeness. She has certainly a perfect instinct for the execution of the mechanical portion of the art she has undertaken as a profession. She has the industry and enthusiasm to succeed in it, and if she has the genius to rise to the conception of the sublime and beautiful in art, which can alone impart the ideal excellence necessary to make that of the statuary a perfect success, she may make the late President Lincoln as immortal in marble as the catastrophe of his life has made him for history.

I do hope that Powers, in the generosity of his nature, will do something to aid our young novice in the effort to meet the public expectation in the work she has undertaken. Your recommendation may induce him to impart a little of his own genius, at least, in the way of honest criticism, to promote what we all have at heart—improvement of American art by American hands.

Yours, truly,

F. P. BLAIR.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., *June 6, 1869.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have read, with much pleasure and admiration, of the noble and magnificent gift which you have made to the City of Washington for the encouragement of art and the gratification of the people; but your other contemplated charity, for the widows of the District, is a work of greater interest and more enduring fame. The alms of Cornelius are inseparably associated with his name; and, although 1800 years have passed, their memory is as fresh as the verdant leaf, and will never be forgotten.

The widow's mite is more enduring than the Pyramids, and in all ages and countries will be remembered and cherished as a beautiful example till the end of time. Your provision for the destitute and bereaved, as incense will go up as a memorial to the throne of God, and bring down blessings upon the giver and receiver. The gold and silver are the Lord's, and He will not fail to reward His faithful steward, both in time and in eternity.

Wishing you health and happiness,

I remain yours, most respectfully,

GEORGE VICKERS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

91 LAFAYETTE STREET, SALEM, *June 16, 1869.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have received your kind note dated the 11th inst., covering cuttings from the newspapers giving an interesting account of your magnificent donations to establish a national gallery of painting and sculpture in the City of Washington, connecting therewith a Widow's Home. You have my sincere wishes that you may live to see both matured, and to witness the good results of your noble munificence.

My movements at present are very uncertain. I must make almost everything subservient to health and a few

business objects, which have principally induced me to come to this country at the present time.

I am living quietly at my nephew's here, George Peabody Russell's, acting under the directions of Dr. Putnam, of Boston; and, although my health is not materially worse than when I left England, it is not by any means satisfactory. I thank you for your invitation to stay at your house when I come to Washington, and shall accept your hospitality with the same friendly feelings with which it is proffered.

At present, I am not aware that I shall be in Washington before the autumn, but you shall have due notice.

Yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE PEABODY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

June 30, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inform you that the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on you, by order of the trustees, at the annual commencement of the Columbian College held this day.

In our country no titles of distinction are conferred on men in civil life, except those authorized to be conferred by our institutions of learning. It has been generally recognized that the highest testimonials which it is in their province to confer should be bestowed on the few whose public benefactions do for science and art what the learning of the greatest intellects could not otherwise accomplish. The degree conferred on you is but a slight expression of the estimate which, throughout our country, men of letters place on your benefactions.

I have the honor to be,

your friend and servant,

G. W. SAMSON,

President.

W. W. CORCORAN, LL. D.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I am so thankful to you for the beautiful picture of your dear child, who is now in heaven, I hope, reaping the reward of her kindness to the poor and the orphan. I have it hung near our sister Lucy's wreath. Won't you call and see how nicely I have it fixed? I have also arranged a place for yours; there is no hurry, but please do not forget. We *all* wish to have our venerable benefactor in the asylum.

Most gratefully yours,

SISTER M. BLANCHE.

JULY 3, 1869.

91 LAFAYETTE STREET, SALEM, MASS.,

June 6, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR: Mr. Peabody requests me to write you, as we have heard you were at the White Sulphur Springs, in reference to going there himself. He is weaker than when he arrived, and it is evident that the sea-shore air does not agree with him. He has, therefore, decided to go to the White Sulphur Springs about the 19th July, reaching there about the 23d or 24th.

He wishes me to ask you to ascertain, if you will be so good (and, perhaps, on conference with Mr. Greenway, who is at the Springs), whether he can have suitable accommodations for himself and servant; also for Mrs. Russell and myself.

His address will continue to be 91 Lafayette Street, Salem, up to July 19.

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. PEABODY RUSSELL.

To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

JULY 14, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I cannot leave the country without expressing to you my gratitude for the great kindness you have shown me. I cannot understand how it is that you should take so much interest in one who has never had it in his power to serve you. I place it to the account of your extraordinary largeness of heart. I shall (D. V.) soon gaze on the grandeur of the old world, and revel in the beauties of nature and art of which I have read so much; but nowhere will I find one who has given to this world so sublime an exhibition of the happiness that flows from munificent charities wrought in his lifetime; for the greatest of English benefactors, Mr. Peabody, is now on this side of the waters. It must be to you both an intense satisfaction, in the midst of the ambitious dreamings of other men, to strew the earth with the flowers and fruits of a meek charity, and, in the sunshine of your own hearts, feel that you are the only earthly sunshine to so many others. I hope that you will be much benefited by the Virginia Springs, and that you may be long spared to overlook and guard those works of love in the midst of which your sun of life is setting. It may be in my power to show you that I appreciate all you have done for me. In the meanwhile, you will accept the will for the deed. When I think of the two great sorrows that have crossed your path—the one in the morning, the other in the evening of your life—and recall the transcendently beautiful self-sacrifice that caused you to live only for the daughter whose cradle was all that was left to you of a loveliness that earth seldom witnesses, and the calm, quiet submission that bowed tearfully at her grave when it pleased God to take her, I feel that you have been wonderfully sustained.

Professions are not to your taste or mine; but this simple language of the heart will not, I am sure, fail to strike a chord in your bosom that will respond to the touch. I

hope I may live to be able to prove to you that, whatever else I may not have, I have a retentive memory of past kindnesses, and a strong desire to repay them in the best coin I have—that which issues from the mint of the heart and is superscribed with love.

Yours, affectionately,

WM. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

INDIAN HILL FARM, NEAR NEWBURYPORT, *July 29, 1869.*

MY DEAR SIR: I see by the newspapers that you and Mr. Peabody are at the Springs, and enclose the recommendation by your father that Mr. Joseph Peabody be appointed midshipman in the Navy, which I recently came across in a package of autographs, and which may be of interest.

Should you meet General Lee, he may be interested to learn that I have a copy of his father's work on the Southern campaigns, containing many corrections different from those in the second edition, published at Washington by Peter Force.

I purchased it in Paris, some twenty-five years ago, at a sale of the library of Major H. Lee, the biographer of Napoleon. Should General Lee desire to see it, I will loan it to him next winter, with pleasure.

My wife joins me in presenting respects to Mr. Peabody and to yourself—both friends of her father, Mr. F. Dodge.

Very respectfully,

BEN. PERLEY POORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LONDON, *August 2, 1869.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

We had a splendid sail across the ocean in the *Scotia*—as fine a ship as ever rode a wave. The sea, for the first five days, was as calm as the Potomac when the winds are all asleep. To diversify the scene, we had what I should

call a gale, but what the sailors on board considered only a stiff breeze. It was difficult to walk the deck; plates were moving on the table, glasses overturned, &c. I was not sick; consequently, I enjoyed what (to me) was the grandest sight I ever saw—the sea aroused, waves rolling high, foam-crested, and the ship tossed upon its bosom as the plaything of an hour. The Irish coast struck me as peculiarly rugged and grand. Wales, on the contrary, was loveliness personified, with a vast degree of sublimity that is seldom so closely allied to beauty. We had a quick passage—8 days 16 hours. We arrived in London on Saturday morning about 6 A. M. I never saw a lovelier rural district. One thing impressed me—Englishmen know the beauty and value of trees. They know more, and that is, the charm of an irregularity that is not confusion.

Mr. Morgan was more than polite—he was singularly kind. I hope to improve his acquaintance, and trust I may do you no discredit. I was at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey yesterday. Trusting that a letter from me may not be unwelcome to one who has honored me with a friendship to which I possess no other claim than gratitude, and hoping that it may find you well,

I am affectionately yours,

WM. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 1, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have just received your kind note. If Monday was one of your pleasantest days for a long period, it is due to your own courtesy and kindness of heart. I have known you, as you know, for more than fifty years, but at no one time have I seen so much of you as within the last six weeks; and never before have I realized there was so much of the "milk of human kindness" in your heart, and so great

a devotion to promote the comfort and pleasure of those around you, as during the period I have named.

My appetite continues better than when at the Springs, and I hope for a permanent improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell beg to send to you their warmest regards.

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE PEABODY,

By G. P. R.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, *Sept.* 19, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Mr. Peabody desires me to say that he is now staying with Mr. Garrett at his country house. On Tuesday he will be in the city, at the Peabody Institute, to see the trustees and any of his friends, between 2 and 3 in the afternoon, returning here the same day. He expects to leave on Thursday for Philadelphia, and, therefore, desires to say that he fears he will lose the pleasure of seeing you, unless you can make it convenient to come over from Washington before his leaving. Mr. Garrett begs me to say that he will have great pleasure in seeing you here.

Mr. Peabody is to be in New York on the 25th and sail on the 29th.

Mrs. Russell sends her kindest regards, in which I beg to join; and am, very sincerely, yours,

GEORGE PEABODY RUSSELL.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, VA., *23d Sept.*, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am sure that you will be gratified to know that the proceeds of the concert given at the White Sulphur Springs, for the benefit of the Episcopal church at this place, has enabled it to pay its last debt, and that the congregation,

released from the burden that has oppressed them for years, and full of gratitude to those who have relieved them, for the reasons set forth in the annexed appeal, have determined to enlarge the church, and for this purpose have collected among themselves over \$1,000.

I send you the appeal, not to solicit any additional contribution from you, who have already so generously aided us, but that you may be apprized of our efforts, and be able to satisfy other friends, as regards our purpose, who may desire to assist us.

Wishing you a long life and a full measure of happiness,

I am, most truly, yours,

R. E. LEE.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN.

LEXINGTON, VA., 2d October, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your interest in Washington College, and for your desire to have assigned to it the claim of Mr. Peabody upon the State of Virginia. Mr. Russell wrote to me from Baltimore on the subject, and said that he was expecting you the following day, when he hoped the matter would be arranged. One point he wished to ascertain—the corporate name of the college; and as he requested me to address my reply to New York, which will be too late for him to use, provided the assignment is made in Philadelphia, I will repeat the name to you, in case you should require to know it. It is simply “Washington College, Virginia.”

I hope Mr. Peabody will send the papers of assignment to you, for I would prefer your taking charge of the matter to any one else. As I stated to you before, I shall be as much obliged to Mr. Peabody for his kind intentions to the college, in the event of its receiving nothing, as though it had; for the moral effect will be the same, and it will

mark his approval of a college founded by Washington, and evince his wish for its success. But if the endowment of the college could be enlarged, it would add greatly to our usefulness, and to our means of aiding the destitute youth of the South. We shall have this year over fifty beneficiaries, and, if we could afford it, would have more; so great is the poverty of the people. On this account I hope the fund will be realized.

Mrs. Lee and my daughters unite with me in kind regards, in which Col. White joins;

and I remain, most truly, yours,

R. E. LEE.

HON. W. W. CORCORAN.

CORNER 21ST AND H STREETS, *Oct. 4, 1869.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: On my return home I opened your envelope, and was more surprised than I can express. I had imagined it to contain a note of invitation, or something of the kind.

I would much rather have a more lasting token of your friendship or remembrance, and return the enclosed evidence of your kindness, asking that you will select for me some little present as a keepsake. When I wrote the poem about Harewood, I did not dream of the pleasure of your acquaintance; I only knew of your goodness by reputation, and I appreciated and felt it all, as I wrote it—only it was my heart, not my pen, that was writing.

Hoping that God may continue to bless you,

very sincerely,

ESMERALDA BOYLE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SALEM, Oct. 4, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I send with this the assignment of Mr. Peabody's Virginia claim, which was, I think, the last thing signed by him before departure. He promises to look up the copy of his memorial, and other papers connected with the claim, as soon as he reaches London, and send me.

He left in good spirits, and, I think, with proper care, will improve during the winter. As soon as I hear anything from him, after his arrival, I will inform you. I hope you will be able to be with him during a portion of your stay abroad. Please let me know when you sail from New York, and, if possible, I will be there at the time.

I am just in receipt of a note from General Lee, in answer to one I wrote him in regard to the claim. I trust it can be realized for the college without long delay.

Mrs. Russell desires to send her kindest remembrance, in which I beg to join; and am,

very sincerely, yours,

GEORGE PEABODY RUSSELL.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, VA., 9th October, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have received this morning your note of the 17th inst., transmitting the assignment of Mr. Peabody of his claim against Virginia, with a copy of Mr. Russell's note to you. I am truly grateful to Mr. Peabody for his generous gift to Washington College, which I hope will result in much good to the people of the State, and in honor to him; and I am greatly thankful to you and Mr. Russell for your interest and kind offices in the matter. Will you add to my obligations by giving me your advice as to how to proceed to realize the donation? I do not propose to indulge in intemperate haste, nor do I think it advisable to approach the Legislature before it is organized under the constitution which has been adopted for general business; it being

understood to be now in session for a specific purpose, and for the fulfillment of the laws of Congress on the subject of reconstruction. I wish, also, in presenting the claim, not to offend the sentiment of the people, and to obtain the aid of the leading men of the State. Perhaps it would be well to wait for Mr. Peabody's memorial and other papers, or shall I endeavor to obtain them from the files of the Legislature at Richmond?

With true regard, sincerely yours,

R. E. LEE.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN.

CLARENS, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA.,

Oct. 22, 1869.

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

You will have heard, probably, that we have at last all got back to the Old Dominion, and I want to see you here, that you may rejoice with us in the comforts of our new home. We have been very fortunate, I think, in the purchase; the house commodious, the grounds ditto, and everything in good order; but two and a half miles from Alexandria, and a good turn-pike. There is but one drawback, and to that I shut my eyes.

But, pray, come down. Let me hear at what hour and by what route you leave Washington, and I will meet you on arrival, and drive you, in half an hour, to my door. You must come to dinner by three and spend the night (we can make you comfortable); or, if not, come early in the day, dine, and you shall get in good time to Alexandria to return home; but arrange for the first.

I have heard you were going next month to Europe. Is it so?

I hope you have good accounts from Eustis of himself and dependencies.

Yours, very truly,

J. M. MASON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., *October 29, 1869.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I wrote you, eight or ten days ago, that I was now *at home* at "Clarens," two and a half miles from Alexandria, where I wanted much to welcome you, and that you could get to my house in one hour from Washington; you to give me notice by what train or steamer you would come, and I to meet and drive you out.

Being in town to-day, Mr. Herbert tells me that he had seen you, and that you scolded that I had not apprized you of my return to the Old Dominion; but I have had no reply to my note, and inferred you were not in Washington. Let me hear from you, and come to dine with us certainly at three, and to remain at night if you can.

I have a light wagon and good horse, and will meet you on arrival.

Yours, most truly,

J. M. MASON.

I enclosed you, yesterday, a note from Mrs. Lee, of Baltimore.

J. M. M.

LEXINGTON, *Nov. 1, 1869.*

How shall I thank you, my dear sir, for your kindness in so promptly and generously replying to my suggestion in behalf of the poor widow. I was more gratified than surprised, being well aware how many you have relieved. I pray that the Almighty Father may prolong a life so ennobled by charities which His bounty enables you to bestow, and that your dear little grandchildren may be crowned with the choicest blessings of Heaven, and early be taught how "much more blessed it is to give than to receive." This is the only return I can offer you.

I shall enclose to-day your draft to Mrs. Semmes, and tell her that her letter will not be sent to Mr. Peabody, and the reasons for such a course. You may as well destroy it.

Allow me to congratulate you upon being once more in possession of your own home.

Our nephew and his wife arrived safely, and, with the General and my daughters, desire to be most kindly remembered to you.

Believe with what deep respect and regard

I am yours,

MARY CUSTIS LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MOUNT VERNON, *November 22, 1869.*

SIR: I have recently learned that you had engaged a magnolia grown from the seed of the tree known to have been planted by Washington, and that you desired it to transplant to your own sacred ground at Oak Hill. I wish you to feel no delicacy in sending for it because Mr. Herbert has left. I have but just heard the circumstance mentioned, and, be assured, shall be most happy to gratify you in that or any other memento from this hallowed spot.

There are also some willows growing from cuttings brought from Bonaparte's grave, one of which you can have, if you desire.

When you visit Mount Vernon again you will be gratified, I am sure, by its improved appearance.

Very respectfully,

ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM,

Regent Mt. Vernon Association.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DECEMBER 9, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR: On one occasion Mr. Clay said, "Surely no man ever had such friends;" but it is incumbent on me to say, "Surely no man before me ever had, not such *friends*, but such a friend." Your elegant Christmas present came to hand last night. Kindness makes some hard men smile; strange to say, it makes me weep.

My daughter, Julia, was down a short time since. She committed to Miss Peck, directly opposite sister's residence, the little bust of Petrarch. She is well acquainted with Dr. Hill, and said she would deliver it to him; and it may be that you have received my poor little present by this time. How earnestly do I wish that it were something valuable, for it is only an Italian curiosity.

I see that the remains of Mr. Peabody are on their way to Danvers, his native town. I was at that place in the summer of 1819. May he rest in peace. "Seest thou a man diligent in business, the same shall stand before kings and queens." He has made for himself a great name among men.

I saw with pleasure that you were made president of the board of directors at Columbia College. This is exactly right. After what you have done for the city, it seems to me that the authorities ought to release your Washington property from taxation. This would reflect on them the highest credit.

Dr. Parker has returned. Hope that an Indian summer will soon come, when I hope to get down; for my eye is paining me, but felt that these few lines were due. May you experience a joyful Christmas and a happy New Year. Present my respects to Mr. Hyde.

Your true friend,

THOMAS B. BALCH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: The funeral of the late Mr. George Peabody will take place in this, his native town, soon after the arrival of his remains in this country. The services will be held at the South Congregational Church, upon a day and at an hour which will be hereafter and seasonably announced in the public prints. You are respectfully invited to be present on the occasion, and to unite with us in solemnizing the funeral obsequies of one who was not only our

especial benefactor and friend, but who was the friend of humanity; whose death two continents deplore, and whose memory will be always and everywhere revered.

A committee will be in attendance at the institute, upon the day of the funeral, to furnish tickets of admission to the church to invited guests, and to give all desired information.

In behalf of the trustees of the Peabody Institute, and of the committee of the town of Peabody,

we are, with respect, yours,

LEWIS ALLEN,
E. W. UPTON,
FRANCIS BAKER,
GEO. F. OSBORNE,
THOS. E. PROCTOR,
WM. SUTTON,
HENRY POOR,

Committee on Invitation.

PEABODY, MASS., Dec. 29, 1869.

LEXINGTON, VA., 26th Jan., 1870.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am sorry that I cannot attend the funeral obsequies of Mr. Peabody. It would be some relief to witness the respect paid to his remains, and to participate in commemorating his virtues; but I am unable to undertake the journey. I have been sick all the winter, and am still under medical treatment. I particularly regret that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you. Mr. Cyrus McCormick, Colonel Christian, and Major Kirkpatrick, trustees of Washington College, will represent it on the occasion. They will assemble at Mr. McCormick's house, No. 40 Fifth Avenue, New York, and will probably not leave before the end of the week. I wish you could join them, as I know that they would be happy of your company. Please remember me to Mr. Thornton and Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

With great regard,

R. E. LEE.

HON. W. W. CORCORAN.

PHILADELPHIA, *March 4, 1870.*

MR. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: On the occasion of my calling to see your picture gallery last Friday, whilst visiting Washington, you were so kind and courteous to our party that I cannot forbear taking the liberty of telling you how much your goodness charmed me.

Works of art are not so rare as the beautiful graciousness that displays them so generously, and while I admired the collection greatly, I more than enjoyed the kindness of the collector.

The face of the lovely little girl reminded me of the one of whom these little stories were written. I should be very glad if you would consider it worth the trouble of sending them to her, with the author's kind regards.

Very respectfully yours,

MARGARET HOSMER.

2003 WALNUT STREET, PHILA.

PARIS, *March 12th, 1870.*

Hardly had my letter, dear Mr. Corcoran, embarked on the first stage of its transatlantic journey, when we received dear Loulie's beautiful portrait. It is so life-like, the resemblance of every line and feature so vivid, that it brought the tears to my eyes to look at it; and all have particularly requested me to convey their earnest thanks for a gift which is a source of constant pleasure—a sorrowful pleasure, alas!

The necklace even around her throat is linked with so many reminiscences that, like a charmed amulet, it evokes in my memory a host of visions out of the shadows of the past. How kind and thoughtful, too, and just like you, dear Mr. Corcoran, to send us the pretty piece of poetry.

I have just returned from the Bois, where Emile and I take a bracing ride, at a slapping pace, in these lovely but fitful mornings of awakening spring-tide.

Last Monday I was quite happy, as we all went down in a party to Chantilly, where, separating, Mamma, Lina and Mathilde Lesboa, demurely followed the hunt in an open carriage, while Mr. de St. Roman, Emile, and I, with about fifty other riders, rode to hounds; and after a chase of *six* hours, hard riding, the poor, unfortunate stag, to whose side, in my heart, I deserted, was at length brought to bay. To me was allotted the honor of being presented, by the master of the hounds, with the stag's foot, although I confess I would have preferred hunting an imaginary beast, and am, therefore, no fit recipient of it. Emile is having my trophy set in silver, with an inscription, and mounted into a paper-weight of a novel character.

Papa's cold is dreadfully obstinate, but will, I am in hopes, vanish into thin air at the first really warm day. All the rest of the family is flourishing.

Mamma, papa, Mathilde, and Lina all send you endless love, in which, you may be sure, I join for the lion's share. Good-bye, dear Mr. Corcoran, whom I need not beg to believe me,

affectionately, *his* or *yours*—I really do
not know which it should be—

ROSINE (SLIDELL).

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 17, 1870.*

JOS. T. BROWN, JAY COOKE & Co.

DEAR SIRs: I have received your note saying that I, General Howard and Henry D. Cooke, were appointed a committee to wait on Mr. Corcoran to ask him to subscribe the whole of his stock in the Y. M. C. A. I think this is a little too steep. Mr. Corcoran has contributed the valuable building just across the street, and has, in a thousand ways, contributed largely to the City of Washington. I have not the face to ask of him more, but suggest that you

prepare a short financial statement, exhibiting the credits of the Young Men's Christian Association, and submit it to Mr. Corcoran without one word, leaving him to do just what he thinks right. I will not call on him on such an errand, but you may send this note to him, to show that I appreciate his hitherto liberality to works of art and charity. That he will, of his own volition, do what is right in this case, I feel certain.

Yours, truly,

W. T. SHERMAN,
General.

BANKING HOUSE OF JAY COOKE & Co.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 21, 1870.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: After finishing our Young Men's building, we have a floating debt of about \$20,000 that we are very anxious to liquidate. Mr. Cooke, General Sherman, and myself were appointed a committee to visit you and lay our condition before you, and ask you for such aid, in the way of surrender of stock, as you could afford to do. Mr. Cooke surrendered one thousand dollars. I have done the same. General Sherman makes us a contribution in money. We have raised towards our debt, in all, about \$7,000. Now, if you can aid this enterprise without embarrassment, you will add to the numerous obligations to which General Sherman has referred.

With much esteem, I remain truly yours,

O. O. HOWARD.

Mr. Cooke and myself called this afternoon and waited some time, but found you would not return to-day.

O. O. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 6, 1870*

MY DEAR SIR: Dr. James C. Hall, your friend and mine, with whom I have lived for the last twenty years, came up to my sitting-room yesterday morning, with the *Sunday Morning Gazette* of March 27th, to read me a poem he had found in it addressed to you, and which we admired for its grace, beauty, and eloquence.

At my request, the doctor gave me the paper, from which I have cut out the poem (if, perhaps, you may not have seen it) for the sake of the author—who is unknown to me—and for your gratification, for you must be conscious that these lines are true, and are so regarded by all about you.

“In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind’s concern is charity.”

With great regard and respect,

GEORGE WOOD.

To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CLARENS, *April 9, 1870.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

* * * * *

I was very glad to hear that Bright was expected; of course, bring him with you. Give him my kindest regards, and tell him there are few of my old associates I would rather have under my roof than that true man and patriot, Jesse Bright.

Give me two days’ notice when you fix a day, as we sometimes miss a mail; and come early. My purse wants replenishing at backgammon.

Yours, truly and sincerely,

J. M. MASON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CLARENS, *July 12, 1870.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN :

For the last two or three months—I suppose for my sins—my health has not been as good as it should be, from some deranged condition of the liver and the stomach; and the worst of it, from sympathy, my vision has become so impaired that I cannot read a line with any glasses, or see the mark of the ink if I write my name.

In this condition of things, it is said the best thing to be done is to try the waters of the White Sulphur Springs, and, though reluctant enough, I submit.

I set out on Thursday with my daughter, Ida, and, if the waters are auspicious, suppose I must remain for some time. I write, however, to express the hope that you, too, are going there, and to learn when I may expect you. I know it is a favorite retreat with you in the summer months.

I can play whist yet, I think, as the print is large and the colors vivid; but at backgammon I have to trust to my adversary to tell me the throws; so I must have an honest one. Write me at the Springs, and tell me when to expect you.

With the kindest regards of Mrs. Mason and my household,

yours, very truly,

J. M. MASON,
Per E. M. MASON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

HOT SPRINGS, VA., *Aug. 23, 1870.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

It has been a source of regret to me this summer that I have been unable to enjoy your company while you were in the mountains. As you have left the *White*, I presume your visit to Virginia for this season is near its close, and I see no prospect of my meeting with you. I hope that

you have been benefited by your visit to the mountains, and will return to your home refreshed and strengthened. My best wishes accompany you wherever you are. I have been trying the effects of these waters, by the advice of Dr. Buckler, and cannot perceive much change in my rheumatic symptoms, though I will only have been here a fortnight to-morrow. I propose leaving here Monday next, 29th, for Staunton, for the purpose of attending a meeting of the stockholders of the Valley Railroad Company. They have been disappointed in obtaining from the county of Augusta its subscription to the road, and had to devise ways and means of making up its quota of \$300,000 before they can receive the benefit of the subscription of the city of Baltimore, and of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. They have an impression that, as president of the company, I can assist them, and I have been so strongly urged on the subject that, if elected, I will accept and serve them as well as I can. I do not think they ought, however, to put me on these "forlorn hope" expeditions. I have served my turn.

I have watched, with much anxiety, the progress of the war between France and Germany; and, without going into the merits of the question at issue, or understanding the necessity of the recourse to arms, I have regretted that they did not submit their differences to the arbitration of the other powers, as provided in the articles of the treaty of Paris of 1856. It would have been a grand moral victory over the passions of men, and would have so elevated the contestants in the eyes of the present and future generations as to have produced a beneficial effect. It might have been expecting, however, too much from the present standard of civilization; and I fear we are destined to kill and slaughter each other for ages to come. You have, in addition, personal anxieties in the result, and the natural feeling lest your children should be mixed up in its complication. As far as I can read the accounts, the French

have met with serious reverses, which seem to have demoralized the nation, and are, therefore, alarming. Whatever may be the issue, I cannot help sympathizing with the struggles of a warlike people to drive invaders from their land.

Wishing you all health and every happiness,

I am, most truly and sincerely, yours,

R. E. LEE.

MR. CORCORAN.

BARBOURSVILLE, *Sept. 13, 1870.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 8th instant, having been directed to Charlottesville, instead of *Gordonsville* (my P. O.), only reached me yesterday.

I hasten, therefore, to acknowledge its receipt, together with the enclosed bond, and to assure you that I am profoundly impressed by your generous and grateful act. I shall take care that the bond is promptly returned and canceled, and, as the representative of the University, beg leave to assure you of the gratitude of all connected with the institution, and, indeed, of every one who has the sensibility to appreciate noble generosity.

I have the honor to be, with high esteem,

your obedient servant,

B. J. BARBOUR,

Rector.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,

LEXINGTON, VA., *Sept. 15, 1870.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 8th inst., enclosing two bonds, of one thousand dollars each, of the Virginia Military Institute—Nos. 323 and 332—which you have been pleased to assign to me for the benefit of the Virginia Military Institute.

I can scarcely find words to express my deep sense of the kind beneficence which has prompted the gift. In my efforts to restore the ruin which the devastation of war brought so heavily upon this institution, you generously responded to two personal applications which I made to you for the loan of the money for which these bonds were given. I was sorely pressed at the time to provide the means to raise a covering for our homeless boys, but your timely aid, and that of other kind friends, have enabled me to restore the institution to more than its former beauty and proportions, and to-day I have the pleasure to say to you that every room is filled with a noble body of our Southern youth, with some from the North—in all, numbering 350 cadets; and now, just as these bonds were on the eve of maturity, I have received the generous return of them as a gift to the school.

Permit me, my dear sir, in the name of this institution, to return you our most grateful thanks for this favor and honor conferred upon it.

I propose, with your consent and approval, to appropriate these two thousand dollars as a contribution to our gallery of art; and, inasmuch as it is so liberal, and, at the same time, the first donation to this important object, this department of the school will henceforth be designated and known as the "Corcoran Gallery of Art of the Virginia Military Institute."

With sentiments of sincere respect and esteem,

I remain,

FRANCIS H. SMITH,

Supt.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, VA., *Sept. 24, 1870.*

DEAR SIR: Though personally a stranger to you, I hope you will pardon the liberty I am about to take in writing to you.

I have been recently informed that an old-fashioned silver waiter, formerly in the possession of our family, was placed in your hands by my father, the late James Parke Corbin, of Virginia, during the war, or just after, when his pecuniary difficulties were heaviest.

Now, this old waiter was an heir-loom, and though I knew nothing of his disposal of it at the time, I feel sure it was only a desperate necessity which induced my father to part with it. From my childhood up, I have listened to the old stories of its presentation to my grandfather by Lord Dunmore, in the days of the Colony, and many others connected with it, which, to a stranger, could have no interest. As this is the last bit of family plate that I can trace, and as I have a curious liking for this particular piece, I write to beg you, if it is still in your hands, to permit me to redeem it.

It is true that I would not be able to do so at once, because, like hundreds of others in our dear Southern land, I suffered a total loss of fortune, and, since my husband's death in the war, have been thrown on my own resources as a teacher. Last spring, however, I recovered \$2,500, and my fancy reverts to this old treasure. It is a scrap of my home, you see, and I thought I would ask you if you would be kind enough to keep it till I could, from time to time, transmit to you its value. Perhaps some such arrangement was made when you became its owner, but this I cannot tell. I will thank you very much to let me know if you would be willing to part with it, and on what terms.

With many apologies for trespassing on your time,

I am, very respectfully and sincerely, yours,

KATE C. PENDLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Care Col. Wm. Preston Johnston.

LEXINGTON, VA., *November 14, 1870.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I received to-day, by express, the box containing your magnificent present.

I can hardly tell you how I rejoiced at the sight of the familiar face which greeted me with such a delightful surprise, nor how heartily I thank you for so generous a gift.

It will be another incident to mark the history of the old relic, and with it your name will be henceforth a household word.

Let me thank you also for your mention of my noble husband. I like to have the idea of the restoration of this old treasure connected with your knowledge and appreciation of his character. It is more than ever valuable to me now. This, with the cherished associations of my youth, will make it priceless to me. I trust the future will afford me an opportunity to express to you in person my sense of this great obligation. I am sure I shall remember you with grateful fervor in my prayers.

Hoping that, by a good Providence, you may have recovered from your accident, which gave great concern to all your friends here,

I am, with the highest regard,
sincerely your friend,

KATE PENDLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

THURSDAY, *October, 1870.*

DEAR SIR: Thank you very much for your kind permission. May I beg to know where that angel-faced child is now—if she still stays in Paris? I want to beg the privilege of inscribing a little story to her with your consent. She is a sort of a magnet to me in my child-love.

Yours, very respectfully,

MARGARET HOSMER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., *October 10, 1870.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: For so your kindness to me gives me the right to address you. I beg to send you, by this mail, a copy of the journal of the last convention of the diocese of New Jersey, which contains my annual address.

The memory of my sojourn under your hospitable roof, and of the pleasant talks during which we consumed the "midnight oil"—"gas," I fancy, is the right word—will never fade from the heart of

yours, affectionately,

W. H. ODENHEIMER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 14, 1870.*

ESTEEMED SIR: 'Tis with a sad heart and trembling hand I dare address you, and I trust you will forgive this intrusion, in the name of the tears you and I are silently shedding to-day for the fallen hero.

It has been my heart's fondest desire to see General Lee, to place my hand in his, for he is endeared to me by many loving remembrances. Death has prevented me. I am not able myself to attend his funeral, and know of no one who will.

Knowing you to be such bosom friends, I presume you will attend, and I ask for a flower from his coffin, a lock of hair, or *anything* that once touched *him*. Will you bring it to me? I will love it, and it shall be more prized by me than jewels.

This may seem ridiculous to you; but, knowing you by reputation, I am sure, if it is in your power, my request will be granted, and there will be one more added to the very many who love you.

Most respectfully,

LIZZIE P. STUART.

Please leave it with the sexton of the Church of the Ascension.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MONDAY, *October 17th*, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: I desire to express the grateful thanks of our family, as well for your last kind attention as for many others, and to say that we shall be glad to have you with us during your stay in Lexington, whenever and so long as it may be convenient and agreeable.

My mother is obliged to lie down in the afternoon between 3 and 5 o'clock. She will be glad to see you at any other time.

Very respectfully and truly,

G. W. C. LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
October 29, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret to learn of your serious fall at Staunton, and hope that the difficulties of reaching and leaving Lexington may not discourage you from coming again.

I called to see Mrs. Lee just after you left, when she expressed the pleasure she felt at your coming to the funeral of General Lee, at your time of life and so great a distance.

Our board met to-day and elected, with gratifying unanimity, General G. W. C. Lee to fill his father's chair. They also adopted the title, "Washington and Lee University," and elected a most accomplished chemist, Mr. Prate, of South Carolina, to fill the Missouri Professorship of Applied Chemistry. These are all vigorous measures, and indicate that our board intend to build up in this institution a mausoleum to the memory of General Lee. Tell all the friends of this school that such is the avowed policy and purpose of its officials. The last—and, you may say, only—remaining work of General Lee must go forward.

I think it about settled that General Lee's remains will sleep in their present resting-place (without being subjected

to an idle pageant) within the walls of the chapel built and dedicated by himself.

I hope that you will soon be entirely restored to health.

Mrs. White joins me in kind remembrance to you.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

J. J. WHITE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

118 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE,
October 29, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR: Accept my most sincere thanks, in the name of the "Southern Education Society," and also personally, for your most prompt and liberal response to the appeal which I made with considerable hesitation. That you should have made an exception in our favor is very gratifying, not only from the result, but as an evidence that our work commends itself to the heart of the philanthropist.

May you long live to enjoy the greatest earthly blessing—the power to bestow judicious charity.

Very truly yours,

MARY GREENHOW LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

RICHMOND, VA., November 8, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: I make no apology for submitting to you the accompanying paper, although I do feel misgiving on the very unusual ground that your habitual and extensive charities, of right, lift you above all ordinary pressure of appeal. Of your delicately designed provision for reduced ladies Mrs. Lee told me, and of your generous contribution to the memorial fund of Washington College I was informed by another. I can well conceive how these

and other appropriations may render it, in your judgment, unsuitable for you to apply just now anything considerable to the sacred commemoration of our late peerless friend, General Lee, as proposed in this appeal. Should it be so, I shall, for my own part, cordially accept your decision as made considerately and in a devout spirit. Still, if this commend itself to your approval, it will gladden us to be aided as far as you deem most proper.

To carry out General Lee's idea, and especially now that his Christian character and influence are to be represented and usefully extended, will require from \$15,000 to \$18,000 beyond the \$10,000 or \$12,000 we can at home secure. Towards raising this, the vestry was consulting at the very meeting whence the General went home to die, and I am now, by their request, beginning a tour for the purpose of raising all I can with propriety. My purpose is to visit Baltimore, Louisville, St. Louis, and New Orleans. It is a sore trial, but a sad duty. In Richmond, reduced as the people generally are, I have received pledges to the extent of nearly \$700.

Mrs. Lee, who has been in bed most of the time since you were there, is earnestly interested in this matter, and will write me as soon as she can sit up with ease, expressing the gratification it will be to herself if this object can be accomplished.

Besides this sacred commemorative church structure, the monument proper, to the General is, by the kindness of friends, committed partly to my agency. The soldiers at Lexington confided to me the chief charge of their association for having erected the marble sarcophagus surmounted by the General's full-length likeness recumbent, &c., on the tomb; and on the monumental committee of the great Confederate Memorial Association formed here last week they have done me the honor to put me, so that my interest is hearty in these enterprises; but the one most sacred, the church which the dear General left us, as a legacy, to

finish, is, I am clear, most imperative in its claims. The others will be provided for mainly by soldiers. For this, we must seek the aid of the good everywhere.

If, my dear Mr. Corcoran, you think it worth while to communicate with me soon, please direct to the care of Rev. Mr. Randolph, Baltimore; or, if you prefer, be so good as to communicate with Col. Wm. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Va.

Pray excuse me for thus troubling you, and believe that I do it solely as one instance of the duty which divine direction seems to lay on me.

With very kind regard,

I am, sincerely, your friend,

W. N. PENDLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BURLINGTON, N. J., *November 11, 1870.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have been chosen as one of the regents from New Jersey of the New York Industrial Exhibition, which proposes to build a new Crystal Palace near the Central Park, New York City. Could you not consent to be one of the regents from Washington? I do not think that any duty will be burdensome, or that you will be called on for work interfering with your comfort. There are also, I think, some financial features in the proposed exhibition which might partly claim your personal examination as a friend to art and to profitable investment. I wish you would, at least, look into the matter. Col. McMurdy is the president, No. 317 Broadway, N. Y.

Yours, sincerely,

W. H. ODENHEIMER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, KY., *November 17, 1870.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I hope by this time that you are entirely recovered from the effects of the injuries received in Vir-

ginia. I assure you we were all greatly relieved when we saw that, though serious, your injuries were not probably dangerous. I do not know whether it would be prudent for you to venture to visit Kentucky at this season, but if you feel that you can do so with safety, we would be very much delighted to have you here at the marriage of your nephew and my daughter. I regret that we are not house-keeping, so that I could assure you of all the comforts I would be glad to furnish you; but our hotel, the Phoenix, is a good one, and we will make you as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Maggie has been very anxious to have you here, but, I confess, I doubt the policy of your taking any risk, especially if the weather should turn cold. If, however, you feel that you can come safely, nothing would give us all more pleasure.

My majority for the next Congress is 3,406. This is large, considering the negro vote.

Yours, most respectfully,

JAS. B. BECK.

BURLINGTON, N. J., *November 17, 1870.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have to thank you sincerely for the token of your regard in yielding to my request as to the post of regent.

Let me express my heartfelt joy at the tidings of your recovery from the railroad accident, and my thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift that your life was preserved.

Mrs. Odenheimer is highly gratified at your kind message to her, and for the amiable report of her from our mutual friend, Miss Lee, one of the most intellectual and charming persons we have ever known. Until you and Mrs. Odenheimer meet, allow me to send her photograph.

Yours, sincerely,

W. H. ODENHEIMER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CLARENS, November 18, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I received your most welcome note of the 14th inst. as I passed through Alexandria, *en route* for Baltimore. I returned home late last evening, and thus have not been able to express more promptly the great pleasure and gratification that your kindness has afforded to us, one and all. The support thus provided for the school in Beaufort is only another of the many instances of substantial and discriminating kindness extended by you to the impoverished and oppressed people of the South, which has excited in me, as in many others, a feeling of almost personal obligation, and which has built for you an enduring monument in the affection and gratitude of those whose hard lot in life you have so much cherished. When I brought this appeal to your notice I had no intention, as I have before said, of soliciting a contribution from you. I thought your influence the most powerful I could invoke to correct the wrong and injustice done by the present mode of distributing the Peabody fund, and the result has shown that I did not at all exaggerate either your ability or your disposition to remedy the evil. Since my interest has been excited for Miss Hamilton's school, I have heard from other sources the same account of the impoverished condition of this portion of South Carolina, and the favorable impression made by the style of Mrs. Chisholm's letters has been confirmed by all that I have heard of her. I do most truly hope some change will be made in the agents entrusted with this fund, and that a portion of it may be placed within the reach of the children of the *ladies and gentlemen* of the State.

I am sorry to hear that you are still a prisoner in your room, but hope the time is near when you will be restored to your usual health.

Father's blindness, I regret to say, increases rather than improves. My visit to Baltimore was to accompany him

to consult Dr. Chisolm again. I fear, however, his mission was fruitless, since we did not receive much encouragement. Our only consolation is the knowledge that all things are ordered for us by an all-wise and merciful God.

With kindest regards from father, mother, and Ida,
very truly yours,

VIRGINIA MASON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I started to go up to see you the only night I was in Washington, after the pressing official duties were over ; but as it was 9 P. M., I concluded it was too late, and turned away.

I do regret that I was not, and am not now, able to sit with you and help to soothe and cheer some of your hours of loneliness. It is a sore trial for one of your intense activity of nature to be laid by, even for a few days, in the midst of the glorious works that are now near completion ; but, still, faith accepts the present cross as the most signal mercy. There is some wise purpose wrapped up in this seemingly untoward event ; some flower of grace soon to be unfolded in this seemingly bitter disappointment. You have my deepest sympathy. I hope you are rapidly improving. Be careful not to over-exert yourself. I often think of the pleasure the home you are building must afford you. A monument of love it is—a monument to the memory, to the sweet embodiment of love, in which the sublime unselfishness of her young heart and life will be ever reproduced, as home joys cluster around hearts that grief has consecrated. But, my dear friend, what home is blest without the cross ? Think of this. It may be said that the inmates may have varying creeds ; but the builder has not. Hours of sickness will come to that sweet home,

and they will need soothing. Would it not consecrate your gift of love if you were to provide for it spiritually, and open its doors to your own rector, your bishop whom you helped to burden, and his chosen representative in his absence? Surely this much would not more than meet your just responsibility. You have caught up the tear-drop that ever fell from her eyelid at the sight of human woe, and crystallized it in one bright deed of hallowed faith. Will you stop ere the gospel of her hope, and the church of her baptism and yours, are proffered to the home that is to bear her sweet name in memory?

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, VA., *November 19, 1870.*

I should have written long since, my dear Mr. Corcoran, and fulfilled my promise of sending you some memento of General Lee; but I have been confined to my bed nearly all the time since I saw you, and only for the past few days have been able to sit up in a position where I could write conveniently. I hope the worst is now over, and that I shall soon be restored to my usual condition.

I was most truly grieved to learn of your accident, and trust by this time you are entirely restored. The cane I send was presented to General Lee by Mr. Charles Harris, of the Atlantic Hotel, Norfolk, Va., and was made from a portion of the Confederate iron-clad ship Merrimac, which may give it additional interest in your eyes. You must leave it to your eldest grandson, for whom I can breathe no higher aspiration than that he should emulate the virtues of his grandsire, as well as those of him whose name may become engraved on his heart, as it is on the gift. You must send me his likeness and that of his dear mother, whom I remember during her last visit at Arling-

ton. Send me *not* the full-length but the other picture, which is very lovely, and was sent to my daughter, Mary, by your niece. My daughters and Custis desire to be kindly remembered to you.

Believe me, with the sincerest respect and esteem,
truly your friend,

MARY CUSTIS LEE.

If you could see how happy your generosity has made the little widow, I am sure you would feel amply rewarded.

CLARENS, *November 21, 1870.*

MY DEAR CORCORAN:

I write a note of inquiry only to know how you are getting on. Your last kind note to Miss Virginia, certainly characteristic of yourself, so far as it spoke of your bounty to the destitute in South Carolina, did not inform us. I want to know if your wound has sufficiently healed to enable you to use the limb, or whether it is still kept in a horizontal posture. If still confined to the house, tell me of your general health, and all about yourself.

We two old codgers have little left to interest us (certainly as to one of us) but to inquire about each other. As to myself, my general health is certainly better than it was, but my sight, I regret to say I fear, is going from bad to worse. I went again last week, for a day, to see Dr. Chisolm in Baltimore. He *pow-wow*ed, examined, and again prescribed; but I never had much faith in the doctors. My doubt is they can't help me, but it is not professional to say so.

All send best regards with those of

yours, most truly,

J. M. MASON,

By E. M. M.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MITCHELL'S STATION, CULPEPER, VA.,

December 6, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: May I call you my friend, as I am truly yours? I am upwards of 70—you not so much; but both are standing on the brink of that river which divides two worlds. In a few years—perhaps a few days—we shall cross. By the grace of God I am ready and willing, and often feel a longing for that happy moment which will translate me to a better world. My trust is in the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ. I shall soon be in one of my “Father’s mansions,” and feel *that there* I shall meet loved friends and redeemed spirits. Should I be first called, which is so probable, and it be permitted to welcome those who follow, I shall anxiously look for you; but, my friend, there is but one thing I apprehend; I hope you can remove it. It is this: Your life has been so redolent with beneficent deeds that I sometimes fear you may rest your claims to heaven on them. *This would be a sad mistake.* “There is no other name given unto men, whereby they can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ.” “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” Tell me your only hope is in Jesus Christ, “the Rock of Ages,” and I would then say of you, as was said of the celebrated Robert Boyle, “He was a connecting link between men and angels.”

When, on an occasion which is a sacred treasure in memory, I told you I proposed raising a thousand dollars to restore a shelter and a home to one of Christ’s faithful ministers (then broken down in health, whose happy home had been desolated by the vandal foe), and asked you to be one of ten to raise that amount, you promptly responded, “I will give \$200,” and then, rising from your seat, with the tear springing in your eye, exclaimed, “I will give \$500! My heart was then melted, and my spirit drawn to you in gratitude and love. “Oh! the luxury of doing good!” “It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

My friend, I have another case to present to you. On

Saturday night last at 2 A. M., the building of Martin Stringfellow was consumed, and his wife and three children escaped from the flames with their lives. Clothing, furniture, and all perished. He is a devoted member of the same church with me; was a gallant soldier in the war, once wounded, and always in the thick of the fight. He has a small farm which the war left him, but still encumbered by a balance of the purchase money. He has many kind but poor friends. I propose raising, from sympathizing hearts, a few hundred dollars to build him an humble cottage. My heart and mind almost instinctively turn to you. Can you give me \$20 to aid in this beneficent object? He knows nothing of my intentions. In the course of the present week I shall try to effect it.

I remain, sir, most truly,
your friend and obedient servant,

JEREMIAH MORTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,
LEXINGTON, VA., *December 8, 1870.*

MY DEAR SIR: You will hear with sorrow the tidings of the sudden death of Prof. W. D. Washington. Of feeble constitution naturally, he had been afflicted from childhood with a spinal affection, which terminated in a rapid softening of the brain. He died on the 1st of December, and left a vacancy in our midst not easily filled.

We are determined to carry on, with unabated vigor, the cultivation of the fine arts which had been so happily inaugurated under the administration of Col. Washington, and in filling the vacancy which his death has occasioned, it would afford us great satisfaction to have the aid of your good taste and enlightened judgment. We wish to make the "Corcoran Gallery of Art of the Virginia Military Institute" worthy of its name and its destiny, and if you can

recommend to us the name of any gifted Southern artist who will infuse life and genius into the work thus happily begun, you will place us under additional obligations to you.

I remain, with great respect, yours most truly,

FRANCIS H. SMITH,
Supt.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

29 BELGRAVE SQUARE, LONDON,
January 1, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Many thanks for your kind letter forwarded to me by Eustis. In many, perhaps in most instances, such letters are more marks of respect for the living than regret for the dead; but we feel that, in her case, they are something more than ordinary conventionalities. All who knew her esteemed and admired her; those who knew her well, and you are of the number, were her attached friends. George or his sister will have, doubtless, given you the sad details of our irreparable loss. I have the consolation to know that, in our married life of thirty-four years, there had been no cloud between us.

Adieu, my dear friend. I will not indulge in the mockery of the formal compliments of the season. When may we expect to see you in Europe? We shall remain here until August, and do not expect to return to Paris before October.

Yours, faithfully,

JOHN SLIDELL.

My children send their love to you.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MITCHELL'S STATION, CULPEPER COUNTY, VA.,

January 4, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 30th ult. reached me this evening. I live six miles from *Mitchell's Station*, which is my post-office, and have to rely on *occasional* opportunities to *get* and *send letters*. Your former letter, with enclosure of check for fifty dollars for Mr. Stringfellow, came duly to hand, and ought to have been acknowledged *at once*; yet I delayed, that when I wrote you I might be able to say *what success* I had met with.

Your generous donation made happy a husband, wife, and children. They request me to tender the homage of grateful hearts, to which I most *sincerely* add my own.

"The luxury of doing good" is beyond all others on earth. The latter perish in the use; the former cast a soft light on our pathway through life. Christ has said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Thank God, 'tis so, and that you feel it I doubt not; and I cherish the hope that, having so large a portion of His spirit, you are truly a child of His. At *that day*—which is so near to you and to me—when all will have to account for the talents given, I trust yours will have been increased "an hundred fold," and that you will receive the welcome, "*Well done, good and faithful servant.*"

I am happy to inform you that God has blessed my efforts far beyond my expectations. I have been and shall be able to hand over about \$600, which will enable my Christian friend to build a comfortable cottage for himself and family. All glory to God, who has put it into the hearts of those who have kindly aided his afflicted disciple.

With God's blessing I remain, sir, very truly,
your friend and obedient servant,

JEREMIAH MORTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BURLINGTON, N. J., *January 27, 1871.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter has given us sincere joy, for it tells of your restoration to health. God be thanked for his great goodness.

I am glad that you were pleased with the photographs. The originals will be most happy to welcome you to their home at all times.

Ever faithfully your friend,

W. H. ODENHEIMER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, VA., *February 10, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

The executive committee of the Lee Memorial Association, Lexington, Va., at their meeting Tuesday evening, 7th inst., instructed me, as you will perceive, to communicate to you the following resolutions, viz.:

1st. *Resolved*, That this committee has heard, with lively satisfaction, the letter read to them by their president, General Pendleton, from Mr. W. W. Corcoran, conveying for their tomb-monument the liberal subscription of one thousand dollars.

2d. *Resolved*, That in tendering to the venerable donor their grateful acknowledgments for his generosity, they especially thank him for thus testifying his interest in the scene of his illustrious friend's latest labors and resting-place of his honored remains.

3d. *Resolved*, That General Pendleton be requested to communicate to Mr. Corcoran these proceedings, with assurances of the high and affectionate esteem in which he is held by this committee."

Having already conveyed to you, my dear sir, in my sacred relation, sincere thanks for your goodness in another instance, and in this, I need here only add that the expression of the committee has my cordial concurrence;

and that, with the best wishes for your temporal and eternal happiness,

I am, sincerely, your obliged friend,

W. N. PENDLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, KY., *February 16th*, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I thank you sincerely for the photograph of yourself and your three lovely grandchildren.

Many years have passed since I have had the pleasure of seeing you; but they have not, in the least, diminished the agreeable impressions of your friendship, and I was greatly pleased to find myself not forgotten by you. I appreciate the attentions you have shown Margaret during her recent visit to Washington. They have added much to the pleasure she enjoyed, and have increased the regard I always have felt since I was myself the recipient of so many of your pleasant hospitalities.

I have, on your account and their mother's, the deepest interest in your grandchildren, and was gratified, in seeing their pictures, to find that they were all you can wish. I never saw a more exquisitely beautiful child than little Lulie, and the boys have handsome, manly, and noble expressions. I am glad that you have so much to live for apart from your charities, of which I know you never grow weary.

My daughter tells me that you have promised to visit us next summer. Your words are bonds, and I look, without fear of disappointment, to the pleasure it will give us to see you at our home. We can only offer you the warmest welcome a guest ever received.

Mrs. Preston and Margaret join me in kind remembrances.

Believe me, very truly your friend,

M. W. PRESTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MEMPHIS, *February 23, 1871.*

MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to introduce to you the Hon. Dudley Campbell, of London, son of the late Lord Campbell, and brother of the present peer of the same name, with whom, I think, you have a pleasant acquaintance.

Any attentions you can show to Mr. Campbell will add another to the many obligations of

your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

1745 PENNSYLVANIA AVE., *April 16, 1871.*

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have read with the greatest interest Mr. Carlisle's beautiful tribute to General Lee. I hope I have not done wrong in retaining it.

It seems to me to be conceived in the most admirable taste. I have ventured to include one or two of its expressions in an article upon General Lee which I am writing for an English magazine, and which I shall take the liberty of sending to you when it appears.

Believe me very faithfully yours,

FRANCIS LAWLEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CHARLESTON, *April 19th, 1871.*

MY DEAR SIR: I take pleasure in introducing to you Mrs. M. A. Snowden, president of the home for the widows and daughters of Confederate soldiers; an institution that is accomplishing even more than was expected of it, and which stands indebted to you for your generous aid at a time when it was so greatly needed.

Mrs. Snowden is visiting Richmond, Washington, and Baltimore on another mission of patriotic benevolence, which she will explain herself; but she desires to call on

you, when in Washington, to renew in person the thanks of the ladies of the home for your generosity to their institution.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully
your obedient servant,

H. GOURDIN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

How are you this morning? I hope, better, and that you will soon be restored to your former usefulness. When your illness was announced to our "little ones," at once their little hearts and hands were raised to God in your behalf. I consider them a powerful little army; so now, my good, kind friend, have courage and patience, and unite your pains with the fervent prayers that are offered *here* and elsewhere, and I know our blessed Lord will spare you for a few years longer.

May the God of charity bless and console you under this bodily affliction which He has been pleased to send you, is the fervent prayer of

yours, most gratefully,

SISTER BLANCHE.

APRIL 27, 1871.

Mrs. Grant's compliments to Mr. Corcoran, and enquires after his health.

Mrs. Grant found, in Missouri, when erysipelas was very severe, a number of friends realized almost immediate relief and early recovery by the following:

"Removal, from the parts inflamed, of all oily applications, and covering with a thick coating of dry wheat flour, held in place by cotton batting."

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *April* 28, 1871.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, *April 29, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

We were all so distressed to hear of your recent severe attack, and now that the papers report you as better, I cannot refrain from writing to tell you how much we have thought of you. Sickness is a terrible thing, and though, in your case, I know you have every alleviation that the kindness of loving friends can offer, still there is so much that cannot be alleviated. I hope, dear Mr. Corcoran, that you will soon be well again, and that many years of happiness and usefulness are still in store for you. Dear Pinkie, I expect, will read you this letter, and I hope she will answer it soon and let us know how you are.

I have read with much interest the accounts of the completion of the "Louise Home," and think with pleasure of the comfort and happiness of the poor old ladies who will soon be assembled there. I expect you are the recipient of numberless letters, so I will make mine a short one.

Mamma and Custis join me in kindest regards and sincere hopes for your health and happiness.

Ever affectionately yours,

MARY CUSTIS LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MAY 6, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I cannot express the regret I feel in being compelled to leave Washington without calling to see you ; but it is unavoidable.

I rejoice to hear that you are still improving, and I feel thankful to God for the wonderful display of His mercy. Few of us have it in our power to do a tithe of the good you have been prompted to do. The rills are lost in the great ocean swell. God has given you great wealth and a large, broad heart ; and now, I trust, that as He has, as by miracle, prolonged your days and rescued from death a

life so fruitful in benevolence, you will not forget that still greater works remain to be accomplished, and that all our charities must be seasoned with grace—dispensed for Christ and His kingdom. I should so love to sit with you, and cheer the hours of your solitude. I should so love to share the pleasure of your score of friends who are sitting in the sunshine of your returning strength, and mark the improvement that each day works in a bodily frame so shattered by disease; but duty calls me away, and I must yield.

I can well understand the feelings which the sight of the flowers and the trees will awaken as you breathe once more the fresh, pure air and gaze on their opening beauties. Nature is all so lovely, and when we have been shut out for days from her quiet realm, and are once again permitted to disport in her untold wealth of heart-delight, there is a new zest imparted to our enjoyment of the beautiful and the true which we see nowhere else so blended. My friend, the flowers have a language, and the trees also, which none but the people of God can comprehend. They speak to us of the hand that tints them, and remind us of the fairer flowers of faith, hope, and love, the city of contentment, and the tree of life which grows still in the midst of the garden of the Church; and we can look up and smile, for they refresh the poor pilgrim in sickness as in health.

I should love to come in and read to you, and talk to you and relieve the tedium of a slow recovery. I would gladly share with you my own resting hours, as I have done, and consider it a privilege to help to amuse and entertain you; but hours of business intervene, and I must wait until I can once more feel the pressure of your hand, and catch the soft, kindly glance of an eye that never greeted me but in love.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

N. B.—The lady I recommended is Mrs. Gray. She

walks to church every day; is a lady; was even a Sister of Charity. If you think it well to offer her an asylum in your Home—and of this you must be the judge—I feel certain that the dew of your charity never rested on one more needy or deserving; but, still, you must decide. Your decision will satisfy your friend.

37 POWERS STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, NEW YORK,
May 8, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have seen by the papers the noble institution that you have raised for the benefit of aged and indigent ladies. It certainly was a most generous and chivalrous act to think of those who are so generally forgotten by the world. The Louise Home! May many a weary heart find rest in it, and may God bless and preserve you to finish the many useful plans you have in your heart to do, as you once said to me that you would like to see them finished while you are here. I hope you have entirely recovered from your recent illness. I am much grieved at the death of my brother, Mr. James Mason. After a life of anxiety and care, he was permitted to die surrounded by all his family. After reading an account of your noble, magnificent institution, I cannot let it pass without expressing to you my sincere pleasure, and congratulating you on the fulfillment of your wishes.

May you live many years to witness the happiness you have been making for others.

With great esteem and respect,

very truly your sincere friend,

CATHERINE MASON,
Née MACOMB.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

1311 K STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

May 17, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have delayed until now to thank you for so kindly acceding to my wish to possess one of your photographs, as I did not like to disturb you with a note in the midst of your illness ; but, as the accounts which I have received during the last few days lead me to hope that you are now better, I can no longer resist telling you how much obliged to you I am for allowing me to add your photograph to my collection, and asking you to be so good as to accept the one of myself which accompanies this note.

Trusting that I may soon hear, after my return to England, that you are quite recovered,

I remain yours, sincerely,

DE GREY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

1311 K STREET, WASHINGTON, *May 18, 1871.*

MY DEAR SIR : I fear that, although I am thankful to hear that you are getting better, there is not much chance of my having an opportunity of seeing you before I leave Washington, and I must, therefore, take my leave on paper. Your severe illness has been the great drawback to our otherwise pleasant visit here ; but I trust the gloom, which it has cast over your large circle of friends, is now dispersing, and that you may be spared for many years to those who had so long an experience of your goodness and kindness. We ourselves shall watch with interest for accounts of your progress toward recovery.

I must thank you very much for the photograph you have so kindly sent me, and which I shall greatly value. May I ask you to accept my own in return, and to believe me

yours, very faithfully,

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

PALLMALL, LONDON, *May* 18, 1871.

DEAR MR. HYDE:

Since my departure from New York, on the 3d current, I have neither seen nor received any accounts of the health of your excellent friend, Mr. Corcoran. My latest tidings of his situation were given me orally, on the 2d of this month, by his nephew, Mr. Hill. Immediately on landing in this country, I wrote to Eustis, and enclosed to him a few very obliging lines addressed to me, when in Philadelphia, by Mr. George Riggs, giving his impressions of Mr. Corcoran's case. These, as well as Mr. Hill's verbal account, you will see by a letter herewith forwarded, were duly received. If, as I hope, Mr. Corcoran be convalescent, pray hand it to him, along with my warmest regards and good wishes.

May I beg you to favor me with a reply to this, directed to the care of "Baring Brothers & Co., 8 Bishopgate Street, London," and oblige

yours, very faithfully,

FRANCIS P. CORBIN.

To MR. HYDE,
Washington, D. C.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *May* 21, 1871.

Mrs. Grant's compliments to Mr. Corcoran, and wishes to say how happy she is—in fact, we all are—to hear of his returning good health.

706 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
May 25, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND: In consequence of my absence from home, your kind note did not reach me until this evening. I feel much gratified by your expressions of continued regard, and kindness in sending to me what will now be doubly prized as the gift of a valued friend.

Your recent illness has been the cause of great anxiety to all your friends. Let me congratulate you on your recovery. That you may be long spared to witness the happiness you have bestowed upon others, is the fervent prayer of

your sincere friend,

MARY B. WALKER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MAY 25, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I find it impossible, on account of the pressure of official duty, to call to see you to-day. Not one of your many friends has you more in his heart, or feels for you a deeper sympathy in your present heavy cross, or would go farther to manifest the interest he feels. I hope you rested well last night, and that to-day you are gaining fresh strength. A life so valuable, prolonged for the good of others, is a signal mercy, for which I am profoundly grateful. Each day I have called to inquire for you; to-day I cannot, because duty to the diocese will not permit it. I trust, my dear friend, that this cross will be sanctified to you, and that His grace, which can alone sweeten even so bitter a cup, will be given you to wait on this unfolding of Providence, that you may taste and see the salvation of God. It is hard for one of such intense activity, in the midst of so many works of charity, to wait and suffer; but then you have the promise that "these light afflictions shall work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I send you a little bouquet of flowers as a token of my love: its simplicity will touch you, for a nature so sympathetic as yours will not despise the tiniest flower, plucked from the lowliest vale, which offers you the fragrance it exhales. The loves of earth exhibit something of the changeful lot of the flowers. The most humble and obscure may mingle their tributes with those more highly

blessed ; and in the more magnificent offerings, the lesser may be allowed a place in the rich garland which is shedding over your path the incense of heart affection. You will accept it, then, in the spirit in which it is sent. Harewood and the nursery at home will not chide me for the folly of the floral gift I make. You were pleased to have me read the poetical effusion of Pope on the man who made so good a use of the five hundred pounds a year ; and, as the beautiful vision floated before you in the midst of the thousands you have given to cheer the heart of widowhood and dry the tear on the cheek of orphanage, so I doubt not that the few simple flowers I send will mingle their sweetness with the rarer exotics of your own flower garden, and prove acceptable to one who holds in good esteem the beatings of a heart that has nothing else to offer but its sympathy.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

N. B.—Mr. Lowndes was at Mount Vernon last week and saw the flowers you imported, in perfection of bloom ; so you see that your taste is connected with the resting-place of Washington.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COVINGTON, *June 4, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

A letter from my son Jesse, received this morning, brings us the joyous intelligence that your recovery is now considered certain. Do you know that I went, with Mr. Bright, East during the most dangerous part of your illness, and mainly to see you ? It was told me, after I reached Baltimore, that I would not be allowed to see you, even should I go to Washington ; and you can imagine my disappointment when, on the return of Mr. Bright from his visit to you, he informed me that such was the fact. I have never

known my good husband more exercised over an event than he seemed to be on your threatened dissolution. You have had the poor prayers of myself and household for your recovery, and how thankful I am, and how gratified all your numerous and sincere friends must be, to know that you have been spared yet a little longer; but, my dear friend, it can only be a little while until both you and I must pay that final debt, and oh, that we may be prepared for the change, and meet again where there will be no parting or pain. *You*, so dear to us all, have an interest in our prayers, and, in return, I hope you will remember us. I was very ill myself in February and March; have been greatly reduced in flesh, but hope to recover it—in part, at least.

Mr. Bright got home yesterday, after an absence of ten days. The girls are well, and desire to be remembered to you. Pussie goes to Louisville to-day for a visit of two weeks.

Hoping some chance may bring me to meet you again, either under your hospitable roof or in my own house,

I am, as ever, your affectionate friend,

M. E. BRIGHT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

363 FIFTH AVENUE, June 6, 1871.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Let me assure you of my heartfelt sympathy with your long illness, and very true congratulations on the prospect of your restoration to health; and please accept a photograph of Virgie, by way of her "adieu" to you. She left me on the 21st of May, with her father, and they are now on the Pacific Ocean, *en voyage* around the world. She is taken in the dress she wore at your elegant "carnival" ball. The little *carte* represents her in the dress she wore in the amateur theatricals of Mrs. Wise's.

I also enclose a letter, which was in last evening's *Express*, about you. I hope this intrusion of mine on you will not be disagreeable, and I hope you will ever regard me as one of your very warmest as well as oldest of friends.

With prayers for your speedy and perfect recovery,

I am, yours,

MARY LOUISA BROOKS.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BRANDON, June 8, 1871.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Among the hosts of friends who have been distressed by your late illness, few have watched more anxiously for tidings of you, and have been more delighted to hear of your convalescence, than the inmates of this home, where, as our father's loved friend and a benevolent one to us, you are so cherished. You must accept our warm congratulations on your improved condition. I trust you may be soon quite restored, and that you may be spared many years yet to carry on your benevolent and liberal charities, and to gladden the hearts of those bowed down by want and suffering, and so desolate without sympathy. The accounts we have received of your "Louise Home" have interested us so much, and I know there are there many grateful hearts cheered by the hope of having you among them again.

I only wish you were well enough to take a peep at our harvest, which commences to-morrow, but under what very different circumstances from the bright scene you once witnessed here! So many loved ones have passed away, and our poor old Virginia cannot recover from the blight of so desolating a war as has ravaged the whole South. The seasons, too, are unpropitious to the farmers, who are thankful now for even very small crops; but we still hope for better times, as there is "a crook to every lane," and change is stamped upon all things earthly.

Jennie, Belle, and my brother desire their warm regards to you. Present me kindly to your sweet niece, Mrs. Reynolds, and tell her Warren's beautiful music always reminds us of her.

Affectionately your friend,

ISABELLA H. HARRISON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

1 CARLTON GARDENS, S. W., *June 17, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I was extremely glad to find, from the letter which you were so good to write to me, that you were steadily recovering from your long and trying illness, and I trust that, by the time this note reaches you, you will be restored again to your usual health. It was very kind of you to comply so promptly with my request to hear how you were progressing.

I was very glad to find, on my arrival in England, that the treaty of Washington was well received by the great body of the public in this country, and I shall always esteem it a high honor to have had a share in a work which has, I trust, laid the foundation of close and intimate relations of friendship between the United States and Great Britain.

Believe me yours, sincerely,

DE GREY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

At a meeting of the board of visitors of the University of Virginia, held June 28, 1871, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the kindness and liberality of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington, in cancelling and returning the bond of the University which he held, is gratefully appreciated by the board of visitors; and the secretary is hereby instructed to communicate a copy of this resolution to Mr. Corcoran.

Copied from the minutes.

WM. WERTENBAKER, *Secretary.*

ST. LOUIS, *July* 13, 1871.

DEAR SIR: Some time ago I was informed, as corresponding secretary of the St. Louis Southern Educational Association, of the liberal appropriation you had made to the school established by that Association in Beaufort, S. C., but which we were unable longer to sustain. This timely assistance was almost like a personal favor to us, for, although we had never seen either teacher or pupils, we had labored so much for it, and felt convinced that it was such a blessing to that impoverished and down-trodden community, that it was a grief to see it fall for want of a little help. About thirty girls receive education who must otherwise have struggled without the training which will enable them to secure, through their own exertions, an honorable independence; and surely the amount so generously given would in no other way have promised a larger blessing. I could not have had a more agreeable task than to convey to you the grateful acknowledgments of the Association, but circumstances prevented it at the time, and your dangerous illness delayed it still longer. It has been the good pleasure of God to prolong a valuable life; it may be, at the prayer of some to whom your bounty has endeared it, and that you remain this day "the living, the living to praise Him." We greatly rejoice, and trust that, whether He adds one or many years to your pilgrimage, you may, through it all, enjoy the fruits of your abundant beneficence, and the joy and peace which follow a lively faith in Christ, *which is above all things*.

With great esteem, very truly yours, &c.,

PAMELA H. COHEN,
Cor. Sec. S. Ed. As., St. Louis.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

July 31, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: Dr. Welling goes to see you to-morrow, and I write to say that I sincerely hope you will feel as I do—that he is destined to accomplish our mutual wishes for the college. I know your personal attachment to me *full well*; and have the assurance that it will be a pleasure to you to know that my private wishes are met in a successor.

I believe Dr. Welling has associations which will give him an influence for the college, which I could not wield, while my special field of influence has been worked up well to prepare the way for the success of another. At the same time there are burdens, which have worn out too much my energies, which will not press on him, and which he need not assume.

Let any personal confidence and interest, which you have had in me, be added to that which you have always, I know, felt towards him. I am assured this will be the case; and that under his auspices, and yours united, the Columbian College has a useful and honorable future before it.

Let me ask that you will put my report, sent you, into Dr. Welling's hands for his personal reading; and if you have no further use for it, that he may bring it to me.

I am most truly, your attached friend,

G. W. SAMSON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, August 2, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I was delighted to learn by your note of the 19th July, that you had so agreeable a journey, and that you were doing so well. I trust your sojourn will prove continuously pleasant, and result in the permanent restoration of your health.

My family unite with me in kindest regards.

We all regret that we are deprived of the pleasure of meeting yourself and other esteemed friends at the White Sulphur.

Do not fail to advise me in time for your return, so that I may provide the car for you.

Faithfully yours,

J. W. GARRETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
White Sulphur Springs,
Greenbrier County, W. Va.

SOLENT LODGE, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT,

August 24, 1871.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Of all the many words of sympathy which have been spoken to me, none are dearer than yours—the echo of an old and tried friendship. I knew you would feel sorry for me to whom, from very childhood, you had been so kind, in my great sorrow. Papa was so concerned about you during your illness, and we often spoke together of those happy days, in Washington, which seem so long ago.

I sincerely trust you will come to Europe in the autumn, dear Mr. Corcoran, for even in my sadness, it would be a joy to see you again, and to talk with you about our loved ones who are gone. Poor George's health is wretched, and we are distressed to see him so weak and thin. He evidently cannot stand even the climate of England, which is certainly not so cold as that of Paris. Mathilde and Lina send you their best love; and I only wish that stolid pen and ink could tell you how often and how affectionately I think of you—how eagerly I look forward to your hoped-for arrival.

Good-bye, dear Mr. Corcoran. My loss is indeed hard to bear.

Yours, faithfully,

ROSINE (SLIDELL.)

My love to Alice Riggs.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *September 9, 1871.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Having learned that it is your intention soon to leave for Europe, we deem it a fitting occasion to give expression to the high esteem in which you are held by a grateful community. A long life of usefulness in our midst has closely attached to you the people of this District, and, as your fellow-citizens, we now ask the privilege of testifying our sincere appreciation of a munificence which has not been limited to simple alms-giving and generous contributions to all worthy objects, but which has dedicated to art a magnificent structure, and to charity a noble institution to shelter woman when helpless, unprotected, and poor. We, therefore, tender you a dinner, to be given at such time as you may designate, that we may be able, in behalf of an entire community, to express to you our thanks for your many good deeds, and to wish you a safe, pleasant voyage, and a return to us in restored health.

We are, very respectfully, yours,

J. W. THOMPSON,
M. W. GALT,
JNO. W. BOTELER,
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
J. O. EVANS,
A. M. CLAPP,
SAM. CROSS,
H. BROWNING,
LEWIS CLEPHANE,
FRANKLIN PHILP,
S. H. KAUFFMANN,
O. E. BABCOCK,
MOSES KELLY,

H. D. COOKE,
A. B. MULLETT,
A. R. SHEPHERD,
HALLET KILBOURN,
JNO. B. BLAKE,
O. O. HOWARD,
FRANCIS H. SMITH,
H. A. WILLARD,
WM. J. MURTAGH,
D. L. EATON,
JNO. M. MORRIS,
C. S. NOYES,
N. P. CHIPMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept. 11, 1871.*

GENTLEMEN: I have received your communication tendering me a dinner at such time as I may designate, and cannot readily give expression to the feeling inspired by the kind and complimentary terms in which it is couched.

My failing vision—superadded to other physical disabilities under which I have, for some time, labored—will, in conjunction with a multiplicity of pressing engagements (preparatory to my departure, in a few days, for Europe), necessarily preclude my acceptance of the honor conferred upon me. I deeply regret that, under these circumstances, I cannot avail myself of your gratifying invitation.

With assurances of high regard, I remain,
very respectfully, yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

To Gov. H. D. Cooke, J. W. Thompson, A. B. Mullett, M. W. Galt, A. R. Shepherd, John W. Boteler, Hallet Kilbourn, J. T. Mitchell, Esq., and others.

ATLANTIC CITY, *Monday, Sept. 10, 1871.*

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am very sorry you should go so far, and I not see you to give you a "God-speed;" but we will remember you daily in our prayers, which is far better.

I regret the necessity of your going, and trust you may find all well there; but, doubtless, a sea voyage is the very best thing in the world for you. You remember how it recuperated General Scott when all thought it madness for him to think of it.

Mr. Sanford quoted, when I saw him in July, a distinguished physician of New York, who was going over for six weeks only, as saying, "At my time of life, a voyage to Europe is worth five years to any man;" and I remember hearing Col. Perkins, of Boston, say he always came home from Europe ten years younger than he went. May it be so with you; but you must not allow small matters to trouble you, or great ones, either. God will provide. May he bless and keep you, and the Doctor, too.

Yours, truly,

P. W. TAYLOE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CASTLE HILL, *September 12, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am happy to have the excuse of recalling "the days o' lang syne" to your remembrance by sending you the accompanying photograph, received from my dear sons, now in England, where they supervised the beautiful original now on its way to me.

I feel sure that you will value it, and sympathize in my admiration of the chaste elegance of the design, as well as the comprehensive beauty of the inscription.

I heard of your recent visit to our Virginia springs, and trust your health has been benefited by it. The milder clime of Europe, where, we learn, you will pass the winter, will be the most effective as well as pleasant remedy.

The few members of my family around me join in kindest remembrance to you; and I remain, my dear Mr. Corcoran,
most truly yours,

J. P. RIVES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: I told you, some time ago, that I had never been able to recover the letter of Judge Taney to his wife in which he spoke of you. I have supplied the place of that letter in the biography.

In the contest with the Bank of the United States, there is so much denunciation of the influence of money in politics, that I have been compelled to look at the subject of money from a private point of view, in order to present Judge Taney's opinion on the subject in its true light. With that purpose, I have, in the concluding paragraph of one part of my observations on the bank question, used the following sentences: "Of all men I have known, Mr. Taney had the deepest abhorrence of the influence of money. This appears even in his opinions on usury laws, giving, as they do, a construction making the provisions as stringent as possible; but when an individual of wealth

employed his money in promoting art, and in establishing great charities during his lifetime, and in private gifts to the needy, like the great American banker, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, he had a peculiar admiration of him, as he had of that gentleman."

It was necessary, in order to set the Chief Justice right in regard to the influence of money, to give the example of yourself, whom he knew and highly esteemed; and I take great pleasure, as one who has known you so long, to put into the history of so great a man what is so justly due to you.

Truly yours,

SAM. TYLER.

W. W. CORCORAN, LL. D.

BALTIMORE, *Sept. 20th*, 1871.

DEAR SIR: On behalf of the Maryland State Agricultural and Mechanical Association, I send you this formal but earnest and cordial invitation to attend their third annual fair, which will be held at their grounds at Pimlico, near Baltimore, on the four days commencing with Tuesday, the 3d of October next.

The society leave it to your own convenience as to which of the four days may be selected for your visit; but, as we hope to have the President of the United States as well as yourself, we would prefer that you would come upon the same day that he may visit us, if it will be equally convenient and agreeable to you.

I have the honor to enclose you herewith a copy of the programme of premiums and regulations, containing the names in full of the committee of reception and invitation.

The committee propose to wait upon you, by deputation, within a few days, when they hope to receive your favorable response, and to understand from you upon what day you will gratify them by your visit.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

WM. PRESCOTT SMITH,
Chairman Committee of Reception.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *September 28, 1871.*

DEAR SIR: The committee appointed in pursuance of the resolution adopted, at their last meeting, by the trustees of the Columbian College, a copy of which is herein contained, respectfully ask leave to call upon you, at such time and such place as you may designate, to confer with you upon the subject-matter of that resolution.

I am, dear sir, with very high regard,
your obedient servant,

JOHN A. BOLLES.
*Chairman Committee, and Vice-President
of Columbian College.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
President Columbian College.

Resolutions adopted by the board of trustees of the Columbian College, at a meeting held on the 26th September, 1871.

Resolved, That a committee of five trustees, with whom President Welling is requested to act, be chosen to wait upon W. W. Corcoran, Esq., the president of this board, and convey to him the assurance of our hearty good-will and respect, our gratification that his health is so greatly improved, and our hopes that his contemplated voyage will fully establish his health and strength; to inform him that the board have elected a vice-president, who will act as president whenever that officer is unable to be present at the meetings of the board; and to inform him that we should be glad to confer with him in regard to such a plan as he may deem wise and expedient for converting the Columbian College into a national university bearing his name, and offering to the people of the United States the fullest opportunity of instruction and culture in science, literature, and art, and, in this way, crowning a long life of

generous benevolence with the establishment of a seat of American learning worthy of universal approval and admiration.

A true copy from the records.

WILLIAM STICKNEY,
Secretary.

The names of the committee are as follows:

John A. Bolles,	William Stickney,	James C. Welling,
Wm. A. Graham,	C. H. Nichols,	Wm. Gunton.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 30, 1871.

GENTLEMEN: I have read with profound interest your letter of the 28th inst., enclosing "resolutions adopted by the board of trustees," and have given it the reflection due to a communication so gratifying in its character. The result of my deliberations is a conviction of the propriety of retaining the original designation by which your institution has been long and favorably known.

In thus expressing my opinion of the inexpediency of the proposed change, I trust that I shall not be deemed insensible to the honor which the contemplated association of my name with such an institution would necessarily confer upon me. That honor, so gracefully tendered, is highly appreciated, and demands my warm acknowledgments; but considerations purely personal should not, in this instance, be allowed to exert an influence on my judgment.

"The *Columbian University*" would, perhaps, be a designation peculiarly appropriate, not only as indicating its identity with the present well-known seat of learning, but as suggestive of the "national" character which you desire that it should sustain.

It will afford me great pleasure to receive your visit at such time as may suit your convenience after the present week.

The deep interest, which I have long felt in the prosperity of the College, has undergone no diminution: its success lies near my heart.

Believe me, gentlemen, that the complimentary terms in which you have referred to my past life are, to me, a source of sincere gratification, and that your assurances of regard are cordially reciprocated.

Very truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Messrs. John A. Bolles,	James C. Welling.
C. H. Nichols,	William Stickney,
Wm. A. Graham,	William Gunton,
	<i>Committee.</i>

OCTOBER 3, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am suffering from a severe influenza, and am afraid to venture out to-day, as it is raining. I hope you are improving. It is a severe trial of patience for one of your activity in mind and body to be compelled to remain perfectly quiet, and yet it is that sort of discipline which God, in His mercy, sees to be best for you. You have had many blessings in the midst of the sharp crosses you have been called to bear, and in the sunshine of a heart that has shed so much of heart-sunshine on others, you are now privileged to suffer for *His* sake, who does not willingly afflict any of us. It must be a source of sweetest satisfaction, in your hours of suffering, to know that the dew of your charity is resting on many a bud and flower that the cold winds of adversity have wilted. May God bless you with the meek spirit of patience, and send you a speedy relief.

I have this morning culled a few of the finest grapes in the house—the darkest in color, the Muscat Hamburgh, and one bunch of the black Hamburgh. The latter, though not colored black, is perfectly ripe, and as rich in taste as

any of the kind. It is a large bunch. It gives me more pleasure to gather these grapes for you than it can give you to receive them, for it is only in these small tokens of affection that I can exhibit the love I feel. Sympathy is the poorest man's privilege, and all hearts acknowledge how welcome it is.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

PARIS, *October 5, 1871.*

Hon. GEORGE EUSTIS,
Care Morgan & Co., *London.*

MY DEAR EUSTIS :

I write this at a venture and send to Morgan, hoping it may be forwarded. I hear flying reports touching your health, some of which are not favorable. I am really anxious to know how you are and where you are. I need not assure you of my sympathy, and of the great interest I feel in the recovery of your health. How could it be otherwise, for our relations have always been so pleasant, and you have been so kind to me always since I have been in Paris, and your advice and assistance have been of so great value to me. I earnestly pray for your speedy restoration to health, not only for your own sake and that of your family, but for the sake of your hosts of friends who are attached to you by "hooks of steel."

My own health is much improved since my return from Bohemia. I have not been as well for five years, though I am in constant dread of a return of my horrid ague. We are at length back in our house, and at last "fixed up." All my family are quite well. Everything is quiet and pleasant now in Paris. Hoffman and wife left for home three weeks ago to-day. They will be back in December. I miss him very much.

I suppose you see the news from the United States. My brother, General Washburne, of Wisconsin, is nominated for governor and will be elected. Governor Seward and General Spinner both desired me to tell you they had left cards on you. I see that Mr. Corcoran is not coming out this fall. All your friends here enquire for you. I hope you will be able to write me, and, above all, to tell me that you are getting well and will be soon back to Paris.

Faithfully and truly, your sincere friend,

E. B. WASHBURN.

LEXINGTON, *October 13, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

This saddest of all seasons to me brings you very forcibly to my mind, and I should probably have written to you, even had I not seen recently in the papers that you were still sick and suffering. That was very sad news to us all, as we had hoped that you were permanently improved. My friends at the White Sulphur reported you as looking well and being bright and cheerful, and I thought that if you could get over to Europe and see those dear little grandchildren, you would be quite young again. I still hope you may be able to accomplish a trip so desirable, and, above all, that I may soon hear that you are better. All join me in kindest love, and so would your friend, Mr. White, I am sure, did he know I was writing.

Ever affectionately yours,

MARY C. LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
October 27, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind answer of permission to my letter of request in September was duly received, yet I have hesitated long to avail myself of your consent; but, after much consideration, and with a heart weighed down

with the sorrows which overwhelm and the dangers which threaten our people, and having a firm conviction of the great good which may be accomplished by wise and timely aid, in one direction at least, I have determined to write. My letter, however, is not meant for publication, nor will I trouble you, in the pressure of your affairs, to reply to it even, as it is simply designed to lay before you some facts and thoughts which have appeared to me not unworthy of the consideration of a patriot who does not consider sympathy with a fallen people inconsistent with true love of country.

The greatest danger which now hangs over our people of this good old commonwealth and of the South, and one which, each day, is more threatening, is that they will fall into apathy and despair, and lose that independence of character and culture which are the sole salvation of a conquered nation. To see the old men of the country despondent of our future, and hopeless in the midst of the disasters which have fallen on us, is sad indeed; but to see the young men of talents and promise lose heart and hope, and faith and courage, is terrible, and of fearful augury for the whole republic; for in these young men, in their virtues, in their culture, lie all our hopes. I have been in a position, since the war, to see this evil growing among our noble youth, and, thank God! I have been in a position to see how much could be done to remedy it; and to this remedy I would devote all the energies of my remaining life. It is in this connection that I would write to you, and I feel that my crude and desultory thoughts will find in you a sympathizing reader.

The great hope of a country, in times of trouble and depression, is in the high culture and noble aims of her young men, and these noble aims imply that calm, high, philosophic faith and courage which knows how to "labor and to wait." These are truths clear to reason and exemplified in history.

The power of the concentration of the means available for the promotion of the highest culture in times of great natural depression was never more strikingly exemplified than in the history of that remarkable people—now in the van of the nations—when, in the wars with France, Prussia lay at the mercy of Napoleon the Great. When all enterprise and national spirit was crushed out by the armed heel of the conqueror, the counsellors of her King, with the true wisdom of philosophic statesmen, seeing that the noble youth of Germany *must* be cheered and aroused through the promotion of their higher culture, urged the foundation of a university as a grand point around which the hearts and hopes of young Germany might rally, and to which their faith in the future might cling as to a promise; and thus, in the midst of the sorest trials and deepest depression of the Prussian people, the University of Berlin was founded. The wondrous, immediate effect of the foundation of that great university is a matter of history, and who can estimate the influence of that same University of Berlin in the development of the power of Prussia in the half century which fills the gap between Jena and Sedan?

Nor need I cite the case of the City of Leyden, when exhausted with war, after the horrors of a long siege, the citizens were, for their brave and successful resistance, offered remission of taxes, but preferred to this the boon of a university. History tells us of the wonder-working power and ennobling influence of that university in the years *immediately following its foundation* and through the centuries which follow.

But I need not cite instances to show the truth that, in times of national trouble and depression, it is of the last importance to train the youth to high and noble aims. I believe that the hope of the South and of constitutional liberty in this country lies in this higher culture of her sons. I believe in the power of a great university, as a remedial and restoring agent, in the present lamentable condition of

the South, as a power of saving the young men—the hope of the country—from the dangers which threaten all through them; and I believe that—the thoughts of patriotic benefactors turned to this point—the immediate resulting good would be an inestimable blessing to our suffering people and to the whole country, and the permanent benefit would accumulate with a glorious compounding as the centuries roll along. This great good is to be accomplished by *timely help to the higher culture of the youth of the South*, by the enlargement of the means of that culture, and by the extension of the numbers who can avail themselves of these means.

Now, the law of this culture or of its promotion is the concentration of means. In no other human enterprise can it be more clearly shown that concentration is so necessary to economy and effectiveness; and, fortunately for the country, we have a point on which this concentration can be made both economically and effectively. Here, on the foundation so grandly and solidly laid by Virginia, is a great rallying point, around which the best young intellects of the South have come up since the war. Complete in the departments already founded; admitting of expansion, as the law of its life, in the founding of new schools and departments; great in prestige and high in standard of character and attainment, it has proved an invaluable blessing to the South, a light in her darkest hours, a crown of glory on the brow of Virginia, vanquished and fallen. The benefits which would flow from a timely concentration on this noble foundation are incalculable.

In this view there are three methods of accomplishing good, far out of proportion to the outlay in connection with this university.

The first, by the foundation of new departments or new professorships, a physical laboratory, or by additions to the library; and this I would include under the extension of the means of higher culture. This, in a State university,

would appear to be the more legitimate duty of the State; and Virginia, in her days of prosperity, extended rapidly the means and academic appliances of the university, so that she now has here buildings, apparatus, and library valued at \$750,000; but as in the Old World universities, so here, private benefactions based on State subsidy have accomplished more, by far, than when given without this foundation of certain support. This is natural, and is a part of the economy of concentration. Private benefactions have never yet created a great university, but they have accomplished a vast deal in the promotion of universities which have been supplemented, either directly or indirectly, by State power and State aid. Of course, I allude to universities in the true sense of the term, and not to the numerous academic bodies of high and low degree which improperly call themselves universities in this country.

I need only allude to a single professorship founded in Oxford, 250 years ago, by Sir Henry Savile. The Savilian Professorship of Astronomy, filled by a long line of noble appointments, has done great things for England, for science, and for the world, while the same benefaction, standing alone or connected with a more feeble foundation, would have been of comparatively little benefit to the world. Since the war, two foundations in the same direction—both of applied science—one of \$100,000 and another of \$40,000, have already in the university developed largely the scientific talent of the young men of the South, and opened up to them paths of enterprise hitherto almost untrodden by our youth.

The second method I include under extension of the number of those who can avail themselves of the means of high culture. There is much distress in this want of opportunity, which I am in a position to see, and which will never, in individual cases, make even a mute appeal to the public eye—the sons of men who have guided the

destinies of the country by their wise counsels and patriotic devotion, without the means of obtaining that culture which they so earnestly desire, and which would make them worthy successors, in church and State, of the great and good men who have gone before them. Work they do not shrink from, but they see the long years passing, and with them the hopes of attaining the noble ends they aim at. This is, indeed, a benefaction which appeals to the highest motives of the benevolent patriot.

Whether in the form of a fund, the income of which shall be bestowed in just proportion, each year, on worthy applicants for aid among the students, or in the form of an establishment, complete in itself, attached to the university after the manner of the colleges of the English universities in their earlier form, a provision for cheap living for students, or in the form of scholarship to students of the South, it would be a noble benefaction.

The State already provides State scholarships for her own citizens, affording aid to the amount of \$130 a year to each one of forty students, and the faculty remit all fees to students of the university of all denominations; but there is much talent going to waste in the States south of us, for want of some help of this character.

In the third method I would include the enlargement of those means which cultivate noble aims and train to noble, self-denying work; and this can best be done by increasing the means of usefulness of the Young Men's Christian Association of the university. This association of students of all denominations and persuasions for active Christian work among their fellows, and among the population of the neighborhood, has accomplished much in developing a spirit of active, liberal Christianity, but it is without the material outfit and resources which are necessary for the success of Christian enterprises; and just here a comparatively small fund for a building and endowment for this association, to furnish it with an appropriate library

and journals for its halls, and to provide for three or four lectures to be delivered each year, on some subject of Christian evidences or doctrine by distinguished divines, after the manner of the Bampton lectures, in the University of Oxford, would give this association a hundred-fold its present power for good. Now, my dear sir, I have laid before you these thoughts which crowd upon me, and, I fear, in a very desultory, prolix manner, and I repeat that I am content with your kind permission to inflict them on you without asking a reply. I close my letter with the assurance of the affectionate reverence which I bear to you as to a true patriot, a noble friend, and benefactor of the South. May God's richest blessings always rest on you.

With the greatest respect,

yours, most truly,

CHAS. S. VENABLE.

LEGATION DES ETATS-UNIS.

PARIS, Oct. 30, 1871.

HON. GEORGE EUSTIS.

SIR: Having been requested by Mr. Creswell, the Postmaster General of the United States, to call the attention of the French Government to the subject of a new postal treaty between France and the United States, I wish to avail myself of your valuable assistance in the matter. I, therefore, desire you to act as my delegate near the government of the republic, with a view of seeing if some equitable and just arrangement cannot be made to establish postal relations between the two countries.

I have the honor to be,

very faithfully and truly, yours, &c., &c.,

E. B. WASHBURN.

NOVEMBER 10, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I regret that official duty has prevented me from calling to see you, since I left the last of the vintage, as the proof and pledge of the deep love I bear you. I hope that you are getting stronger each day, and that the stream of your charity may long continue to flow on, carrying to many a heart the relief that is needed. I do not altogether like the idea of a voyage across the ocean at this late season, in the moment of your recuperated energy. It seems to me that you had better abide quietly at home until you are fully recovered.

I hope to be in Washington in a few weeks, and shall be very sorry to find that you have sailed. Should this be the case, you will be remembered in your voyage, which may God make both safe and pleasant. I thank you for many acts of kindness I have received. God has been singularly good to you in giving you such rich opportunities of doing good to others, and prompting you to use the opportunities given.

You have had, it is true, many trials of affliction, and of late these have been unusually severe; but, still, it is written that like as silver is tried, so are God's people tried, to be purified in the furnace. May God bless you with all grace to sweeten the joys that are left, and sanctify the sorrows that may be in store.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

RICHMOND, November 13, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

My friend, Major Page, starts for Washington to-night, to attend there to some matters connected with the disposition of the very valuable classical library of the late Nathaniel Howard, Esq. Mr. Howard was instantly killed at the capital disaster last year. He was a lawyer of emi-

nent ability and a scholar of the most extensive acquirements. He was also a great book-worm. He had, as a sort of labor of his life, collected the rarest classical library in this State—perhaps, almost, in the country. His family has been left very destitute, having only this library as a means of support. It ought to be sold entire, and would really constitute a princely gift to a literary institution.

Major Page is the executor of Mr. Howard's estate, and is looking into the best method of disposing of these valuable books, having, of course, principally in view the comfort of Mr. Howard's family. You became acquainted with him at the White Sulphur. He is a leading member of our bar, and a gentleman in every sense deserving of the highest esteem. It gives me pleasure to commend him to your consideration.

I see by the papers that you leave shortly for Europe. I am glad to hear such favorable accounts of your improving condition. I can but repeat my former wishes that you will soon be able to distance Dr. Miller. If I can be of any service to you while you are away, do not fail to command me.

Yours, truly,

R. OULD.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15, 1871.

DEAR SIR: Mrs. Grant desires me to present her compliments, and express her regrets that she was not at home when you called. She wishes you a pleasant voyage and complete restoration of health.

Mrs. Grant desires your autograph on the *carte de visite* herewith enclosed, and asks your acceptance of the engravings of General Grant.

Very truly yours,

F. T. DENT,
Secretary.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *November 15, 1871.*

MY DEAR SIR: Will you allow me to ask your attention, for a few moments, to a matter which Major Page will briefly explain to you, and which, I think, is one which will be interesting to you?

The collection of books is one of the best in the country, and would be invaluable to Columbian College or any other like institution. The family to whom it belongs is one having the highest claims to sympathy and regard.

Affectionately your friend,

J. M. CARLISLE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN, CULPEPER CO., VA..

November 15th, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I ought to have had the grace to acknowledge the photographs which you were kind enough to send me, but sickness and other causes have unduly delayed it. I value them highly, as they not only recall old memories, to which distance lends peculiar enchantment, but also daily suggest to me the duty and the pleasure of lifting up my poor prayers for blessings upon you and upon those so dear to you, and especially that He who ruleth the raging of the sea may guard you from its dangers, and conduct you in safety to the haven where you would be, with a grateful sense of His mercies.

May I venture to ask that you will sometimes mention my name to your grandchildren, and tell them that their mother's godfather sends them a greeting across the great waters from old Virginia, and, from his solitary home on Cedar Mountain, devoutly prays that our Heavenly Father may watch over them with His all-seeing eye, overshadow them with the wings of His divine providence, wash them in the blood of the Lamb, sanctify them with His Holy Spirit, and at last bring them home to heaven, where there

may be a joyful reunion of the whole family, each with a crown of gold upon his head and a golden harp in his hand. to join the choir of angels in that glorious temple which will be evermore jubilant with song?

Very truly your sincere friend,

P. SLAUGHTER.

P. S.—You need not trouble yourself to answer this letter.

PRUSSIA, LINZ, *January 6, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Having been informed that you had left Washington for France, I avail myself of Mr. Rangabe, the Greek minister in Paris, to find out your address and to forward these lines to you.

We are very anxious, my wife and myself, to hear from you, and to send you our hearty wishes for this new year. Our life is very solitary here during winter.

From a friend in New York I received, two days ago, the *Washington Patriot* of the 14th of December, with the description of the beautiful present by which some of my old friends intend to honor me. Nobody at Washington has written to me about it, and I am at a loss to know who are those good friends. That you are one of them you gave me to understand when I left Washington, and I cannot help expressing my sincere thanks for such a kind and precious souvenir, which I consider as a noble compensation for the base calumnies which obliged me, as a representative of my sovereign, to ask for my relief from my official position. On my return here I asked for the pension to which I am entitled, but have received no answer yet, although the Emperor and the Empress received me with great kindness on my return in August last.

Now, my dear old friend, we are anxious to know, before all things, where you are and how you are, and where your son-in-law and the grandchildren are.

I have not given up the hope to see you once more.

In the meantime, I convey to you these lines with the sincerest regards and wishes from my wife and my children, and from

your old friend,

FR. GEROLT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LINZ, January 31, 1872.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: From your kind letter of the 12th inst. I learned, with great regret, that you have been an invalid since your arrival in Europe; but you have the satisfaction to find your son-in-law, Mr. Eustis, much improved. I hope the fine spring weather which we enjoyed here during the whole month will soon re-establish the health of you both. I almost despair to see you again before you return to Washington in March, except in Paris, where I may accompany my daughter, when her husband will come from Constantinople about that time. Please let me know, at times, your movements and what route you take.

I have never learned who are the good friends that intend to honor me with the beautiful souvenir you alluded to in your letter. You are the only one who mentioned to me such benevolent intention when I left Washington. A friend in New York sent me a copy of the *Washington Patriot*, with a short description of the *epergne* made in Philadelphia. That is all I know about it.

A few days ago I got from Berlin a very gracious letter from the Emperor, containing my pension and my nomination to the high dignity of "Wirklicher Geheimer Prath" (Member of the King's High Counsel), with the title of Excellency. Duke Bismark addressed to me also a very complimentary letter upon my long and faithful services. The difficulty now is to find out what to do with myself.

Linz is a poor place to occupy a man's mind, and the hunting parties to kill hares, foxes, deer, and wild boars at the stand which I assisted several times last month, in very cold weather, are too fatiguing for an old man. The last time, I had my feet almost frozen in the ice and snow upon the same ground, near Linz, where Charlemagne had a hunting castle over one thousand years ago. A friend of mine has built a beautiful villa on the foundations and ruins of that castle. To-morrow I will visit some friends at Bonn, where, I guess, we will settle for the rest of my life.

The Baroness and Mrs. Rangabe are sitting and working at the table where I write this letter, and we all send you our love.

I hope to hear from you before you leave for the United States. In the meantime, I remain,

sincerely, your old friend,

FR. GEROLT.

Please to remember me to Mr. Eustis and his family. How are the children?

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, *February 1, 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have just finished a long article on "Lamon's Life of Lincoln" for the *Southern Review*, which closes with your extract from the London *Evening Herald*. I will receive a hundred copies of this eloquent extract free of cost, and shall be happy to turn them over to you, all except three or four. In the meantime, I enclose the original extract itself, which I suppose you would like to have.

The plan of the first volume of the history of the war is completed, and also most of the writing, and as soon as I can find a little leisure and need a little rest, I will run over to Washington and confer with you respecting the

conception, the spirit, the tone, and the style of the work. I wish to make it, if possible, a great English classic—an enduring and fitting memento of your kindness and generosity.

Very truly yours,

A. T. BLEDSOE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MITCHELL'S STATION, CULPEPER, VA..

February 27, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: Through the kindness of Mr. Hyde, I have heard several times from you. Glad to learn your general health has improved, but regret to learn it does not extend to your eye-sight. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Trust you are properly exercised thereby, and doubt not *His love* warms your heart, and His soul light will shine "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Glad to learn your friends in the United States will so soon have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand again. No one has more heart-felt prayers offered up for a *safe return*, and *long life* to glorify God and to gladden the hearts of the poor and afflicted, than you have.

Am happy to inform you, my Christian friend, Mr. Stringfellow, whom you so generously aided, is now living in a comfortable cottage, happy with his wife and five children.

When in Washington I visited the Louise Home, and never spent a more delightful hour. I sent my card to Mrs. Saunders, whom I had long known in better days. She walked me over the establishment, admirably arranged and in fine taste. "We want nothing, none ever had "more comforts in elegant homes. Here is the parlor, "elegant; here is the library, with select books; here is a "nice piece of furniture Mr. Corcoran sent from New York, "on his way to Europe; there is the face of his angel "wife; *that* the face of his angel daughter. Now, I must "show you to the dining-room: see those silver forks and

“ everything corresponding. Who ever had such things
 “ more delightful? Now, go with me to the kitchen (the
 “ dinner was being served up, and my mouth watered for
 “ a taste of the good dishes)—in fact his last thought, in
 “ sailing from New York, was about us. The only fear I
 “ have is we shall make him an idol, for he is the best
 “ man in the world.” I have given the substance, and
 nearly the words she used. She gave a full account of the
 elegant dinner you gave them a short time before your de-
 parture. Her heart was overflowing with gratitude.

I had rather have the honor of such monument of *pure
 benevolence* than the glory of a thousand battle fields.

I remain, sir, most truly,
 your friend and obedient servant,

JEREMIAH MORTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LINZ, K. PRUSSIA, *February 28, 1872.*

MY OLDEST FRIEND: In my retirement in this old place
 I have indulged in the recollections of olden times, and
 made out that you are our oldest living friend in the
 United States. I cannot bear the idea that I should not
 see you again before you return to Washington.

Your last news about Mr. Eustis' health is very sad. We
 sympathize heartily with your feelings, and hope for the best.

I am very thankful for your congratulations upon the
 honor conferred on me by the Emperor, who is as old a
 man as myself—79 years in a few days; and he enjoys
 still good health and bodily vigor. The climate here is
 very healthy, and I have never been better in good appe-
 tite and sleep. We had spring weather since the begin-
 ning of this year, trees and plants breaking out—too pre-
 maturely, as we must still have frost during March.

The news from Washington you will have learned from
 newspapers. I am very anxious to see who will be nomi-
 nated for the next President and Vice-President.

In my country there is still much agitation in consequence of the new dogma of infallibility of the Pope, and a division has already taken place between *old* Catholics and *new* Catholics throughout Germany and Austria.

It is late; I bid you a good-night, and send you many affectionate regards from my wife and Dorothea, and from your old friend,

FR. GEROLT.

Please remember me kindly to Mr. Eustis and the rest of your family.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *March 1, 1872.*

BARON: Deeply regretting your withdrawal from official life among us, and pained to lose you and your family from the social circle, some of those who have long appreciated your many virtues and excellencies, representing the universal opinion of our people, have directed the undersigned to make their sentiments known to you.

Words or symbols can only feebly express the prevailing regret at your separation from us after a residence of more than a quarter of a century, during which long period respect had grown to veneration; but we venture to ask your acceptance of a piece of silver, of American workmanship, as a token of American sympathy, which may, at least, remind you of our country, and recall the friends who cherish you in their hearts.

Wishing you abundant enjoyment in the recollection of an honorable and useful career, and many happy days in your own country, we are, with unaffected respect and personal attachment,

your sincere friends,

W. W. CORCORAN,
SAM. HOOPER,
J. C. G. KENNEDY,

Committee.

His Excellency Baron FREDERICK VON GEROLT.

LINZ, K. PRUSSIA, *March 30, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

In my last letter (of the 28th of February) I had to thank you for your kind congratulations on my gracious reception from the Emperor and Prince Bismark, and to-day I beg to express my gratitude to you and other good friends for the beautiful souvenir sent to me, and which has arrived at Bremen. I have asked officially at Berlin that the *epergne* be allowed to enter Prussia without paying duties, as a part of my personal effects brought from Washington.

I send you hereby a copy of my answer to the flattering letter which I received a few days ago, and which you had probably signed before leaving Washington. I feel particularly thankful to you, my good old friend, for such a splendid token of friendship which my American friends honored me with. The Baroness and Mrs. Rangabe join me cordially in my sentiments of gratitude, and send you their love and sincere regards.

I am very anxious to learn from you the state of health of your son-in-law and his children. We hope that your next news will be satisfactory. We are all well and wish you the same.

I remain, sincerely, your affectionate
and oldest friend,

FR. V. GEROLT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LINZ, K. PRUSSIA, *March 30, 1872.*

HONORED GENTLEMEN AND DEAR FRIENDS:

On receiving your honored letter of the 1st instant, I was deeply moved by the sentiments of kindness and regret which you were pleased to express, in your name and in the name of others of my good friends, for the withdrawal of myself and my family from my official life and our social circle in the United States.

If I had the good fortune to earn the favorable opinion

of many American friends, it ought to be attributed chiefly to their partiality and kindness to one who, having resided among them for twenty-six years in his official capacity, has taken always a lively interest in the development of your great country, and sympathized cordially with the prosperities and adversities of your people, in which my own country is so deeply interested.

I need not assure you, gentlemen, that your kind wishes for my welfare are heartily reciprocated, and that I will be happy to accept the beautiful gift of American workmanship with which you have honored my memory, as a most precious token of the kindness of my American friends and of American liberality.

In expressing to you, gentlemen, and to all my good friends who so kindly remembered me, my sincerest gratitude and my hearty wishes for your happiness, I remain, with great respect and with sentiments of sincere friendship,

your obedient servant,

FR. V. GEROLT.

To Messrs. W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

HON. SAM. HOOPER,

J. C. G. KENNEDY, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH," FLEET STREET, E. C.,

LONDON, *March 6, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

Many months have flown since the day when I promised you that something on the subject of our honored friend, General Lee, should shortly appear, of which I was the author, in the pages of an English magazine; but circumstances have conspired to delay the publication of the article on General Lee, contained in the March number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which, by the same post that takes this letter, I send you a copy. I am painfully conscious how feeble have been my attempts to do justice to

one of the noblest and purest characters that it was ever my good fortune to encounter; but you, who knew him for so many years, will have little difficulty in making good my shortcomings, and will, at least, recognize, as I hope, that the few pages which I have written are the work of a loving hand.

I might ask you to bring this brief article under the notice of Mr. Carlisle, whom I never met but once, and that was at your table, but whose regard and admiration for General Lee are abundantly evidenced in the beautiful tribute to his memory pronounced by Mr. Carlisle at Washington.

I sincerely hope that your health has been completely re-established since we parted in May last, and that upon my next visit to Washington I may have the happiness of exchanging with you many memories of our dear Southern friends.

Believe me, with sincere regard, my dear Mr. Corcoran,
most faithfully yours,

FRANCIS LAWLEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

VILLA VICTORIA, CANNES, ALPES MARITIMES,
FRANCE, *March*, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Can you allow me to suggest that, in any invitations to the funeral, the meeting should be at the villa Louisiana, at half-past two, to follow the dear remains to the church at three; for your dear George was very greatly beloved by all our country people here, and they would like to show this respect to his memory. Mr. Rolfe hopes to see you again about this, and my dear wife joins in sincere and deep sympathy with you and his dear mother and sister under this great trial.

Believe me, dear Mr. Corcoran,
ever yours, sincerely,

T. ROBINSON WOOLFELD.

MARCH 15, 1872.

DEAR MISS EUSTIS:

The dreadful telegram has come! From what your sister said, and all I heard, the blow was not unexpected; but I cannot tell you how the dreadful reality has filled me with sadness. Never shall I forget the many, many kind acts of friendship, and all the thousand sympathies that bound me to your dear brother. He is a great loss, and many and many will be the hearts that this cruel blow will sadden. I need not tell you and his mother and children that you can always depend upon me as a faithful and true friend, for your sakes and *his sake*. Thank Lafayette; he has done for poor George what I did for his wife—sent the news of his death, by telegram, to your numerous friends. Cannes has been a fatal place to you. Will you stay there? Should Mr. Corcoran come through Paris, advise me by telegram. If agreeable to him, I will be at the station and see to his welfare while passing through Paris. Tell him how deeply I sympathize with him. Poor man! to survive one's own children! The poor, dear babies! All is inexpressibly sad and heart-rending! Tell your poor, brave mother that my wife sends her tenderest sympathies and love, and to you also. I know you have kind and devoted friends, the Duchess especially; but in presence of death nothing avails. Would it be asking too much to beg you to let me have a photograph of him we mourn? Blanche is overpowered, and *can* only write to-morrow. God bless you all.

Your true friend,

E. L. CHILDE.

MARCH 18, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Nothing aggravates the discomforts of a sick-bed so much as its interference with the duties of friendship and affection. Such is my fate to-day, and I write from my bed to say how deeply I regret being unable to pay the

last tribute of respect to one whom I loved so well as my kind and constant friend, George Eustis. I shall never forget the genial hours we have spent together, nor cease to deplore his being cut off in the flower of his manhood.

Pray assure his mother and sister that nothing but sheer inability would have detained me from the sad ceremony of to-day; but I have asked my sister to represent me.

I am better, but the high fever has given me a shake.

Yours, sincerely,

DALHOUSIE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MARCH 19, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have long been waiting for the opportunity of writing you a letter, and had hoped that it would not have to be one of sympathy for you on another of those sad dispensations which checker our mortal pilgrimage and admonish us that this is not our rest. Like as silver is tried for the purification of the dross, God's people pass through the crucible. We cannot now comprehend the ways of God, but the light that fringes the cloud is more than enough to sweeten life's sorrows, and the consciousness that we know not now, but shall know hereafter, gives the sublimity of repose to the heart that is now vexed and disquieted within us. Though not personally acquainted with Mr. Eustis, I shared with his many friends their admiration of his noble qualities of mind and heart, and can appreciate your loss and that sustained by his little babes. "One is taken and another is left." I thank God your life is spared, and trust you may be so improved in health as to be able to watch over their unfolding beauty of body and mind and heart, and live in the sunlight they shed in your heart and hearthstone. There is something very eloquent in the sympathy of childhood, a sort of summer zephyr that plays over the evening sky, giving it freshness and keeping it warm.

You have had of late a great deal to occasion you sorrow. Your physical infirmities are many and very hard to bear—a weakened vision and impaired power of motion—and these, to one of your mental and bodily activity, are heavy crosses; but the cross, you know, touches the crown, and makes it only the more bright and glowing.

You have one blessing that few others enjoy. You have been and are eye-sight to the blind, bread to the hungry, clothing to the naked. You can sit in the sunlight you have shed on the pathway of others. You can feel that, doing this from love of Christ, you are ministering to them as He bids you. If He gives you an orphanage in your own homestead to press to your loving heart and soothe in its loneliness; you have already in your charge an orphanage He has chastened, not of your household, whose sorrows you have lightened at a time when all other help failed them. I hope you may be restored to us again in improved health, and that God may vouchsafe you a safe and comfortable voyage, and that the little ones you bring with you may be spared to wind around you the tendrils of their love.

The other day I was pleased to see, in one of our church journals, an eloquent and touching allusion to yourself, which I will show you when you return. I am almost afraid that this letter will give you more trouble than pleasure, because of the handwriting; but I have to write *currente calamo*, and if you find it not worth the trouble, lay it aside and rest on the love that penned it. *That* has no cipher that needs an interpreter. May God bless and sustain you.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH," FLEET ST., E. C.,
LONDON, March 21, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

It is with sincere regret and sympathy that I have learned from our mutual friend, Mr. Peabody, of the heavy loss which you and your grandchildren have sustained in the death of poor George Eustis. I was apprehensive, from my intercourse with him in Paris during the month of August of 1870, that his health was giving way; but I was in hopes that removal to a warmer climate would have sufficed to build him up again, and that he might yet have been spared for many years.

It will afford me sincere pleasure to hear that your own health has been benefited by your sojourn at Cannes, and that you have not suffered from the anxiety and affliction to which this sad event cannot have failed to expose you.

About a fortnight ago I wrote to you at Washington, before I had heard that you were in Europe. I ventured to send you a copy of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which appears an article from my pen—too long delayed, though not from any fault of mine—upon the subject of our excellent friend, General Lee. Being doubtful whether my letter to Washington, and the magazine which accompanied it, will ever be forwarded to you, I now send you a second copy, in the hope that, however imperfect my tribute to General Lee may be, it will seem to you inspired by a feeling of love and admiration for him which will be welcome to you, and will recall to you some of the qualities which so endeared him to both of us.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Corcoran, with sincere respect and regard,

most faithfully yours,

FRANCIS LAWLEY.

W. W., CORCORAN, Esq.

LINZ, K. PRUSSIA, *April 10, 1872.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I received your letter of the 1st instant two days after I had written to you informing you of the reception of the committee's letter, and enclosing a copy of my answer to it. The beautiful present has arrived at Bremen, and I have asked officially that it might be imported into Prussia free of custom duties, but received no answer yet. In a few days I have to go to Berlin, where I want the *epergne* sent, any how, first for exhibition, as a sample of American workmanship and of American kindness and liberality.

From your letter we learned with great regret the loss of your son-in-law, and we are most anxious about the result of the operation upon your eye in Paris.

I beg you to let me know, if possible, whether you have fixed the time of your return to Washington.

We all send you our love, and hope to have good news from you.

Very sincerely, your affectionate friend,

FR. V. GEROLT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Paris.*

VILLA PANMURE, CANNES,
ALPES MARITIMES, FRANCE.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Many thanks for your two treats, one a mental one in the shape of the article of General Lee, which I have read with much pleasure, and the other a gastronomic one in the shape of two Virginia hams, which I hope soon to be able to enjoy. I have been very poorly, and am sorry to hear that you, also, have been ill.

I hope soon to be able to come and see you all, as I am very anxious to get my first visit over.

As soon as my sister has read the article, I will send back the magazine.

Yours, sincerely,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.
MONDAY, *April, 1872.*

DALHOUSIE.

BUFFALO, *April 20, 1872.*

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: How much I should be delighted to take you by the hand again, and I trust that *that* pleasure will be enjoyed by me yet before I die; but next to that is the satisfaction of hearing from you. I have your esteemed favor of the 11th ult., from Cannes, and I can assure you, in all sincerity, that I was very glad to hear from you; but I was surprised and deeply pained to hear of the loss of your sight, which, I infer, is only partial and may be restored. God grant it may!

The telegraph had brought the sad intelligence of Mr. Eustis' death before I received your letter. It must have been a great blessing and comfort to him to have had your presence and care during his illness. He was a gentleman of many accomplishments, and I have reason to remember him and Mrs. Eustis with respect and gratitude for their kind politeness to Mrs. F. and myself at Pau and Paris in 1866. Be assured that I sympathize with you most deeply in all your trials and sufferings, and pray most sincerely that your sight may be restored, and you again be permitted to enjoy that society of which you have so long been the centre of attraction and ornament.

Your little grandchildren must be a blessing to you now. How well I recollect their dear, kind mother, who often honored me with the appellation of father during our delightful trip in Europe in 1855.

The little boy used to say I looked like grandpa—not very flattering to you.

I had a slight attack last summer, and have lost some flesh, but am now very well. I regret to say Mrs. F. has been out of health for nearly two years, but I am happy to say she seems now to be recovering, and I trust she will soon be permanently restored. My son is very well, and, fortunately, very busy.

I am a thousand times obliged for your polite invitation to Mrs. F. and myself to visit you next winter, if all things

are favorable; and I can assure you, in all sincerity, that I shall be strongly tempted—I fear too strongly to resist—to break over the rule prescribed to myself not to visit Washington. Your plan would be a reunion of my administration, and would renew so many old and pleasant associations that I think it would almost rejuvenate me and yourself also, and I am sure Mrs. F. would enjoy it very much.

I am a silent but deeply interested spectator of political events. The truth is the whole official corps is corrupt, and the whole people are demoralized—the natural result of our civil war; but I am unwilling to despair of the Republic, and, therefore, hope for a change. I entirely approve of your determination to bring up your grandchildren in this country. Let them not be strangers in the land where they are to dwell.

Mrs. F. joins me in most cordial regards, and
I remain, as ever, your sincere friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, VA., *April 23, 1872.*

At a meeting of the faculty of Washington and Lee University, the following letter was communicated by the president:

“CANNES, *March 19, 1872.*

Gen. G. W. C. LEE,

*President of Washington and Lee University,
Lexington, Va.*

DEAR SIR: Only a few days before my departure from Washington City my attention was called to the contemplated sale of the “Howard Library.” I had, consequently, no opportunity of a personal inspection of it; but, from the representations of gentlemen whose scholastic attainments gave weight to their opinions, I became impressed with the belief that it would prove a valuable acquisition to your college. In making this collection, the late proprietor, who had acquired unusual celebrity as a linguist, spent many years.

Having completed the necessary arrangements for the purchase of the library, I ask, my dear sir, your acceptance of it. It is presented as an evidence of my interest in the success of an institution bearing now, in addition to its original designation, the name of *one* endeared to me by indubitable proofs of his friendship, and by that nobility of soul which pre-eminently distinguished him.

With assurances of high regard,

I remain yours, truly,

W. W. CORCORAN."

Whereupon it was resolved:

First. That we gratefully acknowledge this handsome donation, and that the thanks of the faculty be communicated by the president, on behalf of the university, to Mr. W. W. Corcoran.

Second. That in the presentation of this library, the valuable collection of the late Nathaniel P. Howard, Esq., one of the most accomplished scholars of Virginia, Mr. Corcoran has not only given a touching and most becoming expression of his affection for the memory of General R. E. Lee, but has manifested a sympathetic zeal in behalf of Southern scholarship and letters worthy of the gratitude and admiration of the Southern people.

Third. That in the library of the university this collection shall be preserved separate and intact, and that the cases containing it shall be inscribed as follows:

"THE HOWARD LIBRARY,

THE GIFT OF

W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ."

Also, that Mr. Corcoran's letter of presentation, which is so beautiful a memorial of the friendship between himself and General Lee, shall be framed and preserved in the library.

Fourth. That a copy of the above minute be communicated to Mr. Corcoran.

RICHMOND, *April 25*, 1872.

L. R. PAGE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: At the request of Mrs. N. P. Howard, I write to express to you, and through you to Mr. Corcoran, the very grateful feeling she has of the kind sympathy felt towards herself, which, she is convinced, was of effectual influence in inducing him to make the purchase of her late husband's library. This gratitude is not lessened—indeed, is more deeply felt—because she believes the collection of books thus purchased by Mr. Corcoran, and dedicated, as she is informed, to the cause of sound learning in this State, was one of singular value in its kind. It has thus been preserved from a public sale, which, while it would have caused a serious pecuniary loss to herself, would also have caused a loss to the public, by scattering abroad a carefully-selected classical library, the value of which to scholars depended so entirely upon its being kept together.

Mrs. Howard desires to add her most sincere wishes for Mr. Corcoran's health and happiness, and that he may long be able to see and enjoy the evidence that his many and large benefactions have been as wisely as they have been liberally bestowed.

Very truly yours,

P. F. HOWARD.

BREMEN, *May 7*, 1872.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Although I have not been able to see you in Paris before your departure, I hope to see you again, either in Europe or in Washington, if I live a little longer. I cannot realize the idea never to return to the United States, where I have left so many kind friends.

Miss Alice Riggs' last letter, of April 21st, I received in Berlin, where I had to present myself as privy counsel of the Emperor, and to thank for such honor. During my presence in Berlin, the beautiful souvenir (*epergne*) of my American friends arrived from Bremen, and this fine speci-

men of American workmanship was much admired. At a great dinner party at his Majesty's *palais*, in honor of the Emperor of Russia, on the 27th of April, the *epergne* was exhibited after the dinner and much admired by all the guests. When I returned that day from Charlottenbourg, where I paid my respects to the Queen Dowager, with whom you dined with Baron Humboldt when you visited Berlin with Mr. Fillmore, in 1855, a special messenger came to me at the hotel, by order of the Emperor, to congratulate me, in the name of his Majesty and her Majesty (the Empress) and Prince Bismarck, for this honorable memorial and acknowledgment of friendship from my American friends. Before leaving Berlin, three days ago, I had it packed in different pieces and sent to Linz to the Baroness, who calls it an elephant, as we have no proper place to exhibit such a fine specimen of American workmanship.

I hope you will receive this letter before you embark. I will write you again from Linz, and beg you to let me know how you are, and whether the operation upon your eye has been successful.

Give my love to Miss Alice, to whom I have no time to write, because I leave for Linz in five minutes.

With my hearty wishes for your health,

I remain your old and affectionate friend,

F. V. GEROLT.

I had some photographs of the *epergne* made, one of which, in two sheets, I send you to Washington with the next steamer from here.

In great hurry.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

3 CROMWELL ROAD, KENSINGTON, *May*, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am really so sorry not to have been able to get to see you during your stay here. Ella will have told you how ill I have been. I hope you will soon be in England

again, and that you will not fail to let me know when you are here. If you come abroad in the summer, and would make us a visit in our Highland home, nothing would give us more pleasure than to welcome you.

Hoping you will have a good voyage, and that your eyes will not suffer,

believe me ever yours, sincerely,

H. ABINGER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WHITE HOUSE, TUNSTALL'S P. O.,
NEW KENT CO., VA., 26th May, 1872,

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

The Rev. Mr. Kepler, the rector of this parish, is collecting funds for the repair of St. Peter's Church, and has asked me for a letter to you on the subject.

Knowing your great charities, and especially to this section of the country, I felt some hesitation in complying with his request; but as the contribution asked is for a good object, the restoration of one of the oldest churches in Virginia, and the one in which General Washington was married, which circumstance makes it an object of general interest, I have determined to ask your favorable consideration of his application.

I am glad to learn through the papers that you have returned to Washington, and that your health has been restored.

With every wish for your happiness, I remain,
very truly, yours,

W. H. F. LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, *June 4, 1872.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

President, &c.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inform you that at a special meeting of the board of trustees of the Columbian College, held last night, the accompanying resolution was unanimously adopted, viz. :

Resolved, That this board has heard, with great pleasure and gratitude to God, of the safe return and improved health of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., its honored and beloved president and benefactor, and that the secretary be instructed to communicate to him a copy of this resolution.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM STICKNEY,

*Secretary, &c.*NEWPORT, N. H., *June 5, 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR: I observe in the newspapers that you have returned from Europe, and that a delegation of the citizens of Washington have been sent on to New York to receive and welcome you home. This is a gratifying token of the regard of your fellow-citizens of Washington, which you cannot fail to value highly.

Not knowing that we shall ever meet again, I write this letter to express to you my high appreciation of your noble and magnanimous character. When I first went to Washington as a member of Congress, more than thirty years ago, I heard of your many acts of charity to the poor, and to many other worthy objects; and since then, your record has been but a continuation of generous and noble deeds, reflecting the highest credit upon you as a man, and honor upon your country as one of its worthiest and most eminent citizens.

We became acquainted many years ago—when the application of the old city banks for the extension of their charters was before Congress—and ever since then my

esteem for you as a high-minded and honorable man and an able and successful banker, displaying in your business the sagacity and ability of a statesman, and for your many and excellent virtues of personal character, has only increased with the lapse of time.

As life to us is short and we may never meet again, I felt compelled to express to you my personal esteem and regard, believing that, coming from a man as humble as I am, it would be gratifying to you, as it is to me, to give this expression of my sentiments in relation to the character of a man I value so highly; and hence I have presumed to write this letter.

With the highest respect and esteem,

yours, very truly,

EDMUND BURKE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: I have the honor and pleasure of being made the channel of communication for the accompanying words of welcome from your fellow-citizens and members of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants.

I regard it as a privilege to be thus enabled to assure you that among those who thus greet you on your auspicious return to the people who esteem and venerate you, and to the theatre of your usefulness, no one is more sincere and grateful than

your sincere friend and servant,

JOHN CARROLL BRENT,

Recording Secretary.

WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Among the proceedings of the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia, at its meeting of Wednesday, June 5, 1872, was the following :

Dr. J. B. Blake, the president of the association, introduced the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That the return among us, from his recent visit to Europe, of our venerable fellow-citizen and only surviving honorary member of this association, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, affords us unfeigned gratification, and we cherish the hope that his valuable life may long be preserved in good health to witness the successful operation of his beneficent endowments, and the realization, in their results, of his humane purposes.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Corcoran, with the expression of our great regard for him, and cordial "welcome home" among his friends and fellow-citizens.

JOHN CARROLL BRENT,
Recording Secretary.

BUFFALO, July 29, 1872.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND :

Some time since I received a very cordial letter from you, dated at Nice, to which I responded, but do not know that my letter was received.

I heard a few days since that you were probably now at Washington, and feeling a great anxiety to hear from you and learn the state of your health, and especially how your sight was, I venture to trouble you with a line of inquiry.

Assuming that you received my former letter, I need not repeat what I then said; but I am happy to add that Mrs. Fillmore's health is improving.

I had a call a few days since from Messrs. Graham and Stuart, and you were most cordially remembered in our interview.

We have the prospect of a bitter political campaign, in which I take no active part, but am not an uninterested spectator.

Do let me hear from you, if only by a line, at your earliest convenience.

Hoping that you are fully restored to health and sight,
I remain, as ever,
your sincere friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, *Aug. 3, 1872.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I was highly pleased by the receipt of your communication of the 29th ult.

The indistinctness of vision under which I labored some months ago has undergone a perceptible change for the better, though my sight is still so imperfect as to disqualify me for reading or writing.

My general health is good, and I pass my time here quite pleasantly, surrounded by friends. The season has been delightful, the thermometer ranging from 70 to 80 degrees, and the company is very agreeable. The pleasure, however, derived from my sojourn at this place would be greatly enhanced by your presence. The opportunity, thus afforded, of a full and friendly interchange of thought, and of talking over old times with you, would be highly gratifying; for those by-gone, happy days are still fresh in my memory, and their retrospect invariably awakens the most pleasing associations.

I would have been delighted to have met with Stuart and Graham on their recent visit to you. Conrad is here, and will join us in Washington next winter. He desires to be kindly remembered to you.

The political horizon is brightening. Intelligence of a conservative triumph in North Carolina has been received.

With my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Fillmore, and with renewed assurances of undiminished attachment,

I remain, my dear sir, yours, very truly,

W. W. CORCORAN.

MILLARD FILLMORE, Esq.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD CO.,
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,

BALTIMORE, *August 16, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I duly received your obliging note.

I am glad to learn, through Mr. Hyde and my son, of your decided improvement in health. I trust your summer trip will materially aid in the restoration of your sight.

I have been constantly pressed, even during the heated term, with official engagements which have deprived me of the pleasure of joining you at the White Sulphur. The season is now so far advanced that I will be compelled to confine myself to my usual trip to Saratoga, for which I expect to leave on Monday next.

Robert informs me that he stated our design to send the private car for the comfort of yourself and family upon your return. As I shall be absent a few weeks, I must ask you to write or telegraph to our vice-president, Mr. John King, jr., four or five days before you design to leave, naming the day, so that the car may reach the White Sulphur in proper time. I advise the vice-president fully on the subject.

Pray present my kind regards to Miss Eustis and the young folks;

and believe me faithfully yours,

JOHN W. GARRETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
White Sulphur Springs.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
August 26, 1872.

DEAR SIR: The board of trustees of Washington and Lee University, at their late meeting, instructed me, as their official organ, to make acknowledgment of the receipt of the "Howard Library," which you were so kind as to present to us.

The original owner of this library I knew well, and per-

sonally, during a pretty long period. I knew his retiring, studious habits, his highly cultivated literary taste, his fondness for deep research ; and, although I have not had time to examine particularly this elegant library, I feel assured, from my knowledge of the character of Mr. Howard, that it is one of very rare excellence.

The trustees and faculty of our university all look upon it as a rich treasure, a grand gift, a splendid monument to your munificence, and a most becoming tribute to our dear old General, whom you knew so well and revered so highly.

Please except our unanimous and hearty thanks and assurances of high personal regard.

Your obedient servant,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

A. LEYBURN,
Rector.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I cannot leave the White Sulphur without thanking you for the kind hospitality you have extended to me, and the many agreeable hours I have spent. Your friendship I regard as one of the highest favors bestowed on me, and only wish I could feel more worthy of it. I hope you may not hasten your return to Washington. The mountain air, in the next two weeks, will be of immense value to you and your little ones. I trust you may find the balance of the year a sweet, smiling valley fragrant with flowers, and that you may continue to improve in health. It is a great blessing, where God is pleased to allot it to us, and greatly to be prized. I shall miss the society of yourself, Mr. Smith, the doctor, and the boys ; they are charming.

Wishing you every blessing you can possibly crave, and trusting that you, who are shedding all the while so many dew drops on the parched pathway of others, may be permitted to drink in the comforts you dispense,

I am, with sincere thanks, yours, affectionately,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WM. PINKNEY.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am rejoiced that you did not return, as you proposed. The weather has been fearfully hot. The city is quite unhealthy—bilious fever prevalent. Do not hurry back. Your life is too valuable to too many to justify you in not using all proper means to preserve it in health as long as God wills it. The grapes are a failure, but I will send you on a box of such as we have. If not as good as I could wish them, they will, I know, be *tastefully* received by you. I miss you very much and the dear little boys. They are so refined and gentlemanly. Give my love to them; also the Doctor. He ought to have been a professor; his taste for literature is remarkable, and his judgment on the English classics is very profound. I think if old Sam Johnson were alive, he would be proud to know that there is one who has fathomed the depths of his profoundest criticisms. Tell the Doctor I hope that Vesuvius does not threaten a second eruption. If Virginia is assailed, I have my fears.

I know that I owe you much for the kind sympathy you have shown me, and the friendship with which you have honored me, and I am not ungrateful, although it is not easy to express my thanks. Remember me most kindly to Miss Eustis, and all other friends.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

I send you a letter I received from Miss Potts.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, VA., October 30, 1872.

DEAR SIR: Your valued favor of the 28th inst. to the president of the university, General G. W. C. Lee, has been received.

In his absence at the State fair, I take the liberty of in-

forming you that the registered stock mentioned may be transferred to "Washington and Lee University," which is the corporate name of this institution.

I will forward to-day a copy of your letter to General Lee, who will be pleased to make a proper acknowledgment of your munificent benefaction.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

your obedient servant,

WILLIAM DOLD,

Treasurer and Clerk of the Faculty.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, VA., Nov. 11, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 7th inst., in reference to the delivery of the bonds which you have so kindly presented this institution, reached me yesterday, Sunday.

I take the liberty and this means of introducing to you the bearer of this note, Mr. William Dold; who, as treasurer of Washington and Lee University, will receive the stock in question, at the time and in the manner most convenient to yourself.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

G. W. C. LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

24 M'CULLOH STREET,
BALTIMORE, November 15, 1872.

DEAR SIR: I received your very kind note the day before yesterday, enclosing a check for one hundred dollars, for which I desire to thank you most sincerely. You did more than I expected, though I had no right whatever to expect you to do anything. I did believe, however, that if you knew, even the most imperfectly, the state of the case in regard to "Is Davis a Traitor?" you would, in all probability, take fifty or one hundred copies at the whole-

sale price; but you have taken fifty copies, and paid the price of one hundred copies. This, I repeat, is more than I expected, although I was fully aware of the great goodness and generosity of your nature. I am greatly obliged to you for it, but infinitely more am I obliged to you for the millions which you lavished upon the poor, more needy than myself.

* * * * *

Besides editing the *Southern Review*, and writing more for it than any other editor ever wrote for a quarterly, I am engaged in preparing a work on moral philosophy, as a text-book for colleges and universities. I have often been applied to by publishers to write such a work. ——— offered me, before the war, ten thousand dollars for such a text-book, and it was more than half finished before they applied to me for it. The agreement was made, but the war put an end to their good-will and intentions, and I did not see proper to enforce the contract by a suit at law. John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, the largest and most successful of all Southern publishers, applied for such a work to the late Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, a high-toned Christian gentleman, a fine scholar, and a particular friend of mine. He replied to Mr. Morton (who sent me an extract from his letter) that if he wished a work on moral philosophy, he should get me to prepare one. He was pleased to say in that extract that, “in my opinion, Professor Bledsoe can do that work better than any man living.” I told Mr. Morton that if I prepared such a work for him, he would have to give me my own terms; for it would be the result of a life of great labor, and I had worked for publishers long enough without sufficient pay. He replied, very frankly, that he wanted the book; and when my terms were made known he at once accepted them. He is to have all the expense of publication, and to give me, or my heirs, one-half the profits of the sale.

Now, my dear sir, I mention these circumstances to you

because I wish to dedicate my moral philosophy to W. W. Corcoran, Esq. I do not suppose that you have made a study of the great principles of moral science, but you have, in my opinion, practised them on a nobler and grander scale than any man of my acquaintance, and hence there is no man living to whom I could so heartily and so gladly dedicate such a production as to yourself. The work will pass through the press this fall and winter.

Very respectfully and truly,
your most obliged servant,

A. T. BLEDSOE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *November 19, 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR: An early reply to your letter has been prevented by indisposition.

I am much pleased to learn that you are preparing a work on moral philosophy, and duly appreciate the honor of its proposed dedication to myself. This is, indeed, a most gratifying evidence of your regard, and, viewed in connection with the graceful manner in which your intention is announced, it acquires, in my estimation an additional value.

Your present engagements demand, in all probability, your undivided attention; but I avail myself of this occasion to express a desire, long entertained, that you may yet find time to write a history of the late civil war. In the undertaking now presented to your consideration, I feel a more than ordinary interest, impressed as I am with the conviction that, in your hands, such a work will exhibit in its true light the patriotic spirit which animated the South throughout that unequal contest, and furnish an unanswerable refutation of charges which, originating in the bitterness of sectional prejudice, have been industriously circulated by Northern writers.

I expect to be in Baltimore soon, and will endeavor to have a personal interview with you in reference to this matter.

With assurances of high esteem,
I remain truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

A. T. BLEDSOE, Esq.,
Baltimore, Md.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, VA., *November 20, 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt, through the mails, of your letter of the 13th inst., and from the hands of Mr. William Dold, treasurer, of the bonds of the City of Alexandria referred to therein.

I have also the pleasure of transmitting herewith a copy of the minute adopted by the faculty of Washington and Lee University, as an expression, however inadequate, of our appreciation of your generosity and kind interest in the institution with which we are connected.

Having already taken occasion, in advance of this action of the faculty, to offer my personal thanks, I will now only repeat my sincere and earnest wishes for your health and happiness.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

G. W. C. LEE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, VA., *November 20, 1872.*

At a called meeting of the faculty of Washington and Lee University, held this day, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

"The recent gift by W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington City, to this institution, of the sum of twenty thousand

dollars for its endowment fund calls for a renewed expression by the president and faculty of their profound gratitude for this evidence of his continued interest in its prosperity, and in the extension of its educational system; thus aiding to secure a liberal culture for the youth of the country, and to make this university worthy of its name and its history.

This donation by Mr. Corcoran, with the valuable addition recently made by him to the library of the university, is accepted with especial pleasure, as an indication of the growing interest which men of comprehensive views take in the advancement of educational institutions as the great need of our country—an interest bearing with singular appropriateness upon this university, which, founded by Washington, re-endowed by the Cincinnati of the Revolution, and aided by the liberality of others, has ever found in private beneficence the surest guaranty of its solid and permanent endowment, and a complete security for independent development.

Ordered, That a copy of this minute be forwarded to Mr. Corcoran, with the assurance of the sincere personal esteem of the president and the faculty, and of their grateful sense of his generous contributions to the promotion of the prosperity of the university."

A copy from the minutes.

WILLIAM DOLD,
Clerk of Faculty.

PRINCESS ANN, November 20th, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: I cannot resist the inclination to pour out my heartfelt gratitude to you for the noble charity that causes so many to rise up and call you blessed. When my sister returned home last summer, after paying me a visit, I felt that I had made the acquaintance of a great and good man. I even doubted that it was "more blessed to give than to receive," and now a gentleman, who has lately

visited her in her room and been taken over the house, tells me of her happiness and the elegance of her surroundings. The Home, and its conception, is a point that has never been hitherto reached, and could only have welled forth from a heart so overflowing with rich and hallowed memories as your own. You have erected a monument to your loved ones so lofty that it is seen all over our beautiful country, and causes many to exclaim, "God loveth the cheerful giver." Some day I hope to visit your city and home and see you face to face. I feel assured I can then much better say what I can now only express by letter.

Yours, most sincerely,

E. T. UPSHUR.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *November 24, 1872.*

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: I am very anxious to hear from you and know how you are, for I find, as time rolls on and we increase in years, that our cherished friends grow less; but, like the sibyl's books, as they decrease in number, those that remain increase in value. I received your very kind and welcome letter of August 3, from the White Sulphur Springs, which contained the gratifying intelligence that your health was good and your sight perceptibly improving; and a few days since a gentleman called on me, who informed me that he had recently met you in Washington, and that you were much better. This was most gratifying news, but I wish it confirmed by yourself.

It would have given Mrs. F. and myself great pleasure to have joined you at the White Sulphur, but her health was too delicate to undertake so long a journey in such hot weather; but I am happy to say that, since the cool weather commenced, her health has improved very much, and this gives us hope that she will eventually be entirely restored to health. She desires to be most cordially remembered to you.

The election is over, and, perhaps, the least said about it is best. We shall soon know whether the tyrannical measures heretofore pursued towards the South are to be changed; whether thieves and plunderers are to be punished and honest men appointed to office. Let us hope for the best.

As ever, your sincere friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

P. S.—I received your letter from Cannes of March 11, 1872, and answered it. Did you receive my answer?

RUTGER'S FEMALE COLLEGE,
487, 489, 491 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, November 28, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: Though late in expressing my thanks for your generous gift to the college, to which I devoted twenty-seven years of sacrificing toil, I know you will appreciate the reason for the delay. It was that I might be assured that no interested motive prompts the expression of my sincere gratitude.

I have profoundly studied the spirit of our times. It may be too material and secular, but yet I fully appreciate it. In Europe the universal cry is for the secularization of education. This means, there, its transfer from the control of the clergy to men of mere letters. The same demand is influencing all our colleges. Their presidents must be, as I intimated in my farewell address, men devoted to secular pursuits and able to reach men in that sphere. Dr. Welling could not have carried the college through the stage of its progress during which I labored for it, but he can do better for it than I, in its present promise.

You, my dear sir, will leave behind such a record as few men can look upon in the close of life. Your gifts have not only been munificent but wisely directed. Assuredly

one, for whom so many sincere prayers of thanksgiving and petition arise among Christians blessed by your bounty, must have a happy and a bright crown in the other world, as well as lasting remembrance here.

May a kind Providence grant to you many years yet, to see the fruit of your public charities. When life's work is fully, as it will be well, done, may you hear the plaudit from Him who is the glory of angels as well as of men, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

I am, most truly, your attached friend,

G. W. SAMSON.

W. W. CORCORAN, LL. D.

McCULLOH STREET,
BALTIMORE, *December 3, 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your highly esteemed favor of November 19 reached Baltimore during my absence from the city, or it would have been immediately answered.

I owe you many thanks, my dear sir, for the warm and generous terms in which you acknowledge my proposal to dedicate to you my forthcoming work on moral philosophy. The dedication is already written, and will be appended to the volume with very great and sincere pleasure to myself.

The desire expressed by you that I would write a history of the late war, has often been expressed to me by other distinguished friends. Indeed, in my last interview with General R. E. Lee, he desired me to write such a history, and enjoined it upon me as a duty which, in his opinion, I owed to the South; but, in spite of all this, the path of duty is not plain before me. I have not long to live, and have many things to do before I render my final account to the Great Judge. The brief period, which remains to me here, will be crowded with so many pressing duties and necessities that such a work, though it would be a labor of love, seems to be utterly beyond my power.

I could not, however, have died in peace, if I had not contributed my mite toward a history of the late war. Having earnestly desired, myself, to write such a history, I have collected and even moulded into shape much valuable material for the purpose, which will not die with me, or be allowed to sleep in the dark archives of the country, from which I have extracted it with much obscure toil. I have already prepared a volume of at least seven hundred printed octavo pages, all of which relate to the late war, and which will be, unless I am very greatly mistaken, a triumphant and unanswerable vindication of the cause of the South.

* * * * *

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. T. BLEDSOE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, *December 5, 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have this moment received your note of yesterday, and it will afford me much pleasure to dine with you on Saturday or Sunday, as may be agreeable or convenient to yourself. A line directed to 1530 I street, Washington City, will be sufficient to signify your pleasure.

I enclose for your inspection the first draught of the proposed dedication of the "Moral Philosophy." It may, perhaps, before it is published, undergo some improvements. I have never, as yet, overrated in advance the circulation of any work written by myself, though I have underrated the circulation of several, especially of my *Theodicy* and *Philosophy of Mathematics*. I did not believe that the first would have any circulation at all during my lifetime. Indeed, Professor McClintock, who examined the manuscript for the publishers, told me that he did not believe any man living could write a work on that subject which would sell, and he had no idea he should, after reading the manuscript, be able to recommend its publication; but he did, after examining it, advise its publication, and, to my

very great astonishment, it went through three editions in four months. It has now reached its sixteenth edition. It has, also, through the influence of Professor Mansel, of Christ College, Oxford, been republished in England; but, if I may judge from the letters which, during the last twenty years, I have received from publishers and professors of Moral Philosophy, requesting me to prepare such a work for publication and use as a text-book, it will have, by far, the widest circulation of any work ever written by me. I have already been assured, indeed, that it will be used in many of the schools, colleges, and universities of the South as a *text-book*. I am highly gratified, sir, that your name and memory will be associated, by means of the enclosed dedication, with this most elaborate work of my life.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

A. T. BLEDSOE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, December 14, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your welcome favor of the 27th ult. came duly to hand, and I cannot express the gratification I feel to hear from yourself that "your health is good, and that your sight has improved beyond your most sanguine expectations." I most fervently thank Heaven for this blessing to you.

I am also most happy to inform you that Mrs. Fillmore's health continues to improve, and we, therefore, hope for the best; but whether we shall be able to accept your cordial invitation to visit you is yet uncertain. As a trusty and well-beloved friend, I must tell you frankly just how we are situated, and what are our prospects. As I said before, Mrs. Fillmore's health is improving, yet she does not feel that she could now endure so long and fatiguing a journey in cold weather, but she hopes to be able to leave

Buffalo for the months of March and April—the most trying season for her—for some warmer Southern climate; and if she is able to do so, and it could be so arranged as to visit you on the way, I can assure you nothing could give us more pleasure. In that case, we should probably wish to leave here about the middle of February so as to get through our stay at Washington before the press of office-seekers and the motley gathering for the *inauguration* fill the city.

But so late a day might not suit your convenience, and on this point I beg you to speak as frankly as I have. Our friendship, I am sure, requires this, and I feel confident you will tell me truly.

I confess I feel a little delicacy about the propriety of visiting Washington, and thereby disregarding a good precedent which has been set by many of my honorable and respected predecessors; but I am sure that after twenty years of retirement, no one can suspect that I have any political objects in view, and the desire to see you, and to witness the improvements of the city since I left office, offers so strong an inducement that I think I will brave public sentiment and go; but, of course, you will hear from me again whether I go or not.

Mrs. Fillmore joins me in kind regards to yourself, with a desire to be kindly remembered to Miss Eustis and the children.

Sincerely your friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, *December 20, 1872.*

DEAR SIR: At the meeting of trustees of the Columbian College, held in the medical building, Wednesday, the 18th inst., the following preamble and resolution were adopted, viz.:

“Whereas, our friend and esteemed president, Mr.

W. W. Corcoran, has proposed to make to the Columbian College a donation of a very valuable tract of land, called 'Trinidad,' adjoining the limits of the City of Washington; and

Whereas, on account of the educational enterprise of the age and the peculiar circumstances of our college, this has been a most timely as well as most noble beneficence; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, trustees of the college, do hereby express our sense and appreciation of this generous act, and do hereby tender to our esteemed friend and president our heartfelt thanks for this kindness, and our earnest wishes for his happiness, both here and hereafter."

With assurances of sincere respect,

I have the honor to remain,

very truly yours,

WILLIAM STICKNEY,

Secretary and Treasurer of Columbian College.

Present.

GEORGETOWN, Jan. 1, 1878.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Notwithstanding past favors, I was surprised by the receipt of your favor of to-day, with the valuable remembrancer.

Please accept my thanks for the note and contents, greatly enhanced by the commendation which they imply, and which turns me back, in review, over a period of more than a quarter of a century of the vicissitudes of life, during which I have borne my present relations to you.

Times of anxiety and scenes of deep sorrow have, during that time, fallen to the lot of both of us, but "God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and his servants are spared for further usefulness in life.

I feel a consciousness that, in all that period, care for

your interests has been my ruling desire, often to the exclusion of needful rest and recreation, wholly voluntary and not required of me, and hence the value I attach to this evidence of your continued approbation; and if, at any time, I have failed in this behalf, it was the fault of the head.

For this evidence of your approbation, and many, many others during the time referred to, of which I have been the recipient at your hands, I beg to present my sincere and grateful acknowledgments, and pray God that this season may return to you with its blessings in many years to come; but, if it shall please Him to prolong my days beyond yours, the same feeling will ever prompt the same fidelity in the discharge of any duty that may devolve on me in the execution of your wishes, as learned through so many years of pleasant intercourse.

Please present to Miss Eustis my wishes for her health and happiness, not forgetting the dear little children, in whom I feel a great interest; while I remain, very truly and gratefully,

your obedient servant,

A. HYDE.

P. S.—I feel too unwell to come out this morning; but, if there is anything needing attention, please send word by the bearer, and I will come at a later hour.

Mr. CORCORAN.

JANUARY 3, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Many have wished you a happy New Year, and I, with others, have left a card in token of the love I bear you; but this conventional ceremony does not satisfy me. God has given you a green old age, and with it a heart as fresh in feeling as it was when it first opened its petals to receive the dew-drop and bask in the warm spring sun. He has

showered on you great gifts, and made you his steward of noble talents. He has hushed the sweetest notes of the hearth-harp, it is true, and left you only the echoes of the joy that was once yours; but, by one of those wonderful providences which mark His pathway among men, the music of other days is heard in the old homestead, and the sainted dead are living again in those bright young faces that so resemble theirs. In a figure, Joseph may be said to have come back again to rock, by the hands of Ephraim and Manasseh, the cradle of one who rocked hers so tenderly.

You have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that, each year, your benefactions multiply. Some new discovery is made by you in the art of healing, and beautified by art to make it all the more beautiful. In the Art Gallery, the Home, the sweet resting-place of the dead, you greet the New Year, and may rejoice to know that, on them all, the dew distils. I love your "Home" and the broad catholicity of its spirit, though I would have baptised it in the one true faith. I love your Art Gallery, because it proffers aid to genius, which far more frequently is consecrated by suffering, privation, and neglect than by the patronage it so richly merits. I love Oak Hill, for it provides a resting-place for all; but, if any other stream should issue from the rock smitten in your heart of hearts, I trust it will be turned more directly towards the city of our God, on which were lavished so much of the love of those who have gone before.

I wish you all the blessings of the season—health, if God wills it—the sunshine of the heart and hearthstone—friends who can appreciate a nature so noble—and the relaxation you need.

Do not feel yourself called upon to answer this; you have enough to do to read it.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 22, 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR: I had anticipated great pleasure from the proposed meeting of Mr. Fillmore with the surviving members of his cabinet, at my house, about the middle of the ensuing month; but an unforeseen interruption of my arrangements affords another evidence of the uncertainty of human expectations. For more than a week I have been confined to my bed by severe indisposition, and the debility induced by this attack precludes the hope of an early restoration to that degree of health which would enable me to render the time of my friends as agreeable as I should desire to make it. Such a reunion would have awakened many pleasant reminiscences, and from it none of the party could have derived more sincere gratification than myself. I had promised Mr. Fillmore to give each of you due notification of the period at which it would occur, and regret to find myself physically incapacitated for discharging the agreeable duties of the occasion. I will still, however, indulge the hope that next winter we shall be enabled to carry into execution a plan in which I have felt so deep an interest.

With sincere wishes for your health and happiness,
I remain, as ever, truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

To Hon. ALEX. H. H. STUART,
Staunton, Va.

Same as the preceding letter was addressed to:

Hon. WM. A. GRAHAM, *Hillsboro', N. C.*

" N. K. HALL, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

" CHAS. M. CONRAD, *New Orleans, La.*

STAUNTON, VA., *January 25, 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR: I was much pained to learn, from your letter of 22d inst., that your health was so infirm as to defeat your purpose of assembling, beneath your hospitable

roof, Mr. Fillmore and the surviving members of his cabinet, during the present winter. While, I have no doubt, we should have enjoyed greatly such a reunion, I am sure that each one of the proposed guests will regret the cause of the failure more than the failure itself.

I sincerely hope that your indisposition may prove temporary, and that you may soon be restored to your accustomed health.

If you should visit the White Sulphur next summer, I will endeavor to meet you there, and try to induce Mr. Fillmore, Governor Graham, Judge Hall, and Mr. Conrad to join us ; but if it should so happen that we should be denied the pleasure of a reunion then, or, as you propose, next winter, I am sure we shall cherish through life a grateful recollection of your kind wish to bring us together as your guests.

Governor Graham and I made a visit to Mr. Fillmore and Judge Hall last summer, in Buffalo ; and I need not assure you that you and your noble deeds of benevolence were often mentioned in our reminiscences of Washington life.

With sincere esteem,
your friend and obedient servant,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *January 31, 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR: On reaching home yesterday morning, after ten days' absence, I found here your letter of the 22d instant.

I was much pained to hear of your severe indisposition, and earnestly hope you may soon be restored to health.

To meet Mr. Fillmore and yourself, and the surviving members of his cabinet, under your hospitable roof, would certainly give me very great pleasure ; but the pressure of

my official duties is so great that I am quite likely to be unable to attend such a meeting while my present district remains undivided. Such a meeting would, indeed, awaken many pleasing recollections, and would, I trust, be enjoyed by all.

Please accept my grateful thanks for the kindness which prompted your intent to procure the proposed meeting, and believe me, with earnest wishes for your health,

always, and most respectfully and truly,

your friend,

N. K. HALL.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CANNES, *February 5, 1873.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have been here for a few days, enjoying the charming hospitality of your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Woolfield; and, having been so much among scenes dear to you because of many associations, some of them very afflicting, I have an irresistible inclination, from the rising up of affectionate associations as old as 1820 (when I first knew you and your parents, and brothers and sisters), to write from this place, and renew the expression of my affectionate regards. I spent last Sunday here, in the church so associated with your dear daughter's name and memory. I saw the *window*; and the house where she died is close to this in which I write, and I have just come from calling on Mr. Duncan, living in the house Mr. Eustis built. I have taken a solemn pleasure in going to these places, and Mr. Woolfield and I have conversed much about you. It is affecting to me to look back to Georgetown and review the whole history since we were so nearly associated there, and to consider those dear ones who have gone before us to the *rest* of the people of God. It is not long, I trust, that we shall be separated from them. I came to recruit an exhausted brain, and hope to return in April or May much

benefited by rest. May the gracious Lord most richly bless you with the treasures of His love and peace in Christ Jesus, our dear Lord and Saviour. May this precious blessing abide in the children of her whose soul departed here, and, through his infinite mercy and a Saviour's merits, may we all have our inheritance in His everlasting kingdom.

I remain your affectionate friend,

CHAS. P. McILVAINE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *February 12, 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR: I do not feel at liberty to annoy you with letters, but yet I am very anxious to hear how your health is; and if your clerk could drop me a note, giving the desired information, it would greatly relieve my anxiety.

I am happy to say that Mrs. F. continues to improve slowly, but whether she will be able to go away from home is doubtful.

I am your sincere friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *February 19, 1873.*

MY DEAR OLD SUFFERING FRIEND:

I was glad to hear from you by Mr. Hyde, and greatly rejoiced to hear that you were better, and hope soon to hear that your health is fully restored.

Perhaps I sympathize with you more at this time because I am also unwell. I have been confined to my house for several days with a severe cold or "influenza," but I trust that it has reached its culminating point, and I shall soon be out again.

Not to trouble you with a long letter, I wish merely to add that I think we had better relinquish all hope or expectation of that pleasant meeting which you had so generously planned for myself and the survivors of my cabinet. The thought of it will give you anxiety when your mind should

be at ease ; therefore, let us consider that fate has decided against us, and submit to the inevitable.

Hoping soon to hear of your restored health,
I remain, as ever, your sincere friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

P. S.—Mrs. F. is out, or, I am sure, she would join in friendly regards. Her health has not been as good as usual for a few days.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN.

HILLSBORO', N. C., *February 14, 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR: Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you on my recent visit to Washington, I did not at once acknowledge your kind letter of the 28th of January, received on the eve of my departure from home. Being disappointed in this expectation, by means of your illness on the day I called at your house, and remaining in the city only so long as my professional business required, I have yet to thank you for the courtesy you had designed for our excellent friend, Mr. Fillmore, and those associated with him in his administration of the Government, by an invitation to spend some days together, during the month of February, under your hospitable roof—a design which has failed of consummation only on account of your own ill health.

Be assured, my dear sir, that this kind remembrance on your part is heartily reciprocated and duly valued by all of us who survive, and by none more than by our honored chief.

May a kind Providence restore your health, and grant you yet many days for the exercise of that beneficence which has done so much to relieve the wants, gratify and elevate the tastes, and promote the happiness, of others.

Very truly and sincerely your friend,

W. A. GRAHAM.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

With my congratulations on Washington's birthday and sincerest wishes for your own health and happiness, I take the liberty of sending you a few radishes, the growth of Edgewood. If you are not permitted to eat them, they may be relished by Miss Eustis, to whom I beg to offer my respects.

Very truly your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 22, 1873.*

MY DEAR MADAM: The melancholy intelligence of the death of your beloved husband was announced to me when confined to my bed by severe indisposition; and, though the debility induced by protracted illness is still extreme, I can no longer defer the expression of my profound sympathy in your sad bereavement.

In an hour of such deep affliction, *I* know how powerless is the language of condolence, and how unavailing the consolation which friendship offers. To the arguments adduced, reason may, indeed, yield a reluctant assent; but the voice of Nature appeals with resistless force to the stricken heart, and demands the sacred tribute of our tears. I dare not ask you to withhold this tribute so justly due to exalted worth; for in the loss *you* have sustained there is a more than ordinary cause for uncontrollable emotion. A deep gloom has overcast your household, but that dark shadow is not confined to the narrow limits of the family circle of your departed husband. His own loved *South*, while mourning the death of her gifted, patriotic, and high-souled son, feels that not *she* alone, but the *world*, has lost a benefactor. His fame is widely diffused. The brilliancy of his scientific attainments and the originality of his genius are universally conceded, but only those who enjoyed a per-

sonal acquaintance with him can form a proper estimate of the virtues, the endearing qualities, that marked his elevated character.

He, whose destiny you shared for so many years, alike in the season of prosperity and in the hour of adverse fortune, has passed away forever; and I cannot forbear to mingle my sorrows with your own in the painful consciousness that I, too, have lost a valued and true-hearted friend.

With renewed assurances of my sincerest sympathy, and with warm regards to your family,

I remain, dear madam, truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Mrs. Commodore M. F. MAURY,
Lexington, Virginia.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,
LEXINGTON, VA., *March 11, 1873.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Mamma desires me to thank you for your kind letter of the 22d ult., and to say that she postponed replying to it herself because she hoped that by doing so she would be able to write in person; but she is not able to write, and I am replying to all of her letters.

Your expressions of sympathy for us, and admiration and regret for him who has gone, are peculiarly grateful to us; and our friends have been so kind, and God has been so good to us, that we have a great deal to thank Him for.

My father died without pain, in the full possession of all his faculties, surrounded by all of his family, at peace with God and in perfect charity with all men. His remains lie temporarily in a vault in the little cemetery of Lexington, and in the spring, when the wild flowers bloom and Nature puts on her vernal resurrection robe, we will take them to their final resting-place in Richmond or Fredericksburg.

The academic board of Virginia Military Institute have

prepared a memorial of him. They sent the MS. to me for correction. I was not capable of correcting any but the concluding pages, and they, as *they now* stand, are accurate and truthful, as far as they go. I will send you one in a few days.

I hope that your health is quite restored, and that you are able to go out and enjoy some of this fine weather.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY H. MAURY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MARCH 28, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I tried to see you before I started out, but failed; so I send you the few lines of thought I uttered in the audience of a large and enthusiastic company. They express feebly what I felt deeply. I trust you continue to improve. I hope the vestry will not fail to press on the matter of church-improvement with the same ardor that has so signalized them since the idea was started. A grand design is a necessity; nothing less will suffice. Beginning on that, we shall not fail, under God's blessing, of full success. It will never do to get hold of any but a thorough church architect. You have taste of the highest order, a natural genius in that direction; and Mr. Davis will look to the strength of the structure, and judge of the work as it progresses. Beauty and strength are the ideas. I think that you will feel much of the kindling enthusiasm of David as you see first one stone and then another laid of the house of God. He could not build. You are permitted to help forward the great and good work, and that will be a monument that will live on when other structures moulder; for it will live, even in the mouldered stone, in the faith it commemorates and expresses.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April*, 1873.

MY DEAR BISHOP: I thank you for affording me an opportunity of reading your tribute to Dr. Hall; and beg to offer my warm acknowledgments for the complimentary terms in which you have referred to myself. For this beautiful eulogy I am indebted to the partiality of friendship; yet, though unmerited, it is highly appreciated as a most gratifying evidence of the estimation in which you hold me.

I trust that it is unnecessary to assure you of my interest in the proposed "church improvements," and of my cordial co-operation in an undertaking, the completion of which is so desirable.

With renewed assurances of sincere attachment,

I remain, as ever, truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Rt. Rev. WM. PINKNEY.

APRIL 12, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Mrs. Pinkney says Mr. Corcoran should have kept this extract. She has, I suppose, a much higher estimate of its value than I have, or she would not think of your placing it among your other literary treasures. Now I do not wish it placed there. But as some slight token of my warm personal regard, I might say affection, I would have it laid among the relics of the heart where it will only meet with friendly eyes.

I did want to go to see you to thank you for the letter you sent and the kind words you addressed to me. I hope to be able to call early in the week. Be careful of yourself. Don't overtax your energies. There is too much at stake to justify any needless waste of either physical or mental force. So you see I take a woman's counsel and venture to send back the extract.

Well, I only wish you knew her. I think you would

like her. The only fault I have to charge against her is the wasting of a mind full of beauty, and a heart as fresh as a sunbeam on the trees of her childhood's home, with but one to share her solitude, and he the best of brothers and the purest of men. Bladensburg is not the proper setting for a jewel. If I had been left here, and she taken there, Washington would have been in a flame long ago.

I ought not to take up your time, but still you will appreciate the time I steal away from pressing business, to hold a moment's converse with you.

Yours, affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1873.

MY DEAR BISHOP:

My sole object in returning the extracts was to enable you to preserve the continuity of the address delivered to the graduating class. The pages were marked "29" and "30," and I was apprehensive that their retention would cause a *hiatus* which should be obviated. Your letter enclosing them had found its *appropriate* place among my "literary treasures" before the receipt of your last communication, and it *should not* remain unaccompanied by the extracts. So you see Mrs. Pinkney was exactly right in her suggestion; and I thank her for making it. I will, as soon as the weather becomes more favorable, pay her a visit.

Very truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Rt. Rev. WM. PINKNEY.

BUFFALO, April 21, 1873.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Not a day passes that I do not think of you with the greatest anxiety and sympathy, and a sincere desire to know how you are; and a line from your clerk, as I do not wish to trouble you, would be gratefully received.

Mrs. F's inability to endure the cold and fatigue of traveling has kept us constantly at home, though I am most happy to say that she is somewhat better, and we may go to New York soon for a change of air.

I am blessed with health, and hoping soon to hear that you are enjoying the same blessing,

I remain, as ever, your sincere friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

THE COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY.

THURSDAY, *May 29th*, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

It gives me great pleasure to communicate to you a copy of the resolutions which were this day adopted by the faculty and students of the Columbian College, in view of your new kindness in presenting to us a telescope. I need not assure you how cordially I join in this expression of gratitude—an expression which comes from the heart.

You will be glad to learn that Mr. Stickney and I were greatly cheered yesterday in our appeal to the "solid men" of Washington for their aid in building up our university. We received subscriptions to the amount of \$21,000 in a few hours, and promises which authorize us to hope for a subscription of at least \$35,000 in this city and Georgetown.

The omens are most auspicious, and I congratulate you as well as ourselves on the prospect of early realizing your beneficent plans for the good of the coming generations who, in the halls of science, literature and art, shall rise up to call you blessed.

With constant regard, I am, my dear Mr. Corcoran,
ever faithfully yours,

JAMES C. WELLING.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MAY 29, 1873.

RESOLUTIONS
ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS
OF THE
COLUMBIAN COLLEGE.

At a meeting of the faculty and students of the Columbian College, held in the chapel, May 29th, 1873, Dr. J. C. Welling presiding, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, William W. Corcoran, LL. D., has signified his intention of making the donation of a telescope to the Columbian University; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby tender to Mr. Corcoran our hearty thanks for this generous gift, superadded to his former munificence, and that we express to him our high appreciation of this favor, both as a token of his kind feeling towards our institution, and as a very valuable contribution to its means of scientific instruction.

Resolved, secondly, That we assure Mr. Corcoran of the sincere pleasure we feel in his restoration to more comfortable health, and of our fervent wishes, accompanied by our prayers, for the preservation of that life which, by its varied beneficence, has not only become a noble example to others, but has also accomplished very much for the extension of useful knowledge, the cultivation of art, and the promotion of human happiness.

A. J. HUNTINGTON.
SAMUEL M. SHUTE.
EDWARD T. FRISTOE.
E. B. HAYES.
JESSE H. WILSON.
MONG. EDWIN.
FRANK FULLER.

Committee.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, *June 9, 1873.*

HON. W. W. CORCORAN,
Washington City, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Your valued favor of the 19 inst., accompanying deed made to Mr. John A. Klein, Mr. John W. Robinson and myself, as trustees of the Episcopal Fund and Church Property of the Protestant Episcopal Church in and for the diocese of Mississippi, and to our successors in office, came duly to hand, and would have received earlier attention and acknowledgment, but I have been awaiting opportunity to make known your action in the premises to our much esteemed bishop, who came to pay us his annual visit yesterday, when I had the pleasure to submit to him your letter and deed; and as the head of the church in this diocese he will make due acknowledgment of the munificent donation, with which you have endowed our diocese.

Mr. Klien and Mr. Robinson, my co-trustees, ask me to express to you our due appreciation, and that of our people throughout the State, of your noble charity. We indulge the hope that many years of usefulness and honor are still in store for you.

When our council shall hold its next annual convocation, a more formal acknowledgment will be made of the generous sympathy and substantial aid you have extended to our distressed and impoverished people.

With many wishes for your health and happiness,

I am very truly and faithfully yours,

C. E. HOOKER.

WASHINGTON, *23d June, 1873.*

*To the Vestry of the Church of the Ascension,
Washington, D. C.*

GENTLEMEN: In response to a private communication from my good friend, Bishop Pinkney, I make the following proposition, looking to the erection of the contemplated new "Church of the Ascension."

I will pay for the lot selected, according to the terms on which it was purchased—the vestry paying the interest on the deferred payments—on condition that the vestry raise the additional sum of twenty thousand dollars to that already raised, and release Bishop Pinkney and Dr. Elliott from their subscriptions to the fund.

If the above proposition is accepted, my former subscription of \$10,400 will, of course, be merged in and be a part of the cost of the lot.

Very truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

ASCENSION PARISH,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 26, 1873.*

DEAR SIR: The undersigned, a committee appointed by the vestry to express their recognition of the noble gift so generously and delicately offered in your communication of the 23d instant, accept in their behalf, with pleasure, your generous proposition to pay for the lot selected for the erection of the new Church of the Ascension upon the terms specified, and desire to express their profound gratitude for the deep interest you have manifested in the great work before them—evidenced, as it has been, by aid so liberally and so appropriately bestowed.

The vestry unite in personal acknowledgment of your generosity, and assure you that no efforts on their part will be left untried to secure the erection of the building so “earnestly desired and longed for,” and now rendered almost certain by your bounty.

With the earnest prayer that the blessings of Divine Providence may attend you during your absence from the city, and that you may be permitted to return in renewed health and vigor, we remain with great respect,

your friends and obedient servants,

R. W. BURGESS,
THOMAS L. HUME,
Committee.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Your kind letter, with its most liberal enclosure for our "Memorial Church," gratified me exceedingly. I could not easily express in words the feelings of my heart, touched as it is by the Christian act which testified also of the treasured feelings of veneration and love towards my dear brother. The money shall at once be delivered into the hands of Rev. Mr. Jones, our pastor. May our God abundantly bless you and spare you for His work on earth if *He* sees it good.

I would love to thank you again and again, but my eyes are beginning to fail me, I fear, and I use them very little. *They* must be my apology for these illy written lines.

With my very kindest regards,
 dear Mr. Corcoran,

JULY 11, 1873.

M. MEADE.

HON. W. W. CORCORAN.

SEWANEE, TENN., July 11, 1873.

DEAR SIR: If I have been seemingly slow in acknowledging your generous gift to my diocese, I have no less deeply felt it, and blessed you for it. If you but knew the extent to which it will relieve our people at this present time, and the good that must come from it in the future, it would gladden your heart, and increase your gratitude to God for thus enabling and disposing you to help us in our need.

Accept, dear sir, the expression of my heartfelt thanks for your bounty, together with my earnest prayer for the continuance of your health and prosperity.

Hoping that I may yet have the pleasure of knowing you in person, and commending you heartily to the Giver of all good,

I remain, truly and affectionately,
 your brother in Christ,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

W. M. GREEN.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Aug. 14, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR: I acknowledge, gratefully, your kind recognition of my work in Alabama. I could not have expected it, but I am sure it will gratify you to know that I greatly appreciate it.

I shall treasure among my most precious recollections the pleasant hours spent with you. It is delightful to me to meet with any one who shares the bounties of Providence with his fellows. He surely is the man who makes friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness." He surely is the man whom these friends, through the riches of the grace of Christ, will "receive into everlasting habitations."

My wife's health requires a sojourn at the springs. I shall take her to-morrow to the "Sweet." I hope to run over and spend a day at the "White" before I return.

With many wishes for your continued health and prosperity,

I am yours, very gratefully,

RICHARD H. WILMER.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN,
White Sulphur Springs.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I went up to Washington, a few days ago, for the express purpose of seeing the Louise Home. I saw a great many of the public buildings of the city, and many of the works of art with which the metropolis abounds, but I saw nothing upon which the stamp of immortality was set, save the "*Louise Home*." God bless you—and he will bless you—for this labor of love.

And when I looked upon the beautiful face of her, whose memory must have inspired you, and whose name is given to the Home, I could not wonder that it was *woman* whom you wished to bless with your beneficence. When I gazed upon that beautiful face—and I can never forget it—I could well understand that the heart in which such a woman was

enshrined could never find place for another love. How beautiful are they who are prepared for an early heaven.

But one thing I missed—will you not pardon me for the seeming presumption?—the “Oratory,” the consecrated house of prayer. You would not give a denominational character to the Home. That is not necessary. No one is compelled to attend it. Each one is left free to individual choice. But what exception can be justly taken to a real *chapel* of the church, where all are *privileged*, but none are *required* to go to worship. This seems the only thing lacking; and so beautiful and true a thing should lack nothing.

I feel that, if you agree not with me, you will pardon me for the suggestion.

I start in a few days for Mobile. I carry with me no reminiscence so sweet as that of your Louise Home. Heaven itself must be sweeter to you for being the founder of the Louise Home.

Most truly,

R. H. WILMER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LYNCHBURG, Sept. 22, 1873.

DEAR SIR: A convention was lately held at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, under a call of the “Southern Historical Society” at New Orleans, which transferred the headquarters of the society to the city of Richmond, Virginia, and reorganized it, as shown by the accompanying circular.

You were selected as vice-president of the society for the District of Columbia, and I trust that it may be your pleasure to accept the position assigned you, and grant us your co-operation in furthering the objects of the society.

The basis upon which the society has been re-organized will appear from the resolutions and accompanying paper

which are set forth in the circular ; which resolutions and paper set forth fully the objects sought to be accomplished.

As soon as the proceedings of the convention in full are published, I will forward you a copy.

Very respectfully and truly yours, &c.,

J. A. EARLY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

GRANDE HOTEL, VEVEY, Oct. 1, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I was very glad to receive your note of September 12th, telling me that you enjoyed a comfortable trip home from the White Sulphur, and have great pleasure in hearing that you have so much improved in health. I hope the autumn weather will be fine, and that you will soon be entirely well.

I see by the papers that your Art Gallery will be opened in a few days. I congratulate you upon carrying out, so successfully, your noble benefactions. Useful and valuable as are your actions, the high example given, and its good effects upon others, will prove inestimable. I found our mutual friend, Mr. Morgan, exceedingly kind. He spoke of you with the warmest regard.

After spending some weeks in the Isle of Wight and in London, we came to the continent by way of Calais, stopped a few days at Brussels, came up the Rhine, and, after a visit to Heidelberg, spent some time at Hamburg and Baden Baden, and thence came to Switzerland, through which we have been traveling leisurely for the past fortnight, reaching here the day before yesterday.

Mrs. Garrett and Mary are enjoying the trip very much, and I am gradually improving, but find relaxation very necessary to complete restoration.

The loan, to which you refer, was very successfully effected. Our company is pursuing its enterprises with so much vigor and with such favorable results, that, even be-

yond its continued large surplus earnings, a heavy amount of capital is being invested. The effect of its great improvements and extensions will be much felt in your city, and, I feel assured, will serve to advance materially the value of real estate, and the prosperity of your community.

I note the extraordinary panic which has arisen so largely from wild and foolish enterprises and injudicious expansions. I hope, during the depression, you will be able to secure a good lot of B. & O. stock, which you, some time since, told me you were anxious to obtain. As you are aware, in my judgment, it affords an excellent investment, not only for the present, but for other generations.

Pray let me hear from you about yourself and all of yours.

Mrs. Garrett and Mary send their love.

As ever, sincerely yours,

JOHN W. GARRETT.

Please address, care J. S. Morgan & Co., London.

CULPEPER C. H., *Oct. 19, 1873.*

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN,

MY DEAR SIR: It takes a heart like yours fully to appreciate the profound gratitude and deep feeling of mine, when I think of your kindness at the last interview. Such acts refine the hearts of the bestower and the receiver, and are worth more than the hoarded millions of the miser. God has blessed you, and through you, how many of the suffering sons and daughters of Adam! Unknown on earth, they are registered in heaven's chancery. But, my friend, let not this make you vain or proud, for 'tis all by the grace of God, and for His honor and glory.' May God long spare so valuable a life. May your grandsons walk in your footsteps, and then the blessings of all good people will follow them.

I remain, sir, most sincerely

your friend and obedient servant,

JEREMIAH MORTON.

LEXINGTON, VA., Oct. 25, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have intended writing you of the death of Miss Agnes Lee, knowing the warm mutual regard prevailing between you and the family of General Lee, but I have been unusually pressed by my engagements.

Miss Agnes, after an illness of several weeks from typhoid dysentery, died at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 15th inst.—the anniversary of the interment of her father three years ago. A beautiful life ended in a serene, triumphant christian death. To this entire community her death is a painful loss, but, of course, the great loss is in the domestic circle to which she was such an ornament. Her remains were deposited on the 17th, in the Memorial Chapel by the side of her father.

You will be interested to know that Valentine hopes to *have* his work completed by the coming summer, when we expect to have it put up at once; and it is proposed to prepare a vault as the base of the monument, which Mrs. Lee will have the disposal of.

She told me, as I take the liberty to say to *you*, that she wished her own remains to lie by the side of those of General Lee in the chapel.

I hope that you are enjoying good health.

Very truly yours,

J. J. WHITE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

P. S.—The obituary notice I send you is by Col. Johnston.

Present my kind regards to Dr. Hunter.

LEXINGTON, VA., Nov. 13, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

You have probably learned from the papers of the death of our dear and honored friend, Mrs. General Lee, about midnight of Wednesday, 5th instant. Knowing how

strongly attached you have long been to her, as well as to her matchless husband and his memory, I take for granted you will feel a deep interest in the particulars of her last days, and, therefore, gratify myself by giving you a brief recital of the circumstances.

The painful and disabling rheumatic affection, under which she has suffered so many years, seemed to be considerably aggravated by great grief, after death removed from her the noble partner of her life's joys and sorrows. She, however, bore up with christian hope as true and cheerful, perhaps, as ever animated tried mortal; and gave to us, privileged to see her from day to day, a memorable lesson of un murmuring submission to our Almighty Father, in the beautiful example set before us of bright trust and unwearied duty, to the very last. For a year or more she has been even more suffering; and, during the summer, sought, as usual, relief in the Warm and Hot springs not far west of us. On her return, however, we were grieved to find that the stiffness and swelling in her hands had become more distressing. The pen, which had previously been one of her solaces, she could now use at all, only with the utmost difficulty, and the touching of photographs with her artistic brush to make them more life-like, and other little works of taste, for the benefit of our beautiful rising church, in which she took a special delight, became too painful to be continued. Still, with cheerful fortitude un-failing, she welcomed all valued friends, and participated, with characteristic good sense, in general conversation.

A great and overpowering affliction now came. At her return home, late in August, her sweet daughter, Agnes, a sufferer for years from nervous and other disturbances of health, was more ailing than usual, and required peculiar medical and nursing attention. This gave anxiety to her mother, as, indeed, to us all. Still, it was not dreamed that she was sinking towards the grave. On the early morning of 15th October, however, the third anniversary of her

father's burial, she went, with the calm trust of a soul blessed with the love of a Divine Redeemer, to meet, in His sacred presence, that honored father, and the dear sister, Anna, taken during the war. To Mrs. Lee the shock was stunning. Until ten hours before Agnes' removal she had not conceived of her condition, and was not informed that she was sick enough to render it proper that her heavy and suffering frame should be borne, with all the difficulty it involved, into the dear invalid's room up stairs.

From the effect of a blow so unexpected and so severe she could not recover. My pastoral visits to her were, of course, unremitting, and prayer was to her a solace and support; but vital energy visibly declined from day to day. That any of her children should be taken before herself, she said to me, was a thought that had never entered her mind; and to my wife, with whom she has been long intimate, she said, "When the General died, I felt that he had gone to rest. He needed rest after all he had gone through, and I knew he must have it; but in this world I knew, too, he could not and would not take it. When he was taken away, therefore, I even felt something of relief, for I was sure he was one of the Lord's true people, for whom 'there remaineth a rest' most blessed; but when dear Agnes is taken and I am left, it seems to me strange, and is a great jar to my heart." There was, however, not a particle of murmuring. As ever, her assurance was, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him good." Still, there was for her no rallying. After about a week her mind, absorbed by the great sorrow (while inability to move her hands or any portion of her frame rendered impossible employment that might effect some diversion of thought), began to lose its balance—just observably at first, and then in degree more marked. Still, she would have herself placed recumbent in her large rolling-chair, and wheeled along the front verandah, for the satisfaction of looking, with last fond, lingering gaze,

upon the church, nearly ready for roofing. At length this resource also had to be abandoned. She became too feeble, and then for a day or two, though tokens appeared of bodily pain most intense, there were only occasional instances of rational consciousness. At such times she would give utterance to some sweet thought, thanking friends for all their kindness, regretting the trouble she could not help giving, explaining her wanderings by lamented inability to employ herself, and asking the Holy One and her attendants to forgive any impatience or unsubmitiveness in her bearing. About midnight of Wednesday, 5th inst., as already mentioned, she quietly breathed her last, and went—the Lord be praised for the assurance—to the home of peace and blessedness!

General Custis Lee, as soon as the probable fatal termination of her disease appeared, telegraphed for his brothers, General W. H. F. and Captain Robert E., and they arrived in time to take leave of one of the best mothers of any age. Poor, dear Miss Mary is still in Europe, and we do not know whether she has yet heard of Agnes' death, much less of that of her peerless mother. What a shock, when she does hear of the double bereavement! 'She may be, and I trust is, now on her way home. Mrs. Lee wrote requesting her immediate return very soon after Agnes' death. General Custis has written to like effect since; and as there is no definite information where letters would reach her, I have myself written to Mr. Chapman J. Leigh, at Leamington, England, (who may know) requesting him to communicate with her.

Poor Mildred and her brother Custis seem crushed. He is one of the manliest and truest of men, but all this sorrow, superadded to the effects of a sedentary and responsible course of duty, seems to impair quite seriously his health. About December 1st, they will visit their brothers in eastern Virginia, and, as far as possible, recover, I trust, elasticity of feeling.

Pray excuse, my dear Mr. Corcoran, the length at which I have given this statement. You will readily do so, I know, estimating my feelings by your own.

It will not be a great while before you and I must go, as have done our honored friends. May we be, as were they, so in Christ, as that it may prove far better to depart and be with Him.

Asking upon you every needful blessing, I am sincerely your friend,

W. N. PENDLETON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LEXINGTON, VA., *November 14, 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR: We had hardly realized the sad death of Miss Agnes Lee, when another painful bereavement befell the family of General Lee, in the death of that noble Virginia matron, Mrs. Mary Custis Lee. On Wednesday, the 5th, just before midnight, Mrs. Lee breathed her last, surrounded by her three sons and Miss Mildred. On the same day of the week, Miss Agnes died at 6 A. M., and three years ago, on the same fatal Wednesday, at 9 A. M., the great and good General Lee closed his mortal career.

On Friday, 7th, at noon, the remains of Mrs. Lee were placed by those of her revered husband, in compliance with her own request made to me some three weeks before her death. The two now sleep side by side in the basement of the Memorial Chapel.

Knowing the deep interest that you feel in whatever concerns the family of General Lee, and being aware of the great regard felt for you by the good lady who has been taken from us, I have felt it due to you to give some account of her death.

From the time of Miss Agnes' death her mind seemed to wander, and she gave evident signs of delirium, which indicated that the rheumatism, from which she had suffered so long, and which had been very much worse of late, was

affecting the brain. This condition of her system continued about three weeks, during which time she suffered greatly, but was finally relieved of all her pain. Apart from the deep interest that Mrs. Lee attracted as the widow of the world-renowned General, in herself she was a person of rare excellence of mind and character. She impressed herself upon society as very few women of her day have done, and to the church which she adorned her loss is irreparable.

Her noble husband and herself both died in the midst of their work half completed (the college and the church), and have gone to a glorious reward.

How very sad it is for our stricken Southern land to lose her bravest and her best.

I was highly pleased to hear so favorably of your health, and hope that you may be spared yet many days to bless mankind.

With very kind regards to Dr. Hunter, whose acquaintance I enjoyed so much at the White Sulphur, and assurances of great esteem and respect for yourself,

I am, very truly, yours,

J. J. WHITE.

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am highly gratified to learn, from your welcome letter of the 24th inst., that there is a decided improvement in Mrs. Fillmore's health; and I now confidently anticipate the pleasure of a visit from you both to Washington this winter. It is, I trust, unnecessary to assure you that every effort will be exerted, on my part, to render your time as pleasant as possible. Since you were last here, our city has undergone a very considerable change, and you will doubtless survey with interest the striking improvement in the streets, and the greatly-increased number of buildings, which present an imposing appearance. These

improvements have, however, been attended with heavy expense to the tax-payers.

As stated in a previous communication, I am anxious for a re-union, at my house, of the surviving members of your cabinet, and the most persuasive consideration that I can address to them, with a view of insuring punctuality of attendance, will be the certainty of meeting yourself and Mrs. Fillmore. Any time that you may designate for your visit will suit my entire convenience; but please give me a week's notification, that I may be enabled to apprize Mr. Graham and the others.

I was touched by the sentiment which you so happily expressed in reference to the enhanced value of friends still left us in our declining years, and feel that, as death narrows the circle, an emphatic admonition is given the survivors that they should draw more closely together.

I fear that this administration, under its new lease of power, will continue to exhibit the same illiberal spirit towards the South, which, from the commencement, has characterized its action in regard to that unfortunate section of our country.

My health is at present quite good, and my sight has improved beyond my most sanguine expectations.

The children are well.

Present my kind remembrances to Mrs. Fillmore, and believe me, ever faithfully, yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Ex-President FILLMORE,

Buffalo, N. Y.

LEXINGTON, *December 22, 1873.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I cannot thank you enough for your kind sympathy in all our great sorrows.

My dear mother was much touched by your letter to her after the death of Agnes, and asked me then to thank you for it, and to tell you what a comfort your *chair* was to her

in the midst of her sufferings. She used it exclusively during her last illness, and was thus constantly reminded of your ever thoughtful kindness.

I often look back to that summer at the White Sulphur when we saw so much of you, and I can never forget your kindness to Agnes and myself, and your love for my father. Alas! of the three, I alone am left!

Custis sends you his most affectionate remembrances, and hopes soon to be able to thank you himself for your valued letter. He and I are left alone in a home where happy laughter, as of yore, can never be heard again. Dear Mr. Corcoran, may this happy Christmas tide bring you Heaven's sweetest blessings!

Always yours, gratefully and affectionately,

MILDRED LEE.

BUFFALO, Jan. 1, 1874.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Allow me the pleasure of wishing you a very happy *New Year*. I have just seen by the paper that your birth-day was very appropriately celebrated at the *Louise Home*, and that you were present at the dinner, from which I infer that your health is better; and I congratulate you most cordially upon the pleasure it must give you.

I see by the periodicals and papers that your liberal, yet unostentatious charities are duly appreciated by the public. You are doubly blessed by blessing others, and I trust that you may live long to dispense these blessings, and enjoy the pleasure that the act gives you.

I am happy to say that Mrs. Fillmore's health is better, but by no means fully restored, and that mine is very perfect.

A line from you, at your leisure, would give great pleasure to

your old friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN.

BUFFALO, *Jan. 7, 1874.*

(MY BIRTHDAY.)

MY DEAR FRIEND: Shall we ever enjoy the pleasure of meeting again? I fear not, for the fates are against us; but I can assure you that I was greatly rejoiced to learn by your letter of the 3d that your health was so much better now that you felt able to renew your invitation to Mrs. F. and myself to spend some time with you this winter. Be assured that nothing could give both of us more pleasure than to accept your cordial invitation; but I regret to say that Mrs. F., though improving, is yet under the care of her physician, and unable to take so long a journey during this inclement season, and I do not feel justified in leaving her alone, though she generously consents that I may go without her. We must, therefore, very reluctantly, decline your invitation.

It would be a great pleasure to me to talk over the scenes of former years, and see some of your charitable works which have justly given you so much celebrity. But I fear this pleasure is to be denied me.

I am happy, however, to say that my health is perfect. I eat, drink, and sleep as well as ever, and take a deep, but silent interest in public affairs; and if Mrs. F.'s health can be restored, I should feel that I was in the enjoyment of an earthly Paradise.

As ever, your friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

P. S.—Mrs. Fillmore desires me to present her kindest regards.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Jan. 13, 1874.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have received yours of the first instant, and also of the 7th,—the anniversary of your birth. Mine was on the 27th of December, so, I claim seniority of you, by eleven days.

Accept my cordial congratulations on your entering upon another year, in unimpaired health. May you long enjoy this inestimable blessing; and I am sure you will derive, from a retrospect of the past, that serenity of mind which is so desirable in the evening of life.

I regret to learn that Mrs. Fillmore's health is not sufficiently restored to enable her to visit Washington this winter; but I still entertain the belief that, in the month of April, the trip would be decidedly beneficial to her. The change of air and scene (as experience so often proves) would doubtless impart tone to a system enfeebled by protracted indisposition. I hope you will duly weigh the propriety of this suggestion, and afford me the long-expected pleasure of again meeting you.

Please present my kindest regards to Mrs. Fillmore, and believe me, ever,

most truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Ex-President MILLARD FILLMORE,
Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO, Jan. 16, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have your esteemed favor of the 13th, renewing your kind invitation to Mrs. Fillmore and myself to visit you in April, and I can assure you that nothing could give us more pleasure; and we shall cherish the hope that all things may favor our wishes; and that we may visit you at that time. I am happy to be able to add that Mrs. F.'s health continues to improve; and she joins me in most cordial regards to yourself, and sincere prayers for your health and prosperity.

As ever, your friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN.

219 GOVERNMENT STREET,
RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 29, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Thinking that you may be interested in the proposed memorial to my dear father, I enclose the correspondence on the subject. You will see that the plan is to ask the Emperor of Brazil to allow a light-house to be erected on the Racas.

It was on this very spot, that my father's first great success arose. His first wind and current chart, constructed with great labor, and in the face of all those countless difficulties which meet a man who sets out upon a new and untried work, combined to deter him. And when finally it was finished and offered to shipmasters bound for Rio, they hesitated, doubted, declined: it was so in the face of all previous experience that they should follow a track they had always avoided, and, yet, when Captain Jackson, of the barque *Wright* of Baltimore, demonstrated its utility and practicability by following the new route and bearding the lion, Cape St. Rague, there were thousands to follow. I was reading only yesterday among my father's old papers, a letter from Baron Humbolt, written after the first series of charts had been published and had reached Europe, in which he speaks of the shortening of the route from the United States to Rio as the most beautiful result of Lieut. Maury's investigations.

I do not think a more fitting memorial could possibly be devised than the erection of a light-house off Cape St. Rague, warning, with its clear light, those mariners whom my father, during the best years of his long and useful life, sought most to benefit; and I hope that the scheme will so commend itself to all maritime communities and to all of my father's friends, that every board of trade and commerce, and every scientific society in the country will take the matter up for discussion, and give it their moral support.

With my mother's and sister's kind regards and wishes
for your health and happiness during this new year of 1874,
I remain, sincerely yours,

MARY H. MAURY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Somebody says it is the bruised flower that best yields its perfume. The attack on you has been a great public benefit, for it has brought out your reply, which every honest man will feel is the best service that could have been done him in the matter of city affairs. Because it is yours, it will arrest the attention of hundreds, and its clear statements will fix their convictions, which, without them, would not have attached to the subject at all. This is making your reputation a public good, which is always the best service of a good man.

Yours, truly,

EDWARD LORING.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 12th*, 1874.

MY DEAR MADAM: I received, with profound sorrow, the startling announcement of your beloved husband's death, and cannot withhold the expression of my heart-felt sympathy in the irreparable loss you have been called to sustain. How unexpected was the sad intelligence! Only a few weeks before, a letter from him assured me that he was in the enjoyment of perfect health, and would visit me in the month of April, accompanied by yourself.

From this long-desired reunion, I had confidently anticipated the greatest pleasure; but the mournful event, which so painfully awakened my sensibilities, affords a melancholy exemplification of the fallacy of human hopes. In a previous communication, addressed to me on the anniver-

sary of his birth, he referred, in similar terms, to his health, and added that if your own could be restored, he should feel that he "was in the enjoyment of an earthly Paradise." I transcribe his words, inasmuch as they are expressive of such deep devotedness to *you*.

The afflictive dispensation, which has rent from you the object of your fondest affections, has deprived me, also, of a valued friend; with whom, for years, it had been my privilege to maintain an intercourse characterized by mutual cordiality, and uninterrupted even by a momentary feeling of unkindness—a friend, whose elevated sentiments and ennobling qualities commanded my admiration, and whose memory will be affectionately cherished by me while life itself shall last.

A grateful country justly appreciates his public services, and mourns the loss of one who illustrated the pages of her history.

In this solemn hour, which has shrouded in gloom the home so lately brightened by the smile of your honored husband, I have, perhaps, trespassed too long on the sacred privacy of sorrow; but the voice of friendship was constrained, by a resistless impulse, to give utterance to its deep sense of bereavement, and to pay its last sad tribute to exalted worth.

With high regard, I remain, dear madam,
very truly yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Mrs. MILLARD FILLMORE,
Buffalo, N. Y.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 21, 1874.

GENTLEMEN: I thank you very much for the gratifying invitation which you have so kindly extended to me, and which it gives me the greatest pleasure in accepting.

In leaving the United States, I assure you that I bear with

me many pleasant memories of warm friendships made during my short stay amongst you, and should it be my good fortune ever to revisit your capital, I trust I may be able to renew the relations which now so happily exist.

I remain, gentlemen, faithfully yours,

F. PAKENHAM.

To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

GEORGE W. RIGGS, Esq.

RICHARD D. CUTTS, Esq.

WM. B. LEE, Esq.

JAS. C. G. KENNEDY, Esq.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON.

Sir Edward Thornton has much pleasure in accepting Mr. Corcoran's kind invitation to the dinner to be given on Monday next to Mr. Pakenham by a few of his personal friends.

SATURDAY, *March 21*, 1874.

GEORGETOWN, *March 30*, 1874.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: We, the only surviving children of Rev. Dr. Balch in this District, for ourselves, our children, and grandchildren, wish to express our heart-felt thanks for the chaste and beautiful tablet placed in the chapel at Oak Hill Cemetery.

Your creed seems to be, "amid all life's quests, there seems but worthy one—to do men good"—for the wide range of your philanthropy embraces both the living and the dead, giving to the homeless a home, and to the dead a grave!

To us, as to many to whom the memory of Dr. Balch is very precious and fragrant, this *last* is not the *least* of your kindly deeds. You have engraved, in imperishable marble, the name and life-work of him whose high privilege

and honor it was to be the first to plant in this District the seed of the glorious Gospel—a seed which has taken root in good ground and brought forth a hundred fold.

May your days be long in the land, and when called “up higher,” may it be to receive that blessed encomium; “inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me!”

Gratefully your friends,

ANNA B. WILSON.

ELIZA M. TUSTIN.

JANE W. WILLIAMSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 4*, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR: Pray excuse the liberty I am about to take.

If you have any small photographic likeness of yourself, which you consider good, I shall esteem it a privilege to be the possessor of one, with an autograph, if you please.

Among the pleasant recollections connected with the visit of our delegation to Washington, none will be more agreeably or more vividly impressed on our memories than those of the sympathy and kindness which you have extended to us.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. D. PORTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BUFFALO, *May 5th*, 1874.

HON. W. W. CORCORAN:

DEAR SIR: It is in vain to attempt to convey to another the *sorrow* that has seemed more than could be endured and yet live. We have had so happy a life together, and *his* perfect health and spirits had made me feel that we had a security of life for years to come, as his health was apparently much better than his father's had been—and he

had lived to be over ninety-two years of age. It had never for a moment seemed possible that Mr. Fillmore would not outlive me twenty years or more, and thus the blow has fallen with crushing weight upon me. Truly, your extract from his letter were words he had often used to me himself. We were so happy in our quiet home; it is some little alleviation to feel that it was so, but now the desolation seems all the more hard to bear. I am alone, the last and only one of my family living. I try not to be selfish in my sorrow, but to me he was my all—*everything*. Excuse this unavoidable expression of individual grief; his loss to the world is for history; my own is irreparable. Your sincere and deep sorrow is a most grateful tribute to his memory, and to my heart, at this time of utter desolation.

With highest esteem, truly yours,

CAROLINE C. FILLMORE.

P. S.—I send the last sitting for a photograph that I believe was taken; but to me it is so very like him that I could not refrain from sending it to you.

Yours truly,

C. C. FILLMORE.

30 CARONDELET STREET,
NEW ORLEANS, *May 13, 1874.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, City:

DEAR SIR: Possibly you may remember a young man of my name in our dear old Georgetown, when you were young yourself and lived there.

It is now thirty-seven years since I left my old home and came to this city to live, and it has always been my home, except for the four years of our civil war, during which I served the "lost cause" as a Colonel of my regiment of artillery—the 22d Louisiana Heavy Artillery. This reminds me of my recollection of your being "Captain Corcoran" of our old Georgetown company of field ar-

tillery, and of your brother, Thomas, Captain of the "United Blues" infantry company, of which you were Orderly Sergeant when Lafayette visited our old town. This throws us nearly half a century back to our youthful days when Bishop McIlvaine, the Rector of Christ Church, and your brother and sister, and Rebecca Key, Miss Jones and others assisted in the choir; and when I, as a boy, used to play in "Parrot's Wood's," now made into such a beautiful cemetery by your liberal munificence. I saw it before the war began, and thought I would like to rest there at the end of my life. I have visited Mount Auburn at Boston, Greenwood at New York, Pere La Chaise at Paris, the Holy Ground at Pisa, (made of earth brought by pilgrims to and from the Holy Land,) but my preference is greatly in favor of the Georgetown Cemetery; I am sorry I cannot now recall its name. Since the war I have not visited my old home; and when I passed through Washington in 1871, on my way to England, had no time to see any old friends or acquaintances, having at that time large interests in cotton that required my attention there. I have only written the foregoing to recall myself to your memory, if I can, and to say that my object in doing so, is to ask you if you have seen, as undoubtedly you have from the newspapers, the dreadful state of suffering in which a large part of the population of this State is involved by the overflow of the Mississippi river and its tributaries, and yet you cannot understand, from the newspaper accounts, the fearful amount of suffering that exists among these drowned out, helpless and dependent families. It is true that Congress has given \$190,000 worth of rations; and collections, so far, are a little over \$100,000 from all parts of the country; but these sums are a mere drop in the bucket in comparison to the loss sustained. I am collecting what I can for these poor, destitute people, not only here, but among my correspondents, in the North and elsewhere. I need not now refer to your proverbially known charity, and only ask

you to do something for these poor suffering people, if you are so inclined, and let me be your almoner, or dispense your bounty through Hon. Louis A. Wiltz, Mayor of the city, who is the chairman of the distributing committee. If I was asking credit for myself, I would refer you to well known business firms in New York and Liverpool with whom I do business. I wrote to ——— of your city on the 2d inst., on this subject, but as yet have not heard from him.

Yours, very truly,

S. JONES.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

My individual address is Col. S. Jones, 30 Carondelet Street; commercial address, S. Jones & Co.,

I send you the "*Picayune*" newspaper by this mail.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: An old friend takes the liberty to ask a favor of you. The name of Mrs. Isaac Hill may not have entirely faded from your memory. She has reached the age of eighty-five years, and with mind and memory unclouded, delights to talk of those pleasant old times at Washington and Georgetown. It is her "golden age." The frequent mention of the name of W. W. Corcoran, in the papers of the day, recalls many pleasant incidents of her acquaintance with you, which she relates to her grandchildren with much interest.

It would give her great pleasure to receive a copy of the monograph recently issued, entitled "A tribute to W. W. Corcoran."

With congratulations upon your successful life, which has been fragrant with good deeds, and the hope that many years of usefulness and happiness may be added here, and brighter blessings in that higher life where a sure reward awaits the "good and faithful servant,"

I am, very respectfully,

ANNA M. HILL,
for her Grandma.

CONCORD, N. H., May 18, 1874.

JACKSON, MISS., *May 21, 1874.*

HON. W. W. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: By a unanimous vote of our late Diocesan Council, I was requested to make known to you, as I now do, the thanks of the Diocese for the liberal donation of land which you have lately made to us. We trust that it may be made available for many purposes of good, and be a lasting benefit to the church.

Allow me to add the assurance of my kind and grateful regards, and my prayer for your eternal and spiritual welfare.

Very truly, yours in Christ,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

W. M. GREEN,
Bishop of Mississippi.

BALTIMORE, *June 1, 1874.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I must report to you my safe return on Saturday evening, and thank you for the delightful hospitality I enjoyed at your board during the sitting of the convention. The jars of the latter needed something of the sweet concord of the former. I hope you are not suffering from the fatigue and excitement incident to a three days' discussion. We shall have quieter times and a clearer sky, hereafter, for the violence of the gust through which we have passed. The sober second thought seldom fails to moderate. The church is sound and stable, and we have every reason to believe that she will put forth power. Let it only be done with wisdom and charity, no less than with firmness.

I beg you to present my compliments and regards to Miss Eustis, whose kindly forbearance with our debates at the table was so generous on her part, and so comfortable to us.

My love also and a kiss to little Luly. May God have you all in His holy keeping. Please remember me also to Dr. Slaughter, if with you, whom I was truly happy to meet with.

Very sincerely and with great respect, I am yours,

GEO. LEEDS.

HON. W. W. CORCORAN.

MR. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: Will you permit a stranger to speak, out of the fullness of her heart, something of what she feels? Since my short sojourn in your lovely city, I have enjoyed many hours of sight-seeing; and in every instance when I have inquired about the donor, I have been told it was "Mr. Corcoran."

I spent an hour or two in the Art Gallery, where you have made such fine selections. I was delighted with the statues and the pictures, and I felt that he who can give such pleasure to his fellow beings, as you have done, may be called a true benefactor. I was so impressed this morning on my visit to Oak Hill with the loveliness of the place, the sweet and holy quiet, the glimpses of paradise, and the sounds of water, the songs of birds, the odor of flowers. I was told "this was the work of Mr. Corcoran."

I trust that you will pardon the seeming forwardness which has prompted me to express my feelings. You have blessed humanity, and I am of the race, therefore, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me. I am a stranger, and may never look upon your face, but I shall remember your name and your deeds.

MRS. D. M. JORDAN,
Richmond, Ind.

JUNE 3d, 1874.

JUNE 3, 1874.

At a meeting of the vestry of Grace Memorial Church, Lexington, Va., Wednesday afternoon, June 3, 1874, it was ordered that a committee, consisting of Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, Gen. F. H. Smith, and Col. William Preston Johnston, prepare a resolution, to be signed by the rector and registrar, expressing the sincere thanks of the vestry to Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., for his generous contributions to this church, especially that of a thousand dollars, a week since, through the rector, Rev. Dr. Pendleton; and that the latter be requested to forward the honored donor said resolution of thanks.

The grateful duty thus assigned is, by the committee, gladly discharged ; therefore,

Resolved, That, aware as we are of the constancy of demand upon our venerated friend, Mr. Corcoran, for aid to numerous charities, and of the magnitude, seldom equalled, of his christian benefactions, we rejoice to show him how truly we value his kindness, and to testify our trust that his liberality will tell for good, in connection with the associations of this church, and with its importance at so marked a Southern educational centre.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

W. N. PENDLETON, *Rector*.

C. W. FREEMAN, *Registrar*.

JUNE 4, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I seize the first leisure moment to give expression to my appreciation of your elegant hospitality which recalls pleasing and mournful reminiscences of old Virginia in the golden age of the republic, when, in the classic phrase, men lived "nearer to the gods." There has been no sunshine so bright since, nor such a balminess in the air. Mentally, if not physically, I renewed my youth, and came back to revolve in the tread-mill of my daily labors and cares with more hope and pleasing memories.

Please convey to Miss Eustis my complimentary acknowledgment of her pleasant contributions to the social refinement of your sweet home.

Nor can I withhold my tribute of applause from the fair Louise, the little rose bud in the garden of your happiness, wet with the dews of the early morning, which I trust is destined to expand into a flower fragrant with the sweet odors of saintly piety, and fruitful in good works. She is the living link in a golden chain along which, as on the telegraphic wire, daily flash memories of the sainted dead.

Very affectionately, your friend,

P. SLAUGHTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

My compliments to Dr. Hunter and Mr. Hyde.

OCTOBER 7, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I ask the privilege of a bishop of the church of God, your best friend (for I believe, I may say without boasting, that no one outside of your immediate family is more warmly attached to you), of making a frank exhibit of the case of the new Church of the Ascension. This building, erected for God, may be made your monument; and, if so, it will be the grandest completion of a grand circle of charities, beginning with the poor way-farer by the way-side, embracing the Home for the sorely tried, and (going beyond time) linking itself to the throne of God in a church built for Him, to last through the ages, and become the spot where souls, new-born, may grow up into a temple of holiness.

The enterprise must otherwise drag its slow length along in weariness and sadness, if it ultimately come not to grief.

I know that this seems to be asking a great deal; but, still, I ask you to consider it.

With an Art Gallery, your monument, to hand down your name to a remote age, when this capital shall be the pride and boast of the world; and a Home, that beautiful alabaster box you have broken to consecrate afresh the body of your loving Lord, to link your name to the sublimest and sweetest of the graces; there is now furnished to you the opportunity of adding one other monument which possesses this vast advantage over all others, in this, that it is a monument for God.

I entered on this work, and I have given to it all in my power. If it progresses without hindrance, it will be a glorious crowning of a life of toil to me, and a glorious beginning of a far more richly endowed ministry of another who has linked in his destiny with us. If not, we shall be buried under its mass of marble. I ask that you will calmly and prayerfully weigh this appeal—weigh it in the scales of a charity which has ever possessed this one

grand and distinguishing trait, that what it has done it has done only to meet the measure of its golden rule of action—not caring to inquire what others may do or refuse to do.

Artaxerxes bade Ezra, the priest of the Lord draw not only on the people, but on the king's treasures for the money needed. And he was a heathen king, and the house to be builded was for the Lord Jehovah. I really think I am only following the ways and will of God, in thus seeking to make this work emphatically and permanently yours. He has been singularly kind to you. You have shared the blessings of the baptismal dew, and eaten of the bread and wine of the holy supper. You can sit down in the calm even-time, and drink in the melody of the ever-flowing stream of your benevolence.

You have built a temple of art—erected a Home for the friendless—but you have built no house for Him. It is this jewel in the coronet I would now place the brightest jewel of them all. In closing this appeal I may express the hope that you will regard it as but an appeal from an aged bishop, made in confidence to you. If you think otherwise, so be it. My duty is done, and my love is unabated.

Affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

I do not wish you to answer this.

HOUSTON, October 29, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

You must excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but really you contributed so much to my pleasure during the visit I made to your beautiful city, that I cannot resist the impulse to write and thank you again and again for all your goodness to me. There was not a place I visited, nor a person I met, that the benediction of your friendship did not enhance the pleasure of it all. I now

look upon the goodly pile of books given to me by Professor Henry, and the beautiful plants from the Congressional gardens, and my valuable herbarium of North American ferns from Dr. Vasey of the Agricultural Department, and say, for all these, I am indebted to dear, good Mr. Corcoran. The last afternoon I spent in Washington, I went again to your Art Gallery, and filled my soul with the beauties there, to bring them away with me in memory to my distant Texas home where art yet has made no abode. The "Vestal," the "Famine in the Desert," and that beautiful bit of mountain scenery in the Catskills, and many others will live with me "a joy forever."

You don't know how many friends you have here—people who have never seen you, but who love you so much because you have, like "Abou Ben Adam, loved your fellow man." When you get to heaven you will meet thousands whom you have made happy that you never dreamed of, and will wear many a star in your crown of rejoicing whose rays have never crossed your vision on this side of the flood.

Please present me most kindly to Miss and Dr. Hunter, Miss Eustis, and Mrs. Tayloe; and that God may grant you length of days, and health and strength beyond your years, will ever be the prayer of

yours, sincerely,

M. J. YOUNG.

EDGEHILL, Nov. 2, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR: I read twice the critique in Blackwood on the two volumes issued, of the Comte de Paris, by a Confederate General. It is marked with great ability, justice and truth. That the war was brought and forced on by the radical party to sectionalize the union and destroy the Southern whites, I do not doubt. The value of constitutions in popular governments is in proportion to the reverence which the people bear for them. Broken and con-

temned, can they be restored? They may be galvanized into simulated life, but not more.

Our people are prepared for any form of government that will give them relief from the present popular despotism.

I hope the boys arrived safely. They are both very promising. If George can be kept out of temptation until he is older, there is the intellect of a fine man in him. May they be the solace of your declining years.

With the highest respect and esteem,

T. J. RANDOLPH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 4, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

We very much regretted that you were unable to join us on Wednesday last. It was especially a disappointment to Mr. Morgan and ourselves.

I trust you have quite recovered from your indisposition.

Our visit to Washington was most interesting. Mr. Morgan, the ladies and myself greatly enjoyed the visit to the "Home" and Gallery, and particularly in your company.

Mrs. G. and Mary unite with me in kindest regards to Miss Eustis and yourself.

Ever truly yours,

JOHN W. GARRETT.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

EDGEHILL, Nov. 9, 1874.

DEAR SIR: I was rarely in Washington during Mr. Jefferson's administration. He thought the unavoidable flunk-keyism not desirable training for the younger members of a president's family.

I spent a week in Washington in the summer of 1809, during the first call-session of Mr. Madison's first term. There was then no connection between the wings of the

Capitol. Mr. Jefferson proposed they should be connected by the Dioclesian portico, estimated to cost \$250,000, and had a drawing of the wings so connected. The House of Representatives then sat in the south wing—a dome roof with small sky-lights. The Senate sat in the north wing—My information goes no further. Since the war, I have not been near it. The view of it produced such a revulsion of stomach as not to invite a nearer approach. As the legislative mansion of popular liberty I admire it; as the legislative den of popular despotism I shudder to look on it.

After the past nine years of horror and oppression on the South, it will require another generation to inspire confidence in popular liberty.

Had the radical party sustained themselves, the indefinite perpetuation of Grant's power would have received the support of the whole South. Anything is preferable to a sectional popular despotism, where the will of the majority is the limit of its power.

The people of the United States must learn that one portion cannot be enslaved without endangering the liberty of all. The next move for secession, under some other name or in some form, will come from New England. Their hatred of the South raised in them a love of the union they never felt before.

My kindest regards to Miss Eustis, and assurances of the highest esteem for yourself.

Very truly yours,

THOS. J. RANDOLPH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13, 1874.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: We do not feel satisfied with ourselves until we record, more permanently than in spoken, fleeting words, our grateful appreciation of the princely gift which you have just made to Ascension Church.

We frankly confess that from the beginning we have hoped that your generous hand would make this church largely your own memorial. We hoped, as churchmen, that, though it was late in life when you bowed your head to receive the waters of baptism, "some work of noble note might yet be done." We hoped that the citizen who had adorned this capital with temples to charity, to knowledge, to art, would crown his life-work by building a temple to Him who is the purest charity, the highest knowledge, the perfect beauty.

For this consummation of our highest hopes, we thank and will ever thank you; thank you for lifting a burden that weighed us down; thank you for the anticipated pleasure of worshiping in this beautiful temple. This is little, but it is all that we can do. We know that there is One, often dishonored among men, who looks down with benign acceptance upon your lavish gift, and who, though He bestows all His rewards through grace, has rich rewards in grace for those who richly honor Him.

May you long live to worship in this rising temple; and when you can worship there no longer, may the ear which has always listened to the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the sick, and the prisoner listen to the gracious welcome, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Affectionately,

WILLIAM PINKNEY,
JOHN H. ELLIOTT.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR: The following is an extract from a letter just received from Mrs. Young, of Houston, Texas, one of the most intelligent and interesting ladies with whom I have had the pleasure to become acquainted. It will always give me pleasure to pay attention to any person commended

to me by your introduction, especially to those of the character of the person above mentioned:

“ You will, I am sure, pardon me for intruding upon your time with a brief expression of my thanks for the valuable books you gave me when I was in your city a few days ago. Upon reaching home and examining them, I was made glad beyond all powers to express, and can now only say I thank you again and again. To my dear Mr. Corcoran, too, my gratitude is most lively, as it is to him I am indebted for the honor and pleasure of knowing you.”

Very truly yours, &c.,

JOSEPH HENRY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

BOSTON, *December 1, 1874.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I, last evening, had the honor of making an address in behalf of the Columbian University before two hundred and fifty of “ the solid men ” of Boston. The association, before which I appeared, is known as the “ Boston Baptist Social Union,” and is composed of the leading laymen of the Baptist denomination in the city, who meet once a month for the purpose of eating a sumptuous dinner, and, after dinner, of listening to speeches on topics of literature, religion, or social interests, according to circumstances.

Last night I was put forward as the chief speaker, having been invited by the president of the association to explain the present situation of our university and its claims on the friends of education, in view of the effort now making to increase its endowment on the basis of your most generous proposition.

I wish you could have been present when I referred to the nature and terms of your proffered donation. At the mention of your name, my voice was immediately drowned

by a storm of applause, and at the close of my remarks two "solid men" instantly signified their purpose to have a share in this good work by subscribing \$1,000 each. Others invited our agent to call on them to-day, and I hope our endowment has received a good impetus by yesterday's effort.

I need not say that I was careful to impress on the minds of my hearers that the university was to be entirely *unsectarian* in its management. This is required by our charter, and it is required by the generous unselfishness of our greatest benefactor.

With constant regard, I am, my dear Mr. Corcoran,
ever truly, yours,

JAMES C. WELLING.

EDGEHILL, *December 7, 1874.*

DEAR SIR: If the MS. letter of Mr. Jefferson which you have purchased is the original, and not the copy retained by Mr. J., you will recognize it by the old-fashioned square sheet folded and directed on its fourth page. Envelopes were not used until after Mr. Jefferson's death. His copies retained were usually written on the backs of letters received; it saved paper, and reduced the volume of those received.

I sold to Congress 16,000 copies of his own letters and 24,000 received. These last have never been published; they contain much valuable information. Mr. Madison, ever cautious, insisted on the return, after Mr. J.'s death, of all his own letters. I read one of Monroe telling Mr. Jefferson that he was compelled to yield our claim on Texas to appease Northern feeling. Mr. Jefferson always claimed it to the Rio Grande as part of Louisiana. His private secretary, James Monroe, jr., told a gentleman, who repeated it to me, that the cession to us was actually in the Florida treaty; and Northern senators told Mr. Monroe

that if it was not stricken out, they would reject the treaty. I presume the whole of the Jefferson MSS. have been stolen or destroyed during the popular despotism of the last thirteen years.

Willy had a threat of diphtheria, but now quite well.

With the highest esteem, yours,

THOS. J. RANDOLPH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1874.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., City.

DEAR SIR: You will please find enclosed copy of the resolutions passed by the vestry of Ascension Church, at a meeting held by them on the 9th day of December, 1874; and, by the authority of the vestry, I hereby transmit them to you.

Yours, very respectfully,

CHAS. C. DUNCANSON,
Register.

At a meeting of the vestry, held this 9th December, 1874, present: Rev. Dr. Elliott, Messrs. Davis, Shuster, Burchell, Burgess, Hume, and Stevens.

On motion of Mr. Stevens, the minutes of the last meeting were dispensed with. The letter of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, dated November 16, 1874 conveying the munificent offer of contributing one-half of the contract price of church and one-half of original cost of lot, was received and read, and ordered to be entered on the parish record.

On motion of Mr. Stevens, it was

Resolved, That the proposition of Mr. Corcoran, so liberally made, be gratefully accepted by the vestry, according to the terms and conditions mentioned in the said letter; and that the thanks of the vestry be tendered to Mr. Corcoran for his munificent gift.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of the vestry and of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be presented to

Mr. Corcoran; and, upon the vote being taken, it was unanimously adopted.

Upon motion of Mr. Burchell, Mr. Shuster and Mr. Stevens were authorized to draft a letter of thanks to Mr. Corcoran.

Upon motion of Mr. Stevens, the vestry adjourned.

CHAS. C. DUNCANSON,
Register of Ascension Parish.

HOTEL BEAU LITE, CANNES, Dec. 18, 1874.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Mrs. Winthrop and I are passing a quiet winter here for the health of her daughter, Miss Thayer. We have our friends, Mrs. J. P. Kennedy and Miss Gray, in the apartment next to us; and this alone would bring back to me not a few cherished associations with Washington; but here, too, we have been much interested in the memorial window, which recalls to us your lovely daughter, so early and sadly lost, whom I look back upon as a charming child, when I was first partaking your hospitalities at the Capital. Placed, as the window is, so near the font where her children were baptised, and beneath which her remains for some time reposed, it is a touching tribute to a lamented daughter, and one which no one who knew her can fail to appreciate.

Good Mr. Rolfe, the rector, who took pains to call our attention to it, spoke of your purpose to put stained glass in the window opposite in memory of Mr. Eustis, but said there had been some misunderstanding or delay in Paris about it which you might not be aware of. You need not know anything about this unless you desire to, as, perhaps, the misunderstanding was on Mr. Rolfe's part. He seems an excellent man, and so does Mr. Woolfield, who is very kind to us.

The weather has been unusually harsh for Cannes during the month we have been here; but, I dare say, we shall have our compensation before we leave here two months hence.

I was glad to hear from Mr. Woolfield that your eyes had been so much relieved. Mrs. Winthrop has been a sufferer in that line, so that we know how "good a thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." I remember that the last line I had from you was written by an amanuensis. Do not be at the pains of answering this, unless there is something you desire to say.

You must be beginning to count upon an improved condition of affairs at Washington; but I am afraid neither you nor I will live to witness the return of days like those when I was in the chair of the House, while the really great statesmen of our generation were in Congress.

Mrs. Winthrop unites with me in the best wishes of the season, and I remain

yours, very truly,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR: A renewed exhibition of considerate kindness demands from me some evidence of appreciative recognition; yet the frequency of favors, heretofore conferred and acknowledged, renders it difficult to give adequate expression to the emotions of the present hour, without an unconscious repetition of language that, on former occasions, I may have used.

In reviewing the events of the year just closing, the sentiments which, at its commencement, were uttered by me, still find an echo in my heart—accompanied, if *that* be possible, by a deeper sense of personal obligation. A more extended retrospect suggests the striking contrast between my present situation and the privations I was called to en-

counter when, like a large majority of the ill-fated advocates of a "lost cause," I felt that every avenue to successful effort was closed against me by an inexorable destiny. Yet, even amidst the perplexities then experienced (if I may make the assertion without incurring the imputation of egotism), some solace was derived from the reflection that I had sacrificed considerations of pecuniary advantage to conscientious convictions of duty. The dark cloud that, for so long a period, had overshadowed me was at last dispelled; and in its removal how could I fail to recognize the agency of *one* whose diffusive liberality has shed the sunlight of hope on many a Southern home, and nerved with renovated energy many a desponding spirit?

May a life characterized by generous impulses and deeds of benevolence long be spared; may your remaining years glide on in a uniform tenor of serenity, and your example serve as an incentive to emulation on the part of others.

For all your kindness, and for the continued evidences of a friendship that has been to me a source of self-gratulation and of venial pride, I can only return my humble thanks. They are offered in the simplicity of a grateful heart, and I trust may prove equally acceptable as if recommended by the artificial adornments of elaborate diction.

With reiterated assurances of high regard,

I remain, dear sir, your friend
and obedient servant,

J. HUNTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

BALTIMORE, *January 7th*, 1875.

I was so delighted, my ever dear and honored friend, to receive, two days since, your valued picture. I had begun to fear that you had *forgotten* me, and I was very much tempted to write and give your memory a little *nudge*, but am much more gratified at receiving it *without* such a reminder on my part. It is a very fine likeness of you, as I

first remember you, when your kind and gentle interest in me—a poor little homeless orphan—made an impression upon my heart which no circumstances, no length of time, can ever efface. Since those bright, happy days how many bitter changes have taken place in your own stricken household, and in our poor desolated South; but how noble has been your record! How has your name been blessed in thousands of darkened homes, made glad and happy by your munificent bounty! I have watched your sublime course to the poor and desolate with intense interest, and *pride* that I could call one so noble by the pure and holy name of “friend.”

I read with much pleasure the touching account of the dinner given some days since, on your birthday, in the Home which will immortalize your own name and *hers* to whom it was consecrated, and it has awakened a desire I have long felt to visit it. Some bright spring day, if you will permit me, I will run over to see you for a few hours, and get you to take me to see it. May I? But why ask it? Surely that tender, loving heart of yours, which can resist *no* appeal, will grant so small a boon to so old and warm a friend. Mr. Gordon is not in at present, or would join me in begging that you will sometimes remember us when you are in our city. We would be most happy to see you here; indeed, feel that it would be a high privilege to do so.

He and I were looking around this morning for a good place for your picture, and you may rest assured that we will give it a high place of honor. It is *so* handsome, and so full of the gentleness and sweetness which ever form a feature of true nobility. Thanking you again for your kindness, and wishing you all the happiness possible in the new year,

most cordially and devotedly
your friend,

ANN ELIZA GORDON

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CASTLE HILL, January 17, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

A kind friend told me recently that you had expressed deep sympathy in my great and almost unparalleled sorrow, and that you had intended writing to me, but indisposition prevented you from doing so. On this quiet Sunday morning I feel impelled to thank you for the intention, for I know the still deeply-felt sorrows of your own life give you sympathy for those of your friends.

I hope a *disinterested* remembrance from an old friend will not be unacceptable, for you are, doubtless, almost as much persecuted as was the philanthropic Mr. Peabody, though I hope you have not adopted his plan of burning his letters *unread*. If so, I should lose the object of mine, which is to express, in sincerity and simplicity, my admiration of the noble use you are making of the wealth which, as a great talent, has been given you, the reward of a well-spent life. When I open a paper some grand donation to some useful and beneficent object constantly appears, accompanied by the thanks of the grateful receivers of your bounty. The letters from the "Louise Home" alone are sufficient to show how many desolate hearts you have made happy, and your deeds of kindness make sweet music in all the length and breadth of the laud.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"—and many prayers are for you.

My daughter, Ella—now for the most part my only companion—and I, often, when comparing your good deeds with legacies, think how lovely it is to *see* the result of these good deeds, instead of leaving them to successors to execute or not, as it might be.

My dear children were gathered under my wings at my old home not very long ago. They are now dispersed. Among them came my dear William, whose sojourn at the springs last summer your kindness rendered so much more pleasant, and of which he told me with grateful remembrance.

Hoping that my letter may not be an intrusion on your valuable time, I send it simply to express my kind remembrance of "Auld Lang Syne," and that

I am, most truly, yours,

J. P. RIVES.

Mr. CORCORAN.

PEABODY INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE, MD.,

February 11, 1875.

DEAR SIR: At a recent meeting of the board of trustees of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, the first that has been held since their agreeable visit to you on the 14th of November last, I was directed to convey to you the thanks of the board for the kind invitation to visit your gallery of art, and for the many courtesies extended to them on that occasion; also, most especially, for the very elegant collection of valuable photographs so kindly presented by you to the Peabody Institute.

The visit afforded the highest gratification to the many members of the board of trustees who had the good fortune to be present, and, at the same time, was most useful in affording them an opportunity to learn many valuable features in your beautiful building and collection, which will be available in forming and completing the Art Gallery they are about to erect.

I remain, dear sir, with high regard,

very truly yours,

WILLIAM McKIM,

Vice-President Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COLUMBIA, S. C., *April 12, 1875.*

MY DEAR SIR: I see by the paper that you are in Charleston.

I have no house to invite you to here; mine is in the hands of the Jews. But I cannot allow you to be in the State without sending you a cordial greeting.

Were it now as it was in the old days, you would soon learn how grateful we all are to you. As it is, our utter abjection reduces us to words only. You know them to be true; and, therefore, I am confident they are acceptable to you.

Wishing you, sincerely, perfect restoration to health; and all good fortune,

faithfully and truly yours,

JOHN W. PRESTON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CHARLESTON, *April 23, 1875.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq., *Washington.*

MY DEAR SIR: I received yesterday your letter of the 20th, informing me that you had sent by Adams Express five thousand (5,000) of the six per cent. bonds of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company, the interest on which is regularly paid, which you design as a donation in aid of the Home for the mothers, widows, and daughters of Confederate soldiers; and I note your desire that the principal sum be kept intact, and the interest only be used for the support of the institution. I have also received your check for the interest becoming due on the 1st of May, proximo. The bonds have been delivered this morning.

I have to return my especial thanks for this munificent donation to an institution, the success of which I have so much at heart; and in due time you will receive the acknowledgments of the Board of Control of the ladies, to whose "admirable management," and not to me, is all the praise and commendation due, and in which—a witness on the spot—I can most earnestly join you.

I am, my dear sir,

very respectfully and truly,

H. GOURDIN.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,

128 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET, N. Y.,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

May 1, 1875.

Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR: It gives me great pleasure to enclose a certificate of honorary fellowship in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which was conferred upon you by the unanimous vote of the trustees at a recent meeting.

I beg to say, at the same time, that the trustees recognize, with the greatest satisfaction, your most generous and enlightened action in the promotion of art in Washington, and hope that the kindest relations may always exist between the institution, of which you are the honored founder, and our own.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN,

Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, May 20, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: In behalf of the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia, I have the honor to extend to you their most cordial invitation to be their guest on the occasion of the semi-centennial celebration of the University, on the 30th of June, and the 1st of July next. On that occasion the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter will deliver an historical address. General John S. Preston, of South Carolina, will deliver the oration before the society—these gentlemen are of the class 1825—and Daniel Lucas, Esq., of Virginia, will read a poem. The celebration will be one which will bring together not only the sons of the University from many States, but many other men of distinction from Virginia and the sister States of the South.

We hope you will find it in your power to accept our invitation; and we will be very happy to greet you as the honored guest of the Alumni and of the authorities of the University.

With great respect, yours, very truly,

CHARLES S. VENABLE,

Chm. S. Cl. Committee of Alumni.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Col. W. W. CORCORAN, *Washington.*

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to introduce to you my niece, Mrs. G. W. Fall, who is passing through Washington, and will stop for a short time.

Mrs. Fall is a member of my family, and I would be pleased for her to know you. You will find her an agreeable and interesting lady.

Many cherished memories of the past still linger with me in contemplating the events of the delightful Washington society.

I am, most respectfully, yours,

Mrs. JAMES K. POLK.

"POLK PLACE,"

NASHVILLE, TENN., *June 3, 1875.*

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,

LEXINGTON, VA., *June 5, 1875.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR: By direction of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, I have the pleasure to forward to you, by this mail, a copy of the memorial volume of the élèves of the Virginia Military Institute, who fell in the contest between the States, and to request your acceptance of the same as a testimonial of their high respect and regard.

This interesting volume contains the memoirs of one hundred and seventy young men, comprising the sons of the best families of the South, who went out from the school and met the dangers, sufferings, and death of true sons; and no institution in any age or country can present so proud a record. I am sure you will read this touching record with emotion; and it will ever constitute a valuable contribution to the history of the eventful struggle.

With sentiments of high regard,

I am yours,

FRANCIS H. SMITH,

Supt.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *June* 20, 1875.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: The undersigned, delegates from the South Carolina tax-payers' convention and the chamber of commerce of Charleston to Washington, in the spring of 1874, desire to express their sense of the sympathy and kindness manifested by you towards themselves and their cause.

To do kindly things in an unostentatious way is a part of your nature, but you must not think it strange that the recipients should sometimes feel a disposition to express, in some form, their grateful recognition of such acts.

The Palmetto cane we send to your address is of small intrinsic value, but it is a token of cordial good-will and profound respect. Please accept it, sir; and sometimes, when you lean upon it, call to mind the distant friends, the sincere wish of whose hearts it is that your remaining years may be long and happy, as your past years have been useful and beneficent.

We have the honor to be, with assurances of the highest consideration,

your obedient servants,

RICHARD LATHERS,
CHARLES H. SIMONTON,
J. G. THOMPSON,
J. B. KERSHAW,
M. L. BONHAM,
M. C. BUTLER,
JOHN L. MANNING,
WM. ELLIOTT,
T. W. WOODWARD,
J. A. HOYT,
W. E. HOLCOMBE,

W. D. PORTER,
S. Y. TUPPER.
B. H. RUTLEDGE,
JAMES SIMONS,
LOUIS D. DESAUSSURE,
H. GOURDIN,
E. HENRY FROST,
JNO. H. SCREVEN,
WILLIAM AIKEN,
THOS. Y. SIMONS.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

The letter containing your check came to me safely. I sent it to a friend in Charleston, had it cashed, and to-day paid Miss Mary S. Hamilton, in advance, for carrying on her school during the long, long vacation which had been

given the children. Miss Hamilton, the parents, and children will indeed thank you. I will get the money promised by Dr. Sears when it is due, and that sum, added to yours, will keep the school out of all the difficulties which are ahead. The commissioners will assist again, and we are now provided for bountifully for a year—that is, looking upon Dr. Sears' *promise* as certain of payment.

What a blessing it is to be able to do for others! And feeling this and enjoying it, I am grateful that you made me your hand in giving to our poor, impoverished, crushed Beaufort people. They are very poor, and are kept so by the cruel taxes and the difficulty to get work. I do not benefit personally in any way by the school being carried on; but I do not think, among all who derive good from your generosity, parents or children or teacher, there is a heart more pleased and satisfied and grateful than mine, and I thank you for it. May God bless you, and spare your valuable life to us all for a long while yet.

Yours, very truly,

SARAH P. CHISOLM.

BEAUFORT, S. C., *June 28, 1875.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, VA., *June 29, 1875.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: As rector of Washington and Lee University, it is my pleasant duty to inform you that the board of trustees, at their late annual meeting, elected you a member of our board.

All sincerely hope that you will accept the appointment unanimously conferred; and, as the trustees are to meet on the 13th of next month, for the purpose (with other items of business) of *locating the mausoleum*, we would be particularly happy to have your presence and counsel at that time.

I am, dear sir, with sentiments of high regard,

your obedient servant,

A. LEYBURN.

Rector.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 8, 1875.*

W. W. CORCORAN, LL. D.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge, on behalf of the trustees of the Columbian University, the receipt of your favor of the 7th inst., inclosing a deed for the estate of "Trinidad," duly executed.

You transmitted also a lease of a part of the place to James Dalgleish, to terminate on the May 1, 1876, duly assigned to the university, you reserving the right to manage the place during the present year.

Heartily uniting with you in the hope that the university may realize a large fund from this munificent gift, and that the future, so full of promise, may realize all our fond anticipations, I have the honor to be

your obedient servant,

WM. STICKNEY,

Secretary.

9 CHURCH STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C., *July 9, 1875.*

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Extreme illness of ten weeks' duration prevented me from answering your most welcome letter sooner.

I went away to a pine-land village, hoping to improve. I did gain some strength, but have returned home with nervous debility, and don't hope for a decided improvement, with our climate, until fall. And now let me thank you for the beautiful collection of photographs of specimens of art from your gallery. Some will be put in the "Home." They have been going the rounds of a large circle of appreciative friends, who enjoy them very much, as they have not had the opportunity of visiting your gallery.

My sudden illness frustrated the pleasure of carrying out a plan, which my minister has since accomplished, which was to procure that picture of the Washington family for you. While I am on the subject of Mrs. Sage, your letter of inquiry as to whether an operation would benefit the child

made me send for the oculist of the city, the skilful and kind "physician of our Home," and ask him to make a thorough examination of the child, the result of which is that there is no hope, for her sight has gone forever. He is, however, attending her for her spine, which is seriously affected. He says if we could get her to the asylum for the blind in Georgia, as she is such a bright child, it might be beneficial. Mr. Gourdin and myself are talking about it; we hope we will be able to do something for her. Let me thank you again and again for your most munificent donation to my Home. I know that the board have thanked you, but I wish to do it personally. When you did not know the Home, you helped us; after seeing for yourself its character, you have shown your approval of it by your generous donation.

You cannot tell, in my dark hours of sickness and suffering, how much your approval has comforted me.

Would that there were more Mr. Corcorans in our communities.

While in Summerville, I was visited by a Baptist friend, who told me what you had done some years ago for a Baptist Institution in or near the District of Columbia, and our newspapers tells us what you have recently done for the same institution.

God's blessing must fall upon you and yours. And now, Mr. Corcoran, if you don't positively object to it, Mr. Gourdin and myself wish to put your \$5,000 donation into ten Corcoran scholarships; the principal to be kept intact, the interest going towards educating widows' daughters. You recollect that I made that request of you while you were with us, actuated by a desire that your name should be identified with the "Home" as long as it lasted.

I hope you received the palmetto cane, the slight token of regard from your Charleston friends. My cousin, Mr. Porter, regretted that I did not come from Summerville in time to see it.

The only regret is that your visit this winter was so short. All acquaintances and friends join in the request that you visit us again next winter and remain longer.

Your letter, which I was glad to see written by yourself, will be put in the autograph collection of my son, who is gathering the signatures of all great and good men.

With kind regards to my friends,

I am yours, very truly,

M. A. SNOWDEN.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Col. W. W. CORCORAN:

Be pleased to accept my acknowledgments for the photographs of yourself and your interesting little family. The pleasant memories of the past are revived in contemplating this group. Yours of 1848 is very good.

Mrs. Fall has not returned. She wrote me she spent a charming day in Washington, made so by your kind attentions, for which I make you my sincere thanks.

Be assured, my dear sir, that a visit to Washington would be to me pleasant. Many of the happiest days of my life were passed there, and now to meet the few remaining friends would brighten agreeable reminiscences of the past, now *almost dim in time*.

With sentiments of much respect,

I am, truly,

MRS. JAMES K. POLK.

POLK PLACE, July 12, 1875.

COLD SPRING, July 30, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Molly Kemble informs me that you were at a hotel on Lake George, and would remain for some days. I therefore write in the hope that I may induce you to pay me a visit in passing down the river. The railroad depot is not a great way from my house, but if I know when to expect

you, a carriage will be in waiting to convey you to my house. I wish very much to see you here, because I want to show you the Cerracchi bust of Washington, which all his cotemporaries considered the only portrait that gave us an idea of the extraordinary dignity that characterized him always. I wish to see you here, because I have offered it for sale to the United States, and may want you, if not too troublesome, to receive it until Congress meets in December, as I presume an appropriation will be necessary to pay for it. I shall also have the pleasure of seeing you at my house, and acknowledging the many favors you extended to me.

Faithfully yours,

GOUV. KEMBLE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COLD SPRING, *August 1, 1875.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

I have your very friendly letter of the 8th inst., and truly regret that I shall not have the pleasure of offering you the hospitality of my cottage, and showing you my pictures and statuary while they are in my gallery, as I am now boxing some of them to send away, and cannot expect that they will be seen to the same advantage elsewhere and I could show you besides the Formarina of Raphael, a finer specimen of Valesquez than is to be seen out of Spain. But when at New York, you are only two hours from Cold Spring, and if you will give me notice, I would meet you in town and accompany you.

Faithfully yours,

GOUV. KEMBLE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Hotel Fort William Henry,

Lake George, N. Y.

PITNEY HOUSE, CONGRESS STREET,
(Jerome Pitney, *Proprietor*,)
SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 25, 1875.

MY DEAR MR CORCORAN:

Five o'clock will suit me perfectly. If you will call at that hour to-day for me, I will be obliged to you.

Very truly yours,

W. S. HANCOCK.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SWEET SPRINGS, WEST VA., Sept. 8, 1875.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

A few days ago I received, in a letter from my brother-in-law, Prof. Holmes (which has been a very long time detained in the mails), the copy of a letter written by you to him, in which you give me an invitation to shelter the misfortunes of my old age as your "guest" in the refuge of the "Louise Home." I have not felt myself able sooner to write and offer you my heart's most grateful thanks for the favor and the charity which you would fain divest of pain in the acceptance, by inviting me as your "guest" and "friend." Oh, sir, I have no other claim to the honored title of friend except that, as one of God's afflicted children, I have given you the occasion of merit, in the sight of God, by your unbounded goodness to me and mine; and your grateful "guest" I will be, in the sense of those who came from the highways and by-ways to the parable feast of the King's son, hoping when life's journey and sorrows are over, to meet *you* in the house of our Heavenly Father, as His rewarded guest and "friend," who forgot not the hungry, the naked, or the sorrowful. Yes, I will gladly and gratefully accept, at some later day, your charitable invitation, when I can make my arrangements to do so, and will give the notice required, when the time arrives.

You have always seemed to me to be remarkably directed

by Divine Providence in the singular appropriateness and acceptableness of your many charities; but, of them all, the "Louise Home" is, to my mind, the most noble, the most tender and touching tribute that ever the knighthood of a man's heart has offered to womanhood, to age, or to misfortune. You have discovered how to divest poverty of its terrors, and alms of the anguish of its acceptance; and, by the alchemy of a mercy absolutely almost divine in its tenderness and delicacy, you have learned to take the bitterness out of the bread of dependence to the aged lips that have so often "mingled their drink with weeping."

Your munificence seems so great to me that my only fear is that it offers an asylum too soft and warm for such a fate as mine. I am not ashamed of my bitter poverty; it is like that of holy Job, it comes from the hand of God himself, suddenly and terribly. I have labored, prayed, and wept; but until it please God, in His own time, to give rest and sufficiency, I can only accept what His holy will seems to appoint for my acceptance. I have ties and affections still, strong and living, for my poor old heart is not dead, but only broken. I cling to my children, destitute and sorrowful, as each and all are, and would share their privations, if it was not that mother-love itself suggests not to divide what is already too little for division. So, when I have suffered and hoped more and longer, if God permits and reveals no other resource, I will come and add another to the circle of the comforted "guests" whose silvered heads will be as a crown of stars to you when the Great Judge "maketh up His jewels."

I can never take leave of you without over and often thanking you tenderly, gratefully, and humbly for all your past goodness to me and mine—thanking you for the mercy that saved a son's life and his reason.

I am glad to hear of your better health, and pray God to spare you yet many a year to the sorrowful and afflicted.

I am ever, dear Mr. Corcoran, with profound respect
and esteem, gratefully and truly,
your friend and obedient servant,

LETTY P. LEWIS.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Mrs. Tayloe tells me you were kind enough to say that my son's letter from the White Sulphur had given you great pleasure, and so I am tempted to send you the enclosed, with the hope that you may like it as well as the other. Your god-daughter, Emily, speaks of you so often, and so affectionately, that I feel as if my acquaintance with you was renewed, and this good thing of other and long-gone days come back to me again. And now, as Mrs. Tayloe and I talk together, I think how charming it would be for us if you could get up courage enough to make a pilgrimage to this lonely place by the sea-side, and crude and as unlike Newport as a place could possibly be, but with an atmosphere so soft, so healthful, and so invigorating that I do not doubt you would be the better for breathing it awhile before you go back to your pleasant home in Washington.

The General joins me, dear Mr. Corcoran, in best regards to you.

Your friend, sincerely,

CATHERINE M. DIX.

WEST HAMPTON, *8th September*, 1875.

160 STATE STREET, ALBANY,

September 14, 1875.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: The polite interest which you expressed in the pedigree of the cane with which you did me the honor to stay your steps the other day, on leaving the "Squirrels," led me to profit by the earliest opportunity to consult my diary upon the subject.

Enclosed you will find an extract from it which, perhaps, will render the stick a little less unworthy of any trouble you may have taken to preserve it.

Yours, very respectfully,

JOHN BIGELOW.

—
[EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.]

LEAMINGTON, *Thursday, Feb. 26, 1860.*

We decided this morning, after an ineffectual search for quarters to our taste, to come on to Leamington in a 1:55 train; took a carriage, at 2-6 the hour, to drive out to *Bilton Hall*, once the property and residence of Addison, and where his daughter lived all her life—over seventy years.

It is a charming old place, the ground lying quite level and shaded with some of the finest old oaks I have seen in England. We walked to the door through a winding avenue, bordered with trees as old, probably, as any part of the house, and rang the bell. A nice girl came to the door, to whom I said we were strangers, and would be happy to look at the house, if it would be entirely agreeable to the proprietress. She asked us into a fine, large sitting-room which had just been deserted, with sofas and the tables covered with books and the morning papers, and the walls covered with large pictures, the size of life, among which a fine one of King James I, of the Duke of Buckingham, of the Duke of Hamilton, of Lord Middleton, of Arabella Stuart, the Duchesses of Leicester and Carlisle, two of the favorites of Charles II. We waited a few minutes, when the maid came to us and said that we were quite welcome to go through the house and look at the pictures. So we walked out through the gardens and grounds, which are well cared for; walked through "Addison's Walk," as they called it, but which has no particular attractions for a man of letters and taste except that it was the most remote, and, therefore, the most retired, walk

about the place. At the end of the garden I saw a cedar or cypress tree upon which two branches were growing within reach, which seemed capable of being made into canes. I asked the gardener if there was any objection to my taking with me these sticks as memorials of my visit. He said, "By no means," and got a saw at once and sawed them off. I thanked him and handed him a half-crown.

We then went back to the house to confess our plunder and return thanks, when the lady of the house, Miss Bridgeman Simpson, came to the door and asked us to look at the pictures. She was about fifty years of age, with a pleasant and lady-like expression of countenance, dressed in black and a cap. She is one of two maiden sisters, as she told us, who were tenants for life of the estate. She said that Addison bought the estate with his own money, but he left the property to Lady Warwick's (his wife's) family, and not to his own daughter, Miss Addison, who, our cicerone remarked, was not very bright. She lived there, however, till she died. The lady showed us also portraits of Miss Addison when a little girl—quite pretty; of Addison himself, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; a superb picture of his wife, Lady Warwick; of Anne d'Autriche, full length—(it is a little singular that her picture and another of the Duke of Buckingham should have been hanging here together); Lord Holland and his daughter, Lady Thynne; also of two children of Sir Peter Lilly, and one or two charming pictures of young Lord Warwick. These pictures are really very valuable, and I enjoyed the sight of them very much. I was particularly gratified in seeing Addison's portrait by Kneller, remembering his memorable lines on that artist.

The house is in the turreted or castellated style, the centre having been rebuilt, but the rest being very old. Over the door of the entrance the figures, 1623, were cut, probably to show when the place was built.

EDGEHILL, *October 6, 1875.*

DEAR MR. CORCORAN :

Your kind note was received Monday, and I have been thinking every day the news would be probably sent you of our darling invalid's release from his sufferings, as that is what we pray for now ; but he still lingers, and as long as he lives he must suffer. His mind began to give way Saturday, though now and then he would be himself for an hour or two, and his words to us in those lucid intervals have been very beautiful. To two of his grandsons who were at his bedside yesterday while he was himself, he remarked that the legacy he left them was his untarnished honor. They assented, but told him that the most precious legacy he was leaving us was the assurance of his salvation through faith in Jesus. A sweet smile at once overspread his countenance, and one of my sisters repeated the verse :

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
Oh Lamb of God, I come."

As she ceased he raised his arms, and, extending them towards heaven, while his countenance was radiant with what seemed almost a heavenly light, said :

"I come, I come ; no earth, no dust, no poverty, no wealth there."

Once, Sunday night, after a paroxysm of pain, he raised his arms above his head and exclaimed :

"Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace."

Since Sunday evening, his sufferings have been very great, and now pyæmia has set in, and he is delirious and, at times, violent, as is so often the case in that disease. As long as the fever lasts he will live, and that may be for a few days longer, though our constant prayer is for a speedy death and release from these sufferings, which are so agonizing to him and to us. The boys spend every night at Shadwell, as they ask to go, and I prefer their not witnessing

the painful scenes here. As soon as this warm spell is over, I hope you will take them home for a little holiday, as they were so good about studying during the summer.

I gave your message to father, Monday, and he seemed pleased. Before he began to suffer so much, he remarked several times when he took brandy, "Be sure and tell Mr. Corcoran that his brandy handed me out of the world without pain." Sunday he quoted some lines from the Iliad, giving a beautiful description of death, without omitting a word, and tried to repeat that beautiful verse from Moore, beginning, "'Tis not the tear at the moment shed." We are in great trouble, dear Mr. Corcoran; but the sympathy of our friends is a great solace, and be assured none is more prized than yours. Love to you all.

Yours, affectionately,

SARAH N. RANDOLPH.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, 25th Oct. 12, 1875, *midnight*.

Col. S. Basset French, by direction of his Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, has endeavored to-night to pay his personal respects to the Hon. Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, and regrets that he has been unable, after a long and continuous search, to realize this honor.

It would be a work of supererogation to express to Mr. Corcoran the proud and grateful sentiments with which he is welcomed to the capital of Virginia on the occasion which witnesses the tribute of Englishmen to the heroism and genius of an American soldier—a tribute which recognizes the prowess and self-sacrificing endurance of a soldiery which have linked the name of their great captain with glory.

The homage of to-day is a tribute to the chivalry of a

common and re-united country, of which Mr. Corcoran is recognized as a distinguished citizen.

Col. French begs to have his compliments made acceptable to Mr. Corcoran.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

LINZ; O. R., *November 2, 1875.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of 5th October reached me here, and gave us all much pleasure. We were particularly glad to learn that your health was good, and we hope you will enjoy it for many years more.

We are all well and live together. Carlota and her child make us happy. Dorothea restored her health here by the care of her mother, and returned to Bucharest with her child and husband, who is Consul-General there of Greece. My son, Fred, has abandoned the judicial career, and has entered the diplomatic service. He is now attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as assessor at Berlin.

We had hoped to see Bertha last summer, but her vow did not permit her to leave the convent, and we must resign not to see her again during our lives. She writes to us frequently, and seems to be happy.

We are busy in packing our furniture to leave for Bonn, where we have bought a house to pass our lives and to educate our grandchild, who is now near seven years old. We hope to see you there when you come to Bonn again.

The beautiful memory which I owe to your friendship, and to many other friends, we decided to leave here in our old house with other memories of my forefathers. The Emperor and Empress saw that beautiful piece of silver, and admired its workmanship, at a dinner where it was exhibited; and they sent to me, from the table, a special messenger to compliment me in their name and in that of Bismarck. It was exhibited also at the Vienna Exhibition, two years ago.

I received, also, your catalogue of the many arts collected in your museum, which has become a monument for Washington and worthy of its founder.

I have given you all the news, and hope, in your next letter, to learn how you live, and how your grandchildren are, and what they do.

Please remember me to our friends in Washington, of whom some have already died, as Mr. Hooper, &c., &c.

With many kind regards from Mrs. V. Gerolt and Mrs. Ward,

I remain your sincere old friend,

FR. V. GEROLT.

OFFICE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
(J. Wm. Jones, Secretary,)
RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 3, 1875.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: The Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society instruct me to convey to you their warm appreciation of your generous contribution to our work, and to send you the enclosed certificate of life membership.

According to your kind instructions, I shall to-day draw on you for the amount (\$500) of your liberal donation.

With best wishes,

yours, very truly,

J. WM. JONES,
Secretary S. H. S.

THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
RICHMOND, VA., November 3, 1875.

This is to certify that W. W. Corcoran, Esq., is a life member of the Southern Historical Society, and entitled to all the privileges thereto appertaining.

J. WM. JONES,
Secretary of the Southern Historical Society.

WASHINGTON, *Dec. 2, 1875.*

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: I hope that a line from a stranger visiting the capital will not be regarded by you as bold or intrusive. It is written because of a profound appreciation of the blessings you have conferred upon this community, and also upon our whole country. I do not now refer to the many other public institutions with which your memory, if not your name, is connected, but simply to the Art Gallery, and its thoughtful and generous provisions for art students.

I have thought that possibly a word of appreciation might be acceptable to one who has been so considerate and appreciative of the needs of others; and in such a spirit this note is written. My wife, who has known intimately the struggles of poor artists in New York, and their great longing need for such opportunities as you are here affording, says that the country owes you a debt of gratitude, and she desires, for one, to make acknowledgment. It would have gratified you to have seen this P. M. two little brothers, very poorly but cleanly clad, probably 8 and 9 years old, the elder with his arm lovingly about his brother's neck, and pointing out the beauties of several pictures. Our eyes were drawn from canvases, which we were carefully studying, to these boys, and our prayer went out for a blessing on the man providing such a means of education for his country, and so handsomely throwing it open as a common possession and treasure of joy to rich and poor.

Again asking you to receive this note in the spirit in which it is written,

I remain yours, very respectfully,

H. K. PORTER,
(*Pittsburg, Pa.*)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., *December 21, 1875.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I have had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter, and return you many thanks for it, and for the pictures, which will be most highly prized by all the recipients. I have framed the imperial sized photograph, and it looks very handsome upon my wall. Mrs. Osborne also intends treating hers in the same way.

The fine engraving taken in 1848 shall have an oval frame, and if I am ever so fortunate as to have a home of my own, it shall grace the walls of my parlor.

My little Julia was greatly pleased at your remembrance of her, and specially for your kindness in sending her the sweet picture of your daughter, and also a separate picture of yourself. She has cut out your autograph from your letter, and placed it in her autograph album, and I am sure will never forget her kind friend, Mr. Corcoran.

The handsome tribute to you, in book form, was quite interesting to all of us, and will be greatly valued as a memento of one whom we shall always feel proud to have called our friend.

Your expressions of admiration for my husband are warmly appreciated, and it is a sweet solace to my widowed heart to know that his memory is venerated by the good and the noble in our own and in other lands.

With best wishes for you and yours, and a hearty Christmas greeting,

I remain, most truly, yours,

MARY ANNA JACKSON.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DECEMBER 31, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I cannot permit the last day of 1875 to pass without a word of sympathy from me to you, or the first day of 1876 to dawn without the congratulations of the season. To

some the retrospect must be a sweet solace; for with the dew on the flowers they have culled, and the scent of the alabaster box on the air, they must feel that they are blessed, most truly blessed, in that they have lived to bless others. May the next year be laden with blessings, the blessing of health and home, the home that childhood makes bouyant. With each coming week, may you feel something of the joy you give others; but, above all, may the bow of hope, the hope that is cast as an anchor within the veil, span the horizon; and the faith that waits to see the salvation of the Lord find its perfect work in you. Next to the ability to do great things for the elevation and benefit of our race is the willingness; I should not err if I said above it, for there are thousands who have the ability, while but few know how to use it. You have both, and in this you are blessed. I trust you may be long spared to keep watch over the good you have done in the institutions you have founded, and to go on doing, on the same enlarged scale of magnificence, so that each day shall swell the tide of a gratitude already on the flood.

Affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

EDGEHILL, *January 5, 1876.*

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

The boys and myself arrived safely here on Monday, having had a very pleasant ride from Washington. I would have written yesterday morning, that you might have had a letter handed you from us by Mr. Hyde this morning, but I was obliged to drive to Charlottesville on business, and came back just in time for dinner, with a raging sick-headache, a very unusual thing for me. I am afraid my native air does not suit me as well as that of your city, particularly when treated with the delicate kindness and courtesy which I always receive while under your

hospitable roof. Georgie was in one of his most angelic states of mind the morning we left, and overwhelmed me with kisses and attention on our way down to the depot, assuring me that he felt as if he were starting on a trip to Europe, accompanied by his skates, seeming to think that there could be no pleasure anticipated in any trip if they were not mentioned. He has made many promises to try and improve in his writing. Yesterday he was sitting by when I was reading aloud with my sister some of my proof-sheets. In a certain sentence I had used the words "thinking" and "thought." My sister suggested that, to avoid repetition, the word "deemed" should be substituted for "thought." "Yes," chimed in Georgie, "to use 'thought' would not be redundancy, repetition of the same idea, but tautological." My sister and myself exchanged glances of astonishment at hearing such long words roll so coherently out of his mouth; but he was as grave as a judge, and quite unconscious of having said anything out of the way. It showed how well he had been drilled in his book on English composition, to recollect the rule and be able to apply it on the spur of the moment.

I hope you have been perfectly well since we left, and that you will take good care of yourself. Independent of the great importance of your prolonged life to these two dear little boys, who can only look to you for proper guidance and control in the formation of their characters and their education, you hold in your hands a power for doing good in the world, which, as it has never in the past been so widely and delicately administered by another as by yourself, we cannot dare hope that it should be in the future. Cosmo de Medici may have done as much for art and learning in his day, but the radiance which gentle and Christian charities reflect does not halo his name as it will one day that of a certain person not very far off as you read this letter.

Give much love to Miss Mary. I hope you and she miss me at whist every evening. All join me in best love to you ; and believe me, dear Mr. Corcoran,

yours, most affectionately,

SARAH N. RANDOLPH.

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Jan. 12, 1876.*

Mr. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: We would, as a school, express our gratitude and thanks to you for your portfolio of photographs, which are beautiful and much appreciated by us. As this may seem rather a late acknowledgment, we would mention that the indisposition of Mrs. Snowden prevented our receiving them at an earlier date. They were reserved as a Christmas pleasure and surprise, and enhanced considerably the value of our tree. We would also thank you for all your past kindness to us. Full well do we know what a friend we have in you, and be assured the name of one so true to our institution is ever heard with pleasure by each and all of us. We sincerely hope that you will fulfill the intention we hear that you have of visiting Charleston, when we can personally thank you for your great kindness and interest in the Home.

Yours, very respectfully,

HATTIE FRIPP,
LIZZIE RAVENEL,
MARY SEABROOK,
MARIANNE ALLSTON,
HESS PORCHER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

CLAY LODGE, JACKSON CO., ALA.,
January 19, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I take the liberty of enclosing to you, accompanying this

note, a copy of the "Democrat," containing a little tribute complimentary of yourself. I send it with pleasure, appreciating, as I do, the truth and justice of it, and believing that you also will be touched by it, coming, as it does, from one who has never seen the kindly glance of your eye, or felt the grasp of sympathy from your hand. None of us disdain the good opinion of our fellow-men, and none but the insensate fail to feel a thrill of joy at an honest expression of admiration or affection, however modest or moderate our self-esteem. That *you*, my kind friend, may realize, in some degree at least, how endeared you are to the hearts of the women of this sorrowful land; how your great grief became theirs also; your sacred ashes of the good and lovely a hallowed shrine at which they, too, can weep and bless and pray; your blessed "Louise Home," a living, breathing, lasting benediction from those precious ashes on your loved and honored name, theirs, too: I repeat, that you may know how, like *one* woman, *all* women honor you, and cherish, with a love akin to blood, the memory of your angel daughter, I send Miss Cruse's heart-touching "Lines" and explanatory note. I inserted them without her knowledge or consent, fearing a refusal, and quite abashed was she on beholding them. She it is (Miss M. A. Cruse) who wrote that most capital book, "The Little Episcopalian"—a woman of genius and "altogether lovely;" but you read her mind and heart through her own graceful pen.

I have meant to write you ever since the receipt of a charming effusion from my cousin, Nannie Tunstall, while a guest in your "enchanted castle of indolence," as the little lady termed it, but feared that you, like Booth as *Hamlet*, are the recipient of so many love-letters from *brave women* and *fair men* that Mr. Hyde has instructions to burn per bushel and scatter the ashes. Begging, however, now to add my tribute of individual gratitude for your kindness in the matter of the note, and most sincerely

wishing you long life, and health and happiness to its end
and hereafter,

believe me, ever sincerely,
your obliged friend,

V. C. CLAY.

My husband joins in kindest regards, and says he still
cherishes the hope of seeing and talking with you again
ere he departs for that "bourn."

V. C. C.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: My grandma was made very happy yesterday by the reception of a very fine photograph of yourself. She wishes me to thank you for it, and to tell you that, in her admiration of the face with its crown of white hair, she scarcely recognizes the young man she knew so many years ago, and it is hard for her to realize that time has changed you as well as herself.

She also wishes me to tell you how much she enjoys the little monograph sent her more than a year ago; she says she almost desires a room in the "Louise Home" herself. We are particularly interested in this at present, as our ladies are trying to establish an "Old Ladies' Home" here.

Grandma finds, among her old letters, many from Mrs. James Corcoran, and she would be so glad to know if she and your sisters, whom she remembers with much interest, are living.

With great regard, I am yours, truly,

ANNA M. HILL.

CONCORD, N. H., *March 22, 1876.*

MARCH 24, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

You cannot tell how much touched I was by your kind note and its highly-prized enclosure. There are so few left who knew him and can appreciate my revered father's

noble character that it was particularly gratifying that you, dear Mr. Corcoran, to whom he was so warmly attached, should have taken the trouble to recall this most flattering tribute to the notice of his children. I have sent it to my sisters at Brandon, who, I know, will feel as grateful to you as does

your very sincere and affectionate friend,

MARGARET RITCHIE STONE.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 3*, 1876.

DEAR SIR: The lady managers of the Washington City Orphan Asylum present their compliments, and beg that they may have the pleasure of welcoming you to the "new Home" upon the occasion of the "house-warming," to be given upon the evenings of the 3d and 4th of May. The ladies will scarcely consider their festival a success without being cheered by the presence of one who has done so much toward the establishment and success of the institution for which this beautiful Home has been prepared.

It would be quite impossible to express the sense of gratitude manifested by the board for all your kindness and constant goodness to their charge; but if you will come and see some of the rejoicing which is exhibited in their contentment with their new possession, it may give you a faint idea of all they feel.

Hoping to enjoy the privilege of welcoming you to our festival,

I remain yours, sincerely,

A. J. BROWN,

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Secretary.

BROMLEY, KENT, ENGLAND, *July 8th*, 1876.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Allow me to introduce to your kind attention my friend, Lieutenant General Sir Richard Wilbraham, K. C. B., who

is taking his second trip to the United States. Sir Richard will visit Washington at rather an unfavorable season for seeing its inhabitants, but I can but hope that you will be there.

My wife and children are very well, and we enjoyed your last kind letter very much, and were delighted to hear your sight was so good, as I may claim to be, in some measure, personally responsible for it. We send our united love to yourself and the grandchildren, without forgetting Miss Titine.

With great regard,
very sincerely yours,

H. SIDNEY EVERETT.

BAINS DE ST. GENAIS, SUR ARVE,
August 20, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

It grieves me more than I can express that I should not, long before this, have returned you my most sincere and grateful thanks for your kind letter, and for your sympathy in our great affliction. Though so long deferred, let me pray you to believe that I am truly grateful for it; I so dearly prize and treasure every tribute of affectionate regard offered to the memory of my departed husband, and, above all, from one whose friendship he so highly valued.

Since my great sorrow my health has been very feeble, and it is only very lately that I have felt able to do that which ought to have been done long ago; but you will, I trust, forgive me; and let me beg that you will continue to bear for my short span, and to my dear son for many years to come, the regard and friendship you entertained for him whose irreparable loss we now and ever must deeply mourn.

With renewed thanks, believe me, dear Mr. Corcoran,
most sincerely and gratefully, yours,

AGNES R. CORBIN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *August 23, 1876.*

MR. CORCORAN.

MY DEAR SIR: Some weeks since I sent to Mr. MacLeod a request for your present address, with which he kindly complied; but, unfortunately, his letter did not reach me until yesterday. I trust, however, that this will find you still in your summer retreat. For a long time I have been wishing to write to you—not that I am confident that I can say anything which will afford you pleasure, but it will give me pleasure to express, in some measure, my gratitude to you for what you have done for art in our country.

Last autumn I visited Washington, and for the first time learned the extent of the art treasury gathered there, and the unexampled munificence of its founder. I cannot tell you how I rejoiced in the institution which I unexpectedly found such a magnificent reality. As an enthusiastic lover of art, I rejoice in the existence of such resources for pure and refined pleasure, and for culture, the extent of which cannot be measured; but this is not all nor is it the best that it has brought me. Beyond every other thought is that of the generous donor of all this present and prospective good. The highest pleasure of all is added when I think that it was *the gift* of one whose love for and knowledge of art fitted him to appreciate the higher needs of his fellow-men; but it seems almost unfitting to offer our little thanks for such beneficence. I know that you find your reward in the giving; and that words, however kind and appreciative, can add nothing to it; but there is an additional reward which is as sure as the harvest which follows the seed-time. This will be in the constant refining and exalting influence of the Corcoran Institution of Art, and in the broader culture which you have so liberally provided for your countrymen.

I trust, dear Mr. Corcoran, that you will pardon what almost seems to me like intrusion, and is, after all, only an attempt to express what I would like to say to you. Your

name is often mentioned in our household, and with great respect and affection. We possess a photograph from the portrait by Elliott which adorns the picture gallery at Washington, and different views of the fine bust by Rhinehart; but I like best the picture from life which you kindly sent me last winter. I often think that I would like it protected by a suitable frame, but that would hide the signature which I prize so much, and so I keep it as it was sent to me.

With the most earnest wishes for your health and happiness,

I am yours, very sincerely,

JULIA B. SHEDD.

SHADWELL DEPOT, ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VA. ,

EDGEHILL, *August 24th*, 1876.

DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

* * * * *

Will you be kind enough to send me a letter of introduction to Mr. Charles O'Connor? I am going to New York from the Centennial for a few days, and while there am anxious to see if I can interest some prominent Jeffersonian democrats, like Mr. O'Connor, in the university; so, perhaps, it would be well for you to mention in the letter you give me that I am a descendant of Jefferson, the author of his domestic life, and also something about the merits of the university for whose relief I am so anxious to collect funds. I wrote to Senator Bayard asking for similar letters to any parties he might think would interest themselves in the matter, and received from him an extremely kind and polite note saying he was just leaving home, and too hurried to do more than than acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but would soon send me the letters I desired.

I am still jealously anxious that your name should be associated with that of Jefferson's, as being the guardian

of the noble institution of which he was proud to call himself the father ; and long for the time to come when your arrangements will admit of your making the donation which I know your enlightened and enlarged generosity would prompt you to make. In the meantime, it would be very gratifying and appropriate if I could show your name as the first on the list of donations which I hope to get. You must not understand me as begging now, for I know you will give when you can, but I throw out this as a suggestion. The time of payment of any such sum could be agreed on between us so as to suit your convenience, and the mere fact of your giving might put the ball in motion, and induce others to follow your example. Nothing could make me happier than to see your bust some day beside Jefferson's statue in the university library, as an honor done to one who, next to him, should be considered the university's greatest benefactor.

Georgie is very well, and behaves like a little gentleman. All join in best love to you.

Yours, affectionately,

SARAH N. RANDOLPH.

STAUNTON, *August 25, 1876.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: When I had the pleasure of meeting you at the White Sulphur, a few weeks ago, in speaking of the University of Virginia, you enquired of me as to what it needed most urgently at this time. I replied that my official connection with the university was of such recent date that I was not prepared to answer your question.

Information received since that time satisfies me that an addition to its library would be of permanent importance to it. The financial condition of the State has been so much embarrassed as to prevent any appropriation to the library

since the war, and it is, therefore, deficient in regard to the books which have been published since 1860.

I beg to add that I hope you will not misunderstand my position on this subject. I would not have ventured to make known to you the wants of the university if it had not been for your enquiry on the subject. The institution has had great difficulty in sustaining itself, but I believe all connected with it would sooner see it languish than compromise their self-respect by soliciting aid from one to whom the university is already so much indebted.

Very truly yours, &c.,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

STAUNTON, *September 23, 1876.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure of receiving, a day or two ago, your letter of the 19th inst., in which you inform me of your purpose to contribute \$5,000, in five equal annual payments, commencing on 1st January next, to the enlargement of the library of the University of Virginia; and I now beg to tender you the thanks of the visitors and faculty of the university for the munificent donation. I am persuaded that among your numerous benefactions to literary and charitable institutions, there is not one which has been more wisely bestowed or gratefully received.

The university has been laboring under many difficulties since the war, and has barely been able to maintain its existence. During the war the buildings became out of repair, and a large percentage of its revenues had to be applied to repairs. It also became indebted to a considerable amount in consequence of the failure of a legacy which had been deemed good, and had been anticipated, by the issue of bonds, to erect some necessary buildings. The estate of the testator having, unexpectedly, proved insolvent, these bonds have now to be provided for out of the revenues of the university. The net income applicable to the

payment of professors, &c., has, therefore, been materially reduced, and we have not been able to pay them a fair compensation. If we were freed from our debt, which is about \$95,000, we could get on without difficulty.

I have learned, within the last week, that Mr. Vanderbilt, through Dr. Deems, has been making inquiries about the condition of Southern institutions of learning, with a view to extend to them some assistance out of his enormous wealth. If I had the pleasure of knowing these gentlemen, I should feel strongly tempted to bring to their notice the merits and wants of the University of Virginia; but as, unfortunately, I do not know either of them, I fear Mr. V.'s benefactions will be bestowed on less meritorious objects.

If we were relieved of the burthen of providing for the interest on this debt, and a sinking fund to pay the principal, we could have the means of paying our professors fairly, and thereby of retaining them. Prof. Gildersleeve was tempted to leave us by a large salary at the John Hopkins University, and efforts have been made to induce others to go, but they are attached to the university and have consented to remain, in the hope that more prosperous days are coming.

I think the donation made by the Rochester gentleman will be of great benefit to the university. The new museum building is progressing rapidly, and we expect to have the museum ready for exhibition at the next commencement, in the latter part of June.

I observe your letter to me is marked "confidential," and I have, therefore, not made your generous purpose known, even to the visitors and faculty. I hope you will withdraw this restriction, and authorize me to communicate the gratifying tidings to the faculty and my associates of the board of visitors.

It is rather late in the day for you to undertake to keep your noble benefactions to public objects secret. This was

illustrated a few days ago at my own table. Some gentlemen and ladies were dining with me, and the conversation happening to turn on the gift made by the Rochester gentleman to the university, I remarked, in general terms, that I had reason to expect valuable assistance from another quarter, having in my mind your letter of 19th, and thereupon several ladies simultaneously exclaimed, "Ah! that must be from Mr. Corcoran!" In deference to your endorsement "confidential," I waived the subject, and made no reply to their exclamation.

In conclusion, permit me to add the expression of my personal thanks for your acceptable gift to the university. As one of her *alumni*, I feel a filial attachment to my old *alma mater*, and, as her presiding officer, I am proud of everything which contributes to her prosperity and usefulness.

With sincere esteem,

your friend and obedient servant,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., *October 26, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

On this, the anniversary of the unveiling of the statue of my husband at Richmond one year ago, retrospection brings you up as one of the most honored guests, and our recent pleasant meeting in Richmond, and your very kind invitation to visit you on my return from the Centennial, requires from me an explanation, which I have intended making ever since my return home.

When we parted that night, with the expectation of meeting on the train the next day, I had no other thought than that we would meet, and talk over, at least, your cordial invitation; but, after leaving you, I received a telegram from my friends, requesting me to meet them at the York River depot, which I did the next day, and thus I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing you again.

We returned by the Bay route also, and Julia's school having opened during our absence, I felt compelled to hasten on without delay. We both regretted our inability to visit you, as it would have been a privilege to see you in your hospitable home, dispensing that large-hearted liberality and munificence that has so blessed and benefited those of our own sex. I would love to see your "Louise Home," as well as to meet its noble founder, where his "works praise him in the gates;" but I still hope we may have this pleasure at some future time.

'Please remember me to Miss Eustis, and accept for yourself, from both Julia and her mother, assurances of the highest regard.

Most truly your friend,

M. ANNA JACKSON.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE,
November 3, 1876.

DEAR SIR: It is a source of very great satisfaction and pleasure to me to forward to your address the resolutions of the faculty of this university, adopted unanimously at its last meeting.

The great benefits of such liberality as yours will reach far beyond the present time and generation, and will be enjoyed by hosts of persons who will ask for "blessings upon the giver."

With sincere wishes for the continuance of your good health,

I am, with great respect,

JAMES F. HARRISON, M. D.,
Chairman of the Faculty.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN,
Washington, D. C.

At a meeting of the faculty of the University of Virginia, held November 1st, 1876, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the faculty are due, and are hereby cordially and gratefully tendered, to W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington City, for his generous donation of the sum of five thousand dollars (in five annual payments) to the library of the university, for the purpose of supplying the most urgent needs of the institution.

Resolved, That this liberal gift will add greatly to the efficiency of the means of education here provided, by removing the gravest deficiencies in the sources of information, which have resulted from the inability of the university, during a long period of impoverishment occasioned by the war and the consequences of the war, to add to its collections the numerous and valuable works in all departments of knowledge by which the recent years have been distinguished.

Resolved, That in making acknowledgments to Mr. Corcoran for the favor and benefit conferred by him upon the University of Virginia, the faculty would avail itself of the opportunity of recognizing, with admiration, the intelligent benevolence and abounding generosity with which he ministered to the necessities, the comforts, the enjoyments, and the instruction of others.

Resolved, That the secretary be, and is hereby, directed to transmit to Mr. Corcoran a copy of these resolutions, and that they be inscribed on the records of the faculty.

JAMES F. HARRISON, M. D.,

Chairman of the Faculty.

WM. WERTENBAKER,

Secretary of the Faculty.

STAUNTON, November 27, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

The day I left your house I came on to Charlottesville, where I took dinner, and in the afternoon went up to the university to spend the night with Dr. Cabell. At my request, he invited most of the professors to meet me in his parlor after supper. After they had assembled, and we

had talked over the political condition of the country, I made known to them your generous gift of \$50,000 to the university. I informed them that you had given me some latitude of discretion in regard to the disposition of the fund, and stated that my object in calling them together was to have a conference as to the best means of carrying your wishes into effect.

If it be true that one of the highest sources of happiness is to be found in making others happy, I am sure your cup of enjoyment would have been full if you could have witnessed the delight with which the announcement of your liberal benefaction was received. It was not a merely selfish pleasure, arising from a sense of benefits likely to accrue to them personally, but a higher feeling of pride in the assurance which it gave of your interest in the university, mingled with a grateful sense of your munificence.

For some years past the professors have felt that the future prosperity of the institution was a matter of some doubt. The financial condition was so much embarrassed that a number of the professors were barely able, by the exercise of close economy, to support their families. Already one of the most distinguished members of the faculty had been obliged to leave, and others were uncertain how long they would be able to remain. Your timely assistance inspired them with new hope, and they begin to feel that the causes of anxiety have been, in a great measure, removed.

I communicated to them my wish to dedicate your gift to the endowment of one or more schools in the department of moral science; and, after full consideration, it was unanimously decided to select the schools of "Moral Philosophy" and "History and Literature" as the recipients of your bounty, and the unanimous wish was expressed that your name should be prefixed to those schools, and that henceforth they shall be designated as the "Corcoran School of

Moral Philosophy" and "the Corcoran School of History and Literature."

The wish of the professors will, I have no doubt, be sanctioned by acclamation at the next meeting of the visitors.

The application of the interest on your fund to these schools will now enable us to enlarge the revenue of some of the other professors, whose receipts have been very meagre.

We all feel that you have placed the university on a firm footing, and the professors will work with renewed spirit and energy; and you may rest assured that all connected with the institution will ever cherish a grateful recollection of your thoughtful kindness.

When I arrived at the Washington depot the morning I parted from you, I bought the *Baltimore Gazette*, and I was hardly ever more astounded (and I may add pleased) than I was when I read the startling news from the South. I was astounded at the audacity of the scoundrels, and pleased that they had so openly thrown off the mask of decency. It seems to me that if anything would rouse the Northern mind to a just sense of the danger which threatened our free institutions, such conduct certainly would.

I must confess that I have been somewhat disappointed in the utterances of the Northern press. They are much tamer than I had expected; but events have been succeeding each other with such bewildering rapidity that there is hardly time to comment on one enormity before another of greater magnitude displaces it in the public mind.

I cannot doubt, however, that the public judgment is merely held in suspense until the full development of fraud and rascality takes place, and that it will then fall on the Catilines with crushing weight.

I would like, of all things, to have an hour's talk with you and Mr. Blair and Mr. Robinson, and other intelligent friends, on the present and prospective aspects of public affairs.

On Tuesday, 5th December, I will go to Richmond to take my seat in the Legislature, and I look forward to my winter's sojourn there with pleasure, as it will throw me into association with the best minds of our State.

Do me the favor to present my kind regards to Miss Eustis, and also to Miss Jones and Miss Robinson and your nephew, and also to my little friend, Miss Louise.

Very truly, your friend

and obedient servant,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

RICHMOND, *December 10, 1876.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of 8th inst., enclosing a copy of Prof. Venable's letter to you, was delivered to me yesterday in the hall of the House of Delegates; and about an hour afterwards I received, *per* Adams & Co. Express, the package containing the \$50,000 of Virginia consolidated bonds for the endowment of the professorships of "Moral Philosophy" and "History and Literature" of the University of Virginia.

Knowing the gratification which your admirable letter would afford to the members of the General Assembly, I took the liberty of reading it to the House of Delegates, and of having it referred to the Committee of Schools and Colleges, with a view to a more formal recognition of your generous gift to the university.

The reading of the letter was hailed with great satisfaction by the members, and I am sure it has given additional strength to the university, in the Legislature.

As soon as the house adjourned, I carried the package of bonds to the office of the Second Auditor, with the view of having them registered in the name of the "rector and

visitors of the University of Virginia;" and, out of abundant caution, I now enclose the receipt for them of the Second Auditor, endorsed on the memorandum of the numbers of the bonds which was enclosed in the package

I begin now to feel that the university is established on a sure foundation, and that its sphere of usefulness will, through your timely assistance, be greatly enlarged.

I am convinced that Harvard and Yale have been the principal instrumentalities by which New England has exercised such vast influence over the public opinion of the North and West, and I hope the day is not far distant when, by means of the University of Virginia, sounder and more conservative principles will be scattered broadcast over our country. Many young men from Northern and Western States are, even now, resorting to the university to receive their education, and I hope the number will steadily increase. It will then be a powerful agent in moulding public opinion in those States.

With cordial thanks to you, on behalf of the university, and of Virginia, for your munificent donation, and a grateful appreciation of the honor you have done me by making me the agent through whom it was bestowed,

I am, very truly yours, &c.,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

WASHINGTON, *December 17, 1876.*

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR:

When you have the time will you not read this account of what God has permitted me to do for our dear church in the Northwest? The best, the most needed work for our country, our God and perishing souls, is that dear school of the prophets. I have twenty-five of as true and as bright and devoted young men as were ever gathered in such a school.

We have no means, only as God puts it in some heart

to help us. We take any young man whose bishop certifies is worthy. We ask no pledges. We have received three from Maryland. These sad times have sorely crippled us. I do pray every day for this work. For three months I have done nothing but work for the Indians, and whenever I think of giving up, my Saviour seems to say, "I died for them."

I believe, some day, God will put it into some child's heart to endow our professorships, and then the work of training these heralds will go on forever. You know not, dear brother, the joy it gave me as I saw the Lord's sisters so cared for. God bless you.

Yours, faithfully,

H. B. WHIPPLE.

If, at any time, you can help us, we will be your faithful almoners for Jesus' sake, and give you our love and gratitude and prayers, and God will reward you. If you cannot do so, we shall remember your past kindness, and still pray God to bless one whose memory is fragrant with good works

RICHMOND, *December 21, 1876.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure, a day or two ago, of receiving your note in which you inquire to whom you shall send your first contribution of \$1,000 for the increase of the library of the University of Virginia. We have concluded to entrust the expenditure of that fund entirely to the professors, who are much better acquainted with the wants of the library than the visitors could be; and you can, therefore, send it either through me, as rector, or directly to Dr. James F. Harrison, chairman of the faculty, as you may prefer.

It has been arranged that all books purchased with your

contribution shall be placed in separate alcoves, specially set apart for that purpose, and designated as the "Corcoran Donation." I am gratified to add that your generous gifts to the university have been received by the General Assembly with much satisfaction and gratitude, and that they have done much to strengthen the cause of the university with the members of the Legislature.

The addition to the annuity was obtained with much difficulty last winter, and some apprehension was felt that it might not be continued; but your gift seems to have disarmed all opposition, and I feel that we now stand on firm ground.

Very truly, yours, &c.,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, *24th February, 1877.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

SIR: It is my grateful privilege to transmit to you the accompanying resolutions of the General Assembly of Virginia, approved on the 3d ultimo. They will serve to indicate, in some degree, the durable sentiments of gratitude and affection with which the people of this Commonwealth and their descendants will ever cherish and honor your character and your name.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great consideration and respect,

your obedient servant,

JAMES L. KEMPER.

P. S.—Professor Charles S. Venable, who is specially commissioned for the purpose, will deliver to you the accompanying paper.

JAMES L. KEMPER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
RICHMOND, VA., 24th February, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I am glad of the opportunity and excuse for adding a personal note to my official transmission of the enclosed document.

Give me leave to say, honored and dear sir, that the customary formalities of official address are not tasteful to the present Governor of Virginia in communicating with you. He is conveying the public thanks to one who commands his warmest admiration and personal regard.

For your sake and for the sake of the country, I pray that the Good Being may prolong your life through many additional years of health.

Let me assure you of the great pleasure with which I shall always welcome your presence at the executive mansion.

Most truly and faithfully, yours,

JAMES L. KEMPER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

JOINT RESOLUTION

RETURNING THANKS TO

W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ.,

OF WASHINGTON CITY.

For his Munificent Gift to the University of Virginia.

The General Assembly of Virginia, having learned that W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington City, after many acts of kindness to citizens of the State, and of liberality to her public institutions, has recently given a large sum to her chief seat of learning; and having observed with admiration the conduct of one who has shown the capacity to acquire wealth without injustice, to possess it without ostentation, and to dispense it with no other object than

the benefit of his fellow-man, gratefully acknowledge his right to fellowship with those whom the Commonwealth has deemed worthy of an enduring place in her annals as examples to be honored and imitated by her people: therefore,

Resolved by the House of Delegates (the Senate concurring),
That it be entered of record in the journals of the General Assembly that W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of the City of Washington, has entitled himself to the thanks of the Commonwealth by his munificent gift to the University of Virginia.

Resolved, That his excellency, the Governor, be requested to transmit to Mr. Corcoran a copy of this preamble and resolution engrossed on parchment.

Approved 3d January, 1877.

JAMES L. KEMPER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 27, 1877.*

DEAR SIR: Professor Venable has delivered to me your excellency's letter, with the resolutions of the General Assembly of Virginia, and I am at a loss for language adequate to the full expression of my feelings on this occasion.

The grand old *Commonwealth* has always commanded my admiration; for the pages of history have never been illustrated by names more glorious than those borne by some of her sons.

To the representatives of her people I offer my sincere acknowledgments for the honor conferred upon me; and, duly appreciating the graceful manner in which you have signified your concurrence in their resolutions,

I remain, with warm personal regard,
yours, very truly,

W. W. CORCORAN.

To his Excellency, JAMES L. KEMPER.

Governor of Virginia.

MARCH 8, 1877.

TO WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Though I mean to call in person with this note, I set it before you thus in black and white that you may have a record of it. Yesterday I went to two of your chief glories—the Louise Home and the Corcoran Gallery—and I need not say how pleased and surprised I have been by such evidences of your Christian munificence. My special errand respects the Gallery, as thus:

I have a splendid Guido, “Fortune held back by Love,” in perfect condition, of large dimensions, and framed magnificently, which I have some while desired to sell, but hitherto have had no purchaser, albeit the price is small, the pedigree perfect, and the picture well known to be an admirable specimen of the great master, the proverbial guide to artists. My father bought it fifty years ago for eight hundred pounds (four thousand dollars). It has never been in a dealer’s or cleaner’s hands, nor out of my family; but, as it would be convenient to me to find a gallery place for it, not being suitable (as nearly nude) for a domestic decoration, I would send it free, in a case to Washington for five hundred pounds. There is an engraving of it, which I possess and could forward to you if desired. It is at New York.

All else I may say *viva voce*;

remaining yours, very faithfully,

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The picture is in England. I am returning thither within a month, and could forward it safely.

WASHINGTON ART CLUB, *March 10th*, 1877.

HON. W. W. CORCORAN.

DEAR SIR: I beg leave to present you herewith a series of resolutions adopted unanimously by the Washington Art Club, at its regular business meeting last Tuesday

evening, as embodying, in an imperfect manner, the sentiments of each and every member of our organization.

Hoping your long and useful career may be continued for many years to come, and sweetened by the happy memories of a well-spent life,

I am, sincerely and respectfully, yours,

H. L. HILLYER,

Secretary W. A. C.

RESOLUTIONS
OF THE
WASHINGTON ART CLUB.

Adopted March 6, 1877.

Resolved, That our sincerest thanks are due Mr. W. W. Corcoran, our honored president, for the interest he has shown in the affairs of the "Washington Art Club," by securing for it the appropriation of the proceeds of the Thursday evening exhibitions of the "Corcoran Art Gallery."

Resolved, That, with the heavy burden thus thoughtfully removed from our shoulders, we will set out with fresh hope and renewed determination to carry out the objects of our organization.

Resolved, That the many evidences of Mr. Corcoran's liberality in the promotion of art interests at the national capital entitle him to the highest respect and veneration of the American people.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Mr. Corcoran and entered upon the minutes of this club.

THOMAS WILSON,

Vice-President.

H. L. HILLYER,

Secretary W. A. Club.

Attest:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,

CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE, *June 2, 1877.*

DEAR SIR: By a resolution of the faculty, adopted at its last meeting, I am authorized to request that you will be kind enough to permit the members of the faculty to have a portrait of yourself made, whenever it may be agreeable to you, by Mr. Jno. A. Elder, of Richmond, Va., and placed in our library as a perpetual and pleasing memorial of your munificent gift to the library of this university.

The performance of this duty gives me, personally, very great satisfaction and pleasure.

Trusting that your health has improved,

I am, with great respect,

JAMES F. HARRISON, M. D.,

Chairman of the Faculty.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN,

Washington, D. C.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., *July 2, 1877.*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to transmit, herewith, a copy of the resolutions of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, adopted at its recent annual meeting, expressive of the thanks of the board for your recent donations to the university.

Very respectfully,

JAS. D. JONES.

Secretary, &c.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

Washington, D. C.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, held on the 28th day of June, 1877, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, first, That this board gratefully acknowledge the gift by W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington, of five thousand dollars, in August last, to be applied to increasing the library of the university, and of fifty thousand dol-

lars, in November last, to be applied to the endowment of the two schools of "*Moral Philosophy*," and "*History and Literature*."

Second, That we recognize, in these donations, another illustration of that enlightened munificence in the donor which has already identified his name with many of the most splendid charities of our times.

Third, That, as a lasting monument of Mr. Corcoran's generosity, and of our own gratitude, the two schools thus endowed shall be henceforth known as the "*Corcoran School of Moral Philosophy*" and the "*Corcoran School of History and Literature*."

Fourth, That the action of the executive committee in regard to the funds donated by Mr. Corcoran, as set forth in their report, is hereby ratified.

Fifth, That the secretary communicate to Mr. Corcoran a copy of these resolutions.

Copied from the minutes.

Teste :

JAS. D. JONES,
Secretary.

SANDY SPRING, MD., *September 23, 1877.*

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind note of sympathy was received, and will be highly valued by us all, coming, as it does, from one who has himself found that the highest enjoyment of life consists in acts of kindness to his fellow-men.

The mention you make of the regard of General Lee for our father is also most pleasant. Shortly before the General's death, they exchanged messages of affectionate remembrance. They were to have breakfasted together at the house of my father-in-law, Robert H. Miller, of Alexandria; but, unfortunately, General Lee was too unwell.

Hoping that you may have many years in which to enjoy the esteem in which you are held by all,

I am yours,

HENRY C. HALLOWELL.

WASHINGTON, *September 29, 1877.*

MY DEAR BENEFACITOR AND FRIEND:

I have been kept so busy all day for some poor Indians that I have been unable to come and thank you in person for your kindness. God often permits some of His children to carry heavy burdens, and He knows how such loving friends as you lift the weary over rough places. I cannot repay you, but you shall always have my love, my gratitude, and my prayers. God bless you.

Your friend and brother,

H. B. WHIPPLE.

Hon. W. W. CORCORAN.

NOVEMBER 4, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

I cannot permit this day to close without thanking you for the noble contribution offered towards the lifting of our debt. My heart has been very heavy for a long time. Superadded to the weight of the diocese, which is more than my feeble heart can bear, was the terrible spectre of a possible expulsion from a house I helped to build for God. You have been more than kind to me. When laboring under causes of depression, through long years of toil, you gave me the light of your love and confidence. In the gift, to the church, of my time and means I think I have been unselfish, and in all my pleasant official relations with you, the one thought that no clink of gold was audible, save in the present work, has been most comforting to me. We are building for God, my dear friend, and, therefore, we are building for eternity; and in all this investment we have the consolation of knowing that it will live long after us. I feel that my work is almost done, and when the last breath is drawn, I shall look to you as the one who has done more to lift the most crushing load from me than any other. Personal debt I have avoided as the plague; all debt I abhor. And if, in the providence of

God, I shall find myself delivered from the only debt I have ever incurred, a debt for the Church of God, which I would cheerfully give my last dollar to defray, I shall never more subject myself to a like crushing care.

May God keep you and bless you, giving you more and more of the sweet sunshine of a heart ever ready to devise liberal things for the poor and sorrowing, in God's name and for His honor.

Affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

W. W. CORCORAN, LL. D.

MISSISSIPPI CITY, P. O., 19th Nov., 1877.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

Permit me to present to you Nahum Capen, Esq., of Boston, of whose intellectual labors in the cause of democracy and constitutional liberty you are, no doubt, informed. Mr. Capen has been, for many years, engaged upon a history of democracy, and the vast collection of facts which he had made when I visited him, before the war, assured me of the fulness which his work would have.

* * * * *

With kindest remembrance and sincere good wishes for you and yours,

I am, as ever, faithfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL,

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN:

You will, I trust, pardon me if I pause long enough, amid the "smoke and stir" of Gotham, to waft you, even from this distance, a fervent benediction and a cordial congratulation on the advent of your birth-day to-morrow. Whatever may be the "skyey influences" under which the

day may dawn upon you in this December weather, it is certain that prayers enough and good, warm-hearted wishes enough will descend upon you with the return of this day to make it sunshine and spring-time in your heart. As the Holy Book promises that "the path of the just shall shine more and more unto the perfect day," I can only pray that through a long series of years you may still live to enjoy the rewards of a life which is full of honors, because you have made it full of goodness and blessing.

Renewing to you every assurance of personal friendship and regard, I am, my dear Mr. Corcoran,

most affectionately, yours,

JAMES C. WELLING.

WASHINGTON, *January 1st*, 1878.

DEAR SIR: We beg to tender you our grateful acknowledgments for your kind remembrance on this, the opening of the eightieth year of your long and distinguished life, and to congratulate you, while we felicitate ourselves that, through the watchful care of a kind and overruling Providence, it finds you in a state of health that promises to add to the number far beyond the "allotted span."

That these years may be yours, "richly to enjoy" in all the comfort and pleasure that are so eminently your due, and that in the better world you may reap the reward of a well-spent life, is the prayer of

yours, very truly and faithfully,

ANTH. HYDE,
JOHN HUNTER,
ARTHUR T. BRICE.

MR. CORCORAN.

WASHINGTON, *January 2d*, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR: Mr. Brice and myself have just attached our signatures to a terse yet comprehensive letter addressed to you by Mr. Hyde. It was, indeed, a faithful transcript

of our feelings; but some further observations, in my individual capacity, may not be wholly inappropriate.

I started out yesterday for the purpose of paying my respects to you, but, when near your residence, learned from Major Lee (whom I always meet with pleasure) that he had just left you at Mr. Riggs'.

My pen is but a feeble interpreter of my present emotions, and, with a view of exemplifying them, I narrate the following incident:

Some time after the termination of the late civil conflict, a Confederate commodore (whose entire property had been confiscated) remarked to me, with a vehemence of gesticulation that attracted my attention, "What, in the name of God, should I have done if it had not been for Corcoran!" An interval of only a few months elapsed, when he was called to take his final voyage, on the "shoreless ocean of eternity," and I received an invitation to act as one of his pall-bearers, among whom were yourself, Mr. Ogle Tayloe, Dr. Miller, and Dr. Garnett. Not having, at that time, the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, I little thought that, at no very distant period, I should, in reference to my own case, repeat, with equal emphasis and profounder sensibility, the exclamation of the Commodore!

My thanks are due to you, dear Mr. Corcoran, not only for the *substantial* evidences of considerate kindness so frequently extended to me, but for the privilege of an agreeable association with you (through a series of years), and consequent opportunities of forming an acquaintance with prominent individuals, some of whom afterwards became my friends. *Three* have since passed away; and, in this connection, need I name that man of Roman firmness and of sterling worth, the high-souled patriot, Bright? or Carlisle, who happily blended profundity of legal knowledge with the sprightliness of fancy and the genial spirit that charmed the social circle, while the virtues which

adorned his character constituted a still higher claim to general admiration? With these names must now be associated that of Bledsoe, whose erudition and versatility of talent justify the declaration that a *giant in intellect* has fallen! I speak with the confidence of personal knowledge when I assert that no ordinary ties of friendship bound the hearts of *these three* to you; and it affords me a melancholy satisfaction to render this humble tribute to the memory of men whose appreciative recognition of ennobling qualities found ample scope for its liveliest exercise in the contemplation of your own character.

" So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more."

It may seem strange that, in a season of general festivity like the present, such sombre reflections should be obtruded on you; but an explanation of the apparent incongruity may be discovered in the fact that my acquaintance with you had its origin in the solemnities of a funeral occasion; and an incidental allusion to that memorable event in my own history naturally suggested the continuance of a kindred train of thought.

This communication may, however, serve to diversify the monotony which has characterized my previous attempts at an annual acknowledgment of your disinterested benevolence to me; and, apologizing for the prolixity into which I have unexpectedly been led, I remain, with heartfelt wishes for the health and happiness of yourself and family,

your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN HUNTER.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

The Earl of Dufferin presents his compliments to Mr. W. W. Corcoran, and begs to express his very great regret that he is obliged to leave Washington without returning the visit Mr. Corcoran was good enough to pay him. He had hoped to have done so yesterday, but circumstances over which he had no control rendered it impossible.

Lord Dufferin had the pleasure of visiting the Art Gallery presented to the nation by Mr. Corcoran, and he cannot help wishing to take this opportunity of expressing his great admiration of the building and its contents. Being himself a great lover of art, he is able all the better to appreciate the many and great advantages which the existence of such an institution must afford to the neighborhood in which it is placed, and he was glad to see such a number of students, and especially of female students, seriously occupied in copying the magnificent casts it contains.

Lord Dufferin trusts that he may be fortunate enough hereafter to have some opportunity of acknowledging Mr. Corcoran's courtesies to himself.

NEW YORK, *Jan. 28th*, 1878.

The Earl of Dufferin observed, with great pleasure, that the gallery has been enriched with a magnificent picture of Mr. Bierstadt's. He was more especially interested in this work as he had himself done a slight copy of it in water color.

WASHINGTON, *May 22d*, 1878.

GOV. F. W. M. HOLLIDAY,
Richmond, Va.

DEAR SIR: A picture of the storming of a redoubt at the siege of Yorktown—painted by Lami, an eminent historical artist of France—came recently into my possession, and was placed for several weeks on exhibition in the "Corcoran Gallery of Art."

Subsequent reflection, however, suggested to me the propriety of its permanent location in the State where the event

it represents occurred; and, impressed with this conviction, I now offer it to that State, through her Governor, as an evidence of my admiration for the "Old Commonwealth" which has been justly designated as the "mother of statesmen and of heroes."

If the painting is deemed worthy of acceptance, you will make such disposition of it as your judgment may direct.

With assurances of high esteem,

I remain yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

P. S.—The dimensions of the painting are 11 ft. 6 in. by 16 ft.; width of frame, $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches, to be added. The picture is now in the hands of an artist for the purpose of being retouched, and, when perfectly dry, will be forwarded to your address.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,

RICHMOND, *May 23d*, 1878.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Your letter offering to present to the State of Virginia "a picture of the storming of a redoubt at the siege of Yorktown, by Lami, an eminent historical artist, of France," reached me by mail to-day.

In accepting this very handsome gift for the State which I have the honor in this transaction to represent, I need not say how gratefully it will be received by all the people of the Commonwealth, and how cordially they will unite with me in returning their thanks.

The gift is enhanced in value by the terms of your letter tendering it. Both shall be preserved with equal care; so that the memories of a race which moved you to so much admiration shall animate their descendants for generations to come.

With sentiments of high regard,

very respectfully yours,

FRED. W. M. HOLLIDAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 22d*, 1878.

Gov. FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS,
New Orleans, La.

DEAR SIR: I recently came in possession of a picture of the Battle of New Orleans, by Lami—an eminent historical painter, of France—and had it placed on exhibition, for some weeks, in the “Corcoran Gallery of Art.” Further reflection, however, convinced me of the propriety of its permanent location in the State where the event which it represents occurred, and I now offer it to that State, through her governor, as an humble tribute of my respect for the memory of the hero whose signal victory, on the 8th of January, 1815, elicited the applause of a grateful country and rendered his own name immortal.

Asking that you will make such disposition of the painting as your judgment may dictate, I remain,

with high consideration, yours,

W. W. CORCORAN.

P. S.—The dimensions of the painting are 12 feet 3 inches by 16 feet 9 inches. The picture is now in the hands of an artist for the purpose of being re-touched, and, when perfectly dry, will be forwarded to your address.

STATE OF LOUISIANA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

NEW ORLEANS, *May 30*, 1878.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed favor of 22d inst., in which you offer to the State of Louisiana (as the most appropriate custodian, and as a tribute of your “respect to the memory of the hero whose signal victory on the 8th January, 1815, elicited the applause of a grateful country and rendered his name immortal”) a picture of the Battle of New Orleans, by Lami, an eminent historical painter of France, which has recently come into your possession.

Permit me, on behalf of the State of Louisiana, until the

assembling of her Legislature may give an opportunity for a more appropriate acknowledgment, to thank you for this valuable work of art commemorative of so heroic an event in her history. Linked with the pride which the good people of the State will feel in the possession of the work of art you so gracefully tender, will be a grateful recollection that its ownership is due to your public-spirited generosity which you have in the past manifested so often towards them.

Begging to add, also, assurances of my personal esteem,

I remain yours, respectfully,

FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS,

Governor of Louisiana.

WASHINGTON, June 29th, 1878.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR: After the last exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute of this city, there was a considerable surplus over the expenditure. You had been kind enough to let us have \$1,000 to aid in the preparation and conduct of the exhibition, for which we were duly grateful; and, there being in the treasury more than that sum, after all debts were paid, Mr. Henry Janney, the treasurer, was directed to return it to you with the acknowledgment, of the association, of your liberality. It was simply the return of so much money lent to us, although at the time of the advance you desired to treat it as a gift. We understand that the money was returned through the Financial Secretary and that you have some doubt whether it should not be treated by you as a trust of some kind or nature.

We write this to say it is not so, and that it was an absolute and unconditional return of so much money, without interest, lent by you to the association in its need.

Very respectfully, &c.,

JOS. H. BRADLEY,

*Late Vice-Pres't and Acting Pres't
Mechanics' Institute.*

The above statement expresses the view which we have always taken of the transaction to which it refers.*

CHAS. F. STANSBURY,
Sup't of the Exhibition.
 HENRY POLKINHORN,
of Board of Directors.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 4th, 1878.

To the "Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art."

GENTLEMEN: I have, for some time, held the sum of \$1,000, being the amount of a donation made by me, many years since, to the "Mechanics' Institute" of this city, which was treated as a loan, without interest, and returned to me 12th February, 1869, when the association wound up its affairs.

[*The Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, to which Mr. Corcoran's bounty was extended, was an institution which originated in the suggestion of Mr. Chas. F. Stansbury, and was established by the combined efforts of the citizens of Washington of all classes. The first steps towards its organization were taken in July, 1852; and in March, 1853, a very creditable and successful exhibition was held in the east wing of the Patent Office building, then just completed. The design of the Institute contemplated the establishment of a library and reading room, a cabinet of models, raw materials &c., courses of lectures on the arts and sciences connected with them; a school of design, and an annual exhibition of the industrial products of the country. Prof. Henry was the first president, and delivered the opening address at the second exhibition, which was held in the Smithsonian building in March, 1855.

Prof. Henry was succeeded in the presidency of the institute by Mr. Corcoran.

The third exhibition of American manufacturers was held in March, 1857, in a temporary building, erected expressly for its accomodation, on Pennsylvania Avenue, at the corner of 7th Street. This was the last exhibition ever held by the Institute, and, from causes which need not be here explained, interest in its operations gradually declined until the war put a final period to its activity. The institution having practically ceased to exist, it was deemed proper that the fund which Mr. Corcoran had generously given for its support should be returned to the donor.]

The fund now amounts to two thousand dollars in 6 per cent. gold bonds of the District of Columbia, and \$123.²⁷/₁₀₀ in cash; and I have determined to transfer the fund to your care and custody, to be held, or disposed of, by you for the specific purpose of aiding in the establishing a school of design, in connection with the Gallery.

In pursuance of this determination, I hand you herewith the bonds, &c., named on the other side, and remain

yours, truly,

W. W. CORCORAN.

Memoranda.

30 year 6 per cent. gold bond of District of	
Columbia, No. 141.....	\$1,000.00
Ditto, No. 142.....	1,000.00
Check for cash.....	123.27
Total.....	<u>\$2,123.27</u>

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

W. VA., Aug. 12, 1878.

DEAR SIR: The heirs of Thomas Jefferson have placed in my hands, to be delivered to you for safe keeping in the archives of the Department of State, the enclosed paper.

I am sure that you will agree with me in the opinion that it adds a fresh laurel to the chaplet that has so long adorned the brow of the author of the *Declaration of American Independence*.

There is a marvellous simplicity in it which is mingled with a humility and tenderness of feeling that go directly to the heart.

Being in his own handwriting, it comes to us with additional claims to our veneration.

I am happy to hand you this interesting relic, particularly as you first suggested this disposition to be made of it.

With high regard, I am,
very respectfully,

W. W. CORCORAN.

To Hon. WM. M. EVARTS,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.,

Aug. 13th, 1878.

DEAR SIR: I propose to make the University of Virginia a similar donation, with same conditions as that made on the 8th December, 1876, for the purpose of endowing a professorship of Natural History, as a token of my warm personal regard, and as an expression of the gratitude which I, in common with the citizens of the Old Commonwealth, feel for the profound scholarship it has given to the country—a scholarship which has impressed itself on the universities of the old world, and enlisted the sympathy of the honored Queen of England.

I am sure that the admiration in which we hold the memory of its illustrious founder, whose statesmanship was only equalled by his masterly pen, will make the condition I am about to name, a pleasure and not a burden.

It is that the authorities of the University pledge themselves to keep the monument and the grounds around it in good order, for all time.

We owe a duty to the memory of one who gave dignity to office, and who showed his high appreciation of letters by kindling so bright a light in the earlier age of the Republic.

We cannot forget his own inimitable epitaph.—“Her lies buried, Thomas Jefferson, author of the *Declaration of American Independence*, of the Statute of Virginia for re-

ligious freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." Nor can we forget the reasons assigned for it, which are thus beautifully expressed :

"Because by these, as testimonials that I have lived, I wish most to be remembered."

I am satisfied that I could in no way reflect greater honor on your University, than by connecting it more closely, if possible, with the tomb of Jefferson ; and I could crave no greater blessing to the country than its return to the grand principles of wise government he has unfolded.

Please say what disposition I shall make of the bonds.

With warm regard,

your friend and obedient servant,

W. W. CORCORAN.

HON. A. H. H. STUART,

Rector of the University of Virginia,

Staunton, Va.

STAUNTON, *August 16th*, 1878.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure of receiving, by the mail of yesterday, your letter dated 13th inst., in which you communicate to me, officially, your purpose to make to the University of Virginia a further donation of \$50,000 in Virginia consol bonds, for the purpose of endowing a Professorship of Natural History in the Institution.

On behalf of the Visitors and Faculty of the University, and of the people of Virginia, I hasten to tender to you their thanks for this munificent gift. I am sure, too, that they will be especially gratified by the particular appropriation of the fund to the endowment of a Professorship of Natural History, as it will enable the University to enlarge its circle of instruction, and contribute, more effectually, to the development of the natural resources of Virginia, and her sister States.

The condition which you have thought proper to annex to the gift, to wit: "that the authorities of the University pledge themselves to keep the monument (about to be erected, by national authority, over the grave of Jefferson), and the grounds around it, in good order, through all time," must be recognized by all as not only reasonable, but exceedingly appropriate.

As he was the "father of the University of Virginia," there seems to be a peculiar propriety in entrusting, to this child of his old age, the sacred duty of keeping guard at his tomb, and protecting from injury and decay the monument erected by national gratitude to commemorate his patriotism and illustrious public services.

A meeting of the Visitors of the University will be held at an early day, to take the necessary measures to give practical effect to your generous purposes.

In regard to the disposition of the bonds, I would respectfully suggest that they be sent to Richmond, to the care of Gen. Asa Rogers, Second Auditor, to be held by him, for the use of the University, until the meeting of the General Assembly of Virginia in December next.

With sincere respect and esteem,

your friend and obedient servant,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

STAUNTON, *August 16, 1878.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I herewith send my *official* answer, as Rector of the University, to your very kind communication of the 13th inst. But I cannot forbear from writing a few lines, of a more personal character, to express my individual gratification at this noble act of bounty to the University, and my grateful sense of the many evidences of kind regard which I have received, through more than a quarter of a century, at your hands.

* * * * *

I am gratified at the prospect of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's nomination for Congress. Please present to him and Mrs. Johnston my congratulations.

My wife desires me to present her kind regards to you.

Very sincerely your friend,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,

August 24th, 1878.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,

White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, enclosing an autograph memorandum of Thomas Jefferson in regard to his monument and the inscription thereon, which you request may be placed on the files of this Department for safe keeping.

It will afford the Department gratification to make that appropriate disposition of this interesting memento.

Your obedient servant,

F. W. SEWARD,

Acting Secretary.

STAUNTON, *August 24, 1878.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: We have called a meeting of the Visitors of the University, to be held on the 12th September, with a view to carry into effect your generous purpose of establishing a professorship of Natural History.

I have conferred with several of the Visitors, and I am satisfied that it is the wish of all to have none but a first class man to fill the position.

If you know any one who possesses all the qualifications necessary to fill the place, with honor to himself and to the University, I am sure that the board would be guided by your recommendation in making the appointment. * * *

Please present my kind regards to the ladies of your party, and also to my young friends, William and George; and accept the assurance of my sincere friendship and esteem.

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

OFFICE OF VIRGINIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
COLUMBIAN BLOCK, CARY STREET,
Richmond, Va.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society, held at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, on 22d of August, 1878, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., has often shown his affection for the Commonwealth of Virginia and its people, by benefactions as varied in their object as admirable in their result, and no less disinterested in their motive than munificent in their extent; and

Whereas, this committee, the formal representative of the predominant interest and the predominant class of Virginia and Virginians—the interest of agriculture and the class of Virginia farmers—fully appreciates this wise generosity to the mother State, therefore,

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of this committee, and of all it represents, be, and are hereby tendered to Mr. Corcoran, for his uniform regard so often and magnificently exhibited to Virginia, for his trust in her integrity, and for his confidence in her future.

Resolved, 2d, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Virginia State Agricultural Society, and that a copy of them be forwarded to Mr. Corcoran, with the request to him, that he consider himself the guest at all meetings of this committee, and at the annual fairs of the Society, which, in common with every citizen and every corporation of Virginia, is, and ever will be, his debtor.

(A true copy from the Records.)

W. C. KNIGHT,
Secretary.

SMITHVILLE, CHARLOTTE CO., VA.,

Oct. 21st, 1878.

DEAR SIR: On my return home yesterday, from an absence of several days, I received your letter of the 12th instant, enclosing an original letter from Mr. Jefferson to Dr. Walter Jones; also the original order of the Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War, dated 7th July, 1826, announcing, in appropriate terms, the death of Jefferson; also a photographic copy of the paper in which Mr. Jefferson prefigures the monument which might be erected over his grave, and the inscription which should be recorded upon it.

In my own name and in that of the Historical Society of Virginia, to whom you have presented them, I thank you heartily for so interesting a gift. I shall cause the papers to be deposited in the archives of the Society, where they will read an eloquent and patriotic lesson to all who may hereafter consult them; and, let me add, pleasingly recall the name and virtues of a gentleman whose munificence, so often displayed to the institutions of Virginia, will ever be gratefully remembered by her children.

I am, dear sir, with great respect and esteem,
yours, truly,

HUGH BLAIR GRIGSBY,

President of the Historical Society of Virginia.

To W. W. CORCORAN, ●
Washington, D. C.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Oct. 25th, 1878.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy from the minutes of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia in relation to your recent donation of \$50,000 of consol bonds of the State of Virginia, to endow a chair of Natural History in that institution.

I regret that my absence from home has prevented my forwarding the copy as promptly as I desired, and as would otherwise have been done.

With great respect, yours, &c.,

JAS. D. JONES,
Secretary Board of Visitors of University Va.

At a meeting of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, held at the University on the 12th day of September, 1878, pursuant to the call of the Rector—

On motion the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The letter of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of the 13th of August last, tendering to the University of Virginia a donation of \$50,000 of the consol bonds of the State of Virginia, to endow a chair of Natural History in this institution, and the reply thereto of the Rector, the Hon. A. H. Stuart, having been laid before the board—

1. *Resolved*, That we recognize in this munificent donation (the third which has been received from the same source within the last two years) a new and striking proof of the large liberality of the donor, his earnest devotion to the State of Virginia, and his warm interest in this, her foremost institution of learning; and we tender to Mr. Corcoran the expression of our grateful acknowledgments and our assurances that, by this new act of enlightened beneficence, he has erected a lasting memorial in the hearts, not only of the people of Virginia generally, but of the friends of thorough culture throughout the land.

2. *Resolved*, That we accept this donation on the conditions of its tender, regarding the requirement therein contained as only affording us a new occasion to signalize our devotion to the memory of the great Virginian who, having adorned the first office in the gift of a people whose in-

stitutions he had aided to form in wisdom and establish in virtue, yet modestly preferred to give to the world, as one of the three testimonials of his existence for which he wished most to be remembered, the fact that he was "father of the University of Virginia."

3. *Resolved*, as an enduring testimonial for this act of liberality on the part of Mr. Corcoran, the chair endowed thereby be called the "Corcoran School of Natural History and Geology in the University of Virginia."

4. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Corcoran by the secretary.

A copy from the minutes.

Teste

JAS. D. JONES,
Secretary, &c.



EXTRACTS.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

The Corcoran Art Building is in the renaissance style of architecture, one hundred and four feet front on Pennsylvania Avenue, and extending one hundred and twenty-four feet six inches on Seventeenth Street.

The interior is arranged with a cellar or ground floor, containing the heating apparatus, rooms for storage, packing, &c., and two principal floors—the lower, to receive works of sculpture; and the upper, paintings and engravings.

The front or grand entrance is on Pennsylvania Avenue, and opens into a vestibule twenty-five feet by twenty-eight feet, from which lead the broad stairs to the second story. These stairs are of freestone, ten feet wide, with an iron balustrade on either side, and carved in scroll work at the ends. On each side of these stairs are passages eight feet four inches wide, and leading to the principal gallery, arranged for sculpture, which is in the rear of the building. The stairs and hall are lighted by two courts. The vestibule to the sculpture gallery is nineteen feet wide by twenty-eight feet long, with two spacious bay-windows at the ends. The sculpture gallery extends the whole distance across the rear of the building, which is ninety-six feet four inches long, by twenty-five feet wide, and is amply lighted by ten windows.

The janitor's apartments are on the right of the main or front vestibule; and just behind them, and connecting with the main sculpture gallery, are two rooms, one nineteen feet by forty-three feet six inches, the other nineteen feet square. These rooms can be used for a school of design.

On the left of the vestibule is a gallery twenty-five feet wide on Pennsylvania Avenue, and extending back on Seventeenth Street thirty-two feet ten inches long. These galleries are connected by spacious arched doors.

The picture galleries are on the second floor. The main stairs open into a hall twenty-eight feet wide, by forty-two feet six inches long, on either side of which, the various galleries for pictures are situated. There are, however,

three small galleries fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, the centre one being an octagon, twenty-five feet on the floor, and intended for very valuable or famous pictures. The other two are twenty-five feet by thirty-two feet two inches. In the rear of these, and extending along the sides of the building, are two galleries nineteen feet six inches, by forty-three feet six inches. The main or grand picture gallery, which extends across the rear of the building, on this floor, is forty-five feet wide, by ninety-six feet four inches long. All these galleries are lighted by sky or top lights, and are so arranged that the quantity can be regulated as desired. These galleries are connected with each other by lofty arched doors, thus affording a continuous passage around the floor.

The cornices and ceilings of the various galleries are enriched with panel ornaments and mouldings, representing American foliage.

The floors are laid on brick arches, on which are iron girders; everything being done in the most thorough and substantial manner. The exterior of the building is constructed of the very best Baltimore-made brick; with facings, trimmings, and ornaments of Belleville freestone. The front on Pennsylvania Avenue is divided into a central pavilion, with a curtain on either side; and, as architects would say, is flanked by two other pavilions, one on either corner, and divided into two stories. The central pavilion has vermiculated quoins in the corner, and these inclose the grand entrance door with an exquisitely carved jamb and arch, overtopped with fierce tigers' heads carved in *relievo*. The ancones of the first story are remarkably simple in design and detail, and at the same time correspond to the massiveness of the quoins at the corner of the building.

The second story of the central pavilion consists of an arched recess. The span between the impost and the suffit of the arch is filled with decorations, and contains the monogram of the founder, surrounded with carved wreaths and enscrollments. Just beneath this there is a palladium window, with fluted pilasters and columns, and capitals, expressing American foliage, exquisitely carved. In the arch are two wreaths encircling various implements of painting and sculpture.

The central pavilion is flanked on either side by two fluted columns with capitals, representing the broad leaves

and fruit of the corn stalk. And these support an entablature or pedestal, on which are trophies representing the arts, on the frieze of the central pavilion, and on this are inscribed the words, "Dedicated to Art," in bold and impressive letters. The cornice over this has a pediment, in the tympanum of which is a bas-relief, representing the genius of painting, surrounded by figures emblematical of the sister arts.

The whole building is surmounted with a high and imposing mansard roof, heavily slated, and carried some ten feet higher than the ordinary roof of the building. The architects were James Renwick, jr., and R. T. Auchmuty, New York.

FROM THE "WASHINGTON DAILY CHRONICLE,"

JOHN W. FORNEY, EDITOR,

May 19, 1869.

The correspondence between W. W. Corcoran, Esq., and the citizens he has selected to administer and execute the munificent trust dedicated to the encouragement of the fine arts in America, and known as the Corcoran Art Gallery, published in the *Chronicle* of yesterday, deserves more than ordinary consideration, and must be an example that will be generously and generally imitated. It is, in fact, a national event. Noble in its conception, comprehensive in its design, the institution (as the trustees in reply to Mr. Corcoran's letter happily say), "projected spontaneously by his liberal mind, and securely founded by his sole munificence," will increase its proportions and its influence with years, until it ranks among the finest memorials and monuments of our country's greatness. The magnitude of this princely endowment will be better understood when we state that the edifice, which is shortly to contain choice specimens of American and foreign genius, is the only one in the United States expressly designed and constructed as a great art gallery. All the other collections in the leading cities are preserved in buildings intended for other purposes.

The imposing work at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street was begun in the

year 1859, under Mr. Corcoran's directions, but before it was completed the war broke out, and the Government occupied the building for military purposes. The grounds could not be purchased, and the building on these grounds could not be erected at a less outlay than three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; and fifty thousand dollars more will be required to render it suitable for the reception of Mr. Corcoran's splendid collection. This collection is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. Powers' marble statue of the "Greek Slave" alone cost ten thousand dollars, while the original "Shakespeare and his Friends," from which so many copies and prints have been taken, is valued at twenty thousand dollars; and some recent and equally choice treasures have lately been added; among them an exquisite painting from the pencil of Church.

But Mr. Corcoran's enlarged public spirit does not stop here. He proposes to endow this noble institution by a large additional donation, as intimated in his letter to the trustees; thus providing a fund to increase the collection and to defray the necessary expenses.

Senator Sumner, who takes a natural pride in the extension and decoration of his country's capital, bestows the title of the *American Louvre* upon this new gallery; and it is easy to perceive that the generous hope of Mr. Corcoran that other voluntary donations may, from time to time, be received, will be realized in many future contributions from the studios of artists and the galleries of private citizens.

There is hardly a connoisseur in America, or an American in the Old World, who will not be happy to add to these treasures. Rooms might be set apart for the accommodation of these gifts; and thus, in the course of years, the student or stranger will not only pause in pride before the proofs of Mr. Corcoran's munificence, but will honor the refined discrimination of other citizens in their contributions to the same great collection. There are hundreds of fine pictures and triumphs of sculpture hidden away in private houses and rarely seen, and, therefore, of no use in awakening that taste for art which Mr. Corcoran is so anxious to cultivate in his countrymen; but, as his noble design increases in its proportions, they will irresistibly seek his gallery as the best point in which to preserve alike the names of their owners and the fame of their authors.

To Washington City Mr. Corcoran's donation is more than an act of private liberality. It ought to be, and will be, the beginning of a great school of art; not a mere exhibition of fine pictures and sculpture, but a lyceum where scholars may come to study the achievements of the masters, and where the people may come to hear from learned lips the precious lessons of experience. In the *Louvre*, and the other grand galleries of Europe, youth of both sexes come to take copies from the rare originals; and it may be that, in the course of time, the Corcoran Gallery will be equally crowded with candidates for superiority in these same high aspirations. But not only in art should Mr. Corcoran's example be valuable. Other men, like himself, the architects of their own fortunes, will come here to found great libraries, colleges, and academies.

We feel an especial pleasure in paying this tribute to Mr. Corcoran, inasmuch as the *Washington Chronicle* was loudly censured in certain quarters for having called upon the Congress of the United States to do him justice by paying him the rents for the use of the "Harewood" property. No claim has ever been presented for rents for the Art Building, which, for a period of nearly nine years, has been occupied by the Government; the ordinary rates of which would amount to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In making this appeal, we referred also to his intention to complete the splendid project, which has now taken shape, notwithstanding those rents are still withheld from the poor widows for whose use they were intended.

It was a narrow and miserable prejudice that supposed Mr. Corcoran and his friends to be animated by any personal desire in looking for this act of justice at the hands of the Government. And now that he is completing his original design, and simultaneously carrying forward the great charity providing a home for indigent widows—a benevolence which, in its results, must take rank with some of the finest charities of any age—we are not surprised to hear that some of those who criticised and opposed his application to Congress for the payment of moneys honestly due, should voluntarily announce their intention to call upon the President to execute the order of the Secretary of War, and carry out the incomplete, but, nevertheless, clearly indicated, wishes of Congress.

The plans for the building to be erected for the *Widows' Home* are now in the hands of the architect, and it will prob-

ably be completed during the present year. It will cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and an endowment will be given sufficient to feed and surround with comforts sixty widows. * * * It is estimated that the donations of Mr. Corcoran will amount to considerably more than a million of dollars. His charities rank with those of Peabody, and will entitle him to the same place in the hearts of our people.

Mr. Corcoran's loyalty to this Government during the term of our struggle was never open to fair imputation. He was a Southern man by birth and association, but never an extremist; and now, that the war is over, he gives, perhaps, the very best proof of his patriotism by founding here in the capital of his country, where, by honest industry and a life of exemplary probity, he has grown to fortune, a national gallery dedicated to a "pure and refined pleasure for residents and visitors, free to all, and to the development of American genius," not the less certain to preserve his memory in the grateful recollections of the people because associated with equally splendid contributions to some of the noblest charities.

FROM THE "NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER."

The sentiments of the human heart constitute the great conservative power of the social fabric. The instincts of family affection, patriotism, humanity, homage for greatness, wisdom, age and valor are the links of the golden chain that bind men together and to God. The idea that reason and the will were the true and sufficient conservators of society was what so terrified Edmund Burke, and called forth his tremendous denunciation against the French Revolution. The attempt to found a society by crushing out the sentiments of the human heart as the springs and guides of human action, and to substitute, in their place, reason and the passions, filled his mind with horror; and his predictions of the impending desolation and ruin were all realized. It was found that the cold lights of the understanding were utterly inadequate to make a people stable and happy; and there can be no doubt that the extraordinary devotion of the American people to the cold, calculating interests, to the gross material pursuits of life—

to the singular exclusion of what is especially connected with the spiritual and higher impulses of men—had much to do in paving the way for the war that has draped this nation in woe.

We look, therefore, with profound interest upon all those tendencies and agencies in the habits and culture of the people which are designed to develop and strengthen the higher sentiments and instincts of the heart; to cherish, purify, and adorn the sympathies and the affections; to elevate and increase "the love of the true, the beautiful, and the good." He who aids in the production of a monument of art, whether in poetry, painting, or sculpture, is a benefactor to society; because, among other reasons, he contributes to the creation of those sentiments in the heart which constitute the only safe foundation for society.

There has been a wonderful revolution taking place, in the last twenty years, in the care bestowed upon the resting-places of the dead in our country. Mount Auburn, dedicated in 1831, has the honor of leading in this ennobling movement; and afterwards came Laurel Hill, about the size of Oak Hill, with South Laurel Hill added, and more than doubling the territory; and, in 1842, came Greenwood, in Brooklyn, originally embracing one hundred and seventy-five acres, since increased to three hundred and sixty acres. All these cemeteries will compare without discredit with the best cemeteries of England and the Continent, and the influence which they are exerting, in stimulating attention in this direction through the country, is not to be estimated.

Oak Hill Cemetery, it is well known, originated in the enlarged benevolence of William W. Corcoran, whose name is identified with all that is most exalted in benefactions to the cause of religion, humanity, science, and art in this city and District.

* * * * *

The grand and delightful location of Oak Hill on the heights of Georgetown, commanding a full and splendid view of the national capitol, of the Potomac for many miles, and a wide and picturesque view of the country in every direction, cannot be described; and the bold, beautiful, diversified conformations of the grounds, sloping with their rugged outlines downwards to the murmuring stream, and shadowed with magnificent primitive forest trees, complete the natural charms of the hallowed spot where the

high and holy sentiment of death, with so much taste and tenderness, is consecrating its symbols, guarding its relics, and keeping fresh and sacred its memories. * * *

The "oldest inhabitants" of Georgetown, and not a few of that class in this city, remember the Oak Hill grounds when they were known as "Parrott's Woods," where the orators flourished their eloquence on the Fourth of July, and where all sorts of gay times were celebrated "long, long ago." Parrott, who owned the woods, and his ropewalk, which long flourished nearly on the spot where now the superintendent's lodge is located, have passed away; but the remembrance of high and joyous days still lingers in many a breast in connection with that location.

By far the grandest specimen of classical monumental art in the grounds is the octagonal Doric temple of white marble standing upon a conspicuous eminence, and surmounting the family vault of William W. Corcoran, erected after a design by Thomas U. Walter, the architect of the Capitol. Near this structure stands also the artistic memorial (a massive pillar in the Roman style) to Thos. Corcoran and wife, parents of the foregoing; and in the same vicinity a lofty, plain octagonal marble shaft, resting upon a symmetrical die—one of the handsomest monuments of its class in the cemetery—to the memory of a brother, Thomas Corcoran, and wife.

FROM THE "NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER."

OAK HILL CEMETERY.

With the changes of customs and general improvements that have so rapidly beautified the suburban retreats of our country, there is no feature that suggests more pleasant reflection and satisfaction, for ornamental as well as useful purpose, than the dedication of appropriate spots of ground, cultivated on the environs of our cities and towns, for the permanent repose and safety of the departed, in lieu of the ancient inadequate and often desecrated churchyard in the centre of noise and business, and where dust and dirt have so soon blackened the white slabs that recorded the epitaphs of the forms they covered. And it has been with

pleasure and pride we have witnessed in our locality within the last twenty years an interest manifested in this respect, that has given to our community several lovely gardens, for our dead, that compare in beauty and taste with the Necropolis and Kensal Green of London, or the far-famed Père la Chaise and Montmartre of Paris; while we can, with impunity, claim for *one* of our reservations a combination of attractions that surpass anything our sister cities can offer as comparable, or that the *world* can boast. So peculiarly appropriate and suggestive of solemnity in its impressiveness is "Oak Hill" that it is *incontrovertibly without an equal*. * * * *

FROM THE "WASHINGTON SUNDAY CHRONICLE."

(COMMUNICATED.)

In 1847, William W. Corcoran purchased the densely wooded tract of land, now known as the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery, situated on the lovely heights of Georgetown, overlooking the historic waters of the Potomac. The grand old oaks seem to offer infinite repose and majestic guardianship to all who, done with earth, seek rest beneath their peaceful shade. The generous donor of this magnificent bequest fully knew and appreciated the many natural beauties of the spot from boyhood. It is fitting that the playground of youth should be the sepulchre of age. Doubtless he thought thus; for after purchasing the land and expending, in all, something over* seventy thousand dollars in its improvement, he nobly presented it to his native town—a lasting monument of his wide beneficence.

In 1848, the company was duly incorporated, and early in the following year the work of preparing the enclosure commenced. * * * *

All strangers who visit Washington must need make a pilgrimage to the cemetery on the heights; otherwise, they miss seeing one of the most lovely burial places in the land. It is not gorgeous Greenwood, nor yet superb Mount Auburn; but it is, preëminently, Oak Hill, without a rival—alone in wild, majestic solitude—grand, beyond

* The amount now exceeds one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

expression, in the mute solemn eloquence of nature which speaks to the heart as only such a glorious combination of trees can. * * * *

[After describing some of the monuments, the writer says:]

The finest mausoleum in the cemetery is the doric temple in which is enshrined the dust of William W. Corcoran's wife and children. Eight snow-white columns support the marble dome, plainly chiseled but grand and solid. Except the one word *Corcoran*, there is not a line to designate who lies below the vaulted floor. The temple stands alone on an elevated site commanding a magnificent view of the grounds. The close-cut grass slopes gradually from the tomb to the circular path that surrounds it, unbroken by a flower or shrub; but a dozen old oaks tower above like giant-sentinels guarding worth and purity. I vaguely imagine this ignoring of perishable flowers and adoption of sturdy trees to be an index to the mind of him who will come here at last for final rest, showing a taste for firm, hardy nature, storm-defying, winter-enduring trees that shall flourish and be strong a hundred years hence. I love to fancy that, perhaps, he thus reads their language when contemplating their growing beauty, construing their silent admonition as best suits his nature; preferring the noble ruggedness of forest oaks to buds and blossoms that wither in a day. Fair, lovely daughters, such as his, are but summer flowers, that smile and kiss, weep and pray a little season; then they fold their white hands, secure in God's promise, and gently go back to heaven. Tenderly we lay them away, with oh! so much love and care; their life and death henceforth to be our religion, the angels ever beckoning us to God. *She* died afar in sunny lands, seeking what all the powers of earth could not give—health. Across the ocean they bore her, coffined and still, to her native heights, amidst the scenes of her childhood, to slumber undisturbed through all coming time. A little circumstance made her memory dear to me, a stranger; and I lingered about her tomb with a rare tenderness at my heart—she lived and died so beautifully. It was told to me so sadly, with tearful eyes and trembling voice. Her motherless little children, on returning from France, were told they should go to the cemetery and see the tomb where she rested. One can readily imagine their sad wonder when they came, in childish faith, with eager footsteps,

believing, in their innocent little hearts, that they were to see their living mother; and too young to comprehend death, they could not understand how she could leave them forever. Blankly they stared at the cruel marble and asked, "where is mother?" What a question for the breaking heart of the sorrowing grandfather to answer! They asked for mother—he could give them but a stone. Piteously the little ones looked at the magnificent structure, but could find no comfort in its polished elegance. I turned away, feeling better for having stood within the influence of her spiritual presence. She has not lived in vain. The poetry, goodness, and real beauty of her life are with us still. A whole family is coming slowly together again under the oaks—father and mother, brother, sister, and children. The name of Corcoran, on many tombs, seems to say that it is rapidly passing away. By and by, only noble deeds will be left of this illustrious family, whose good works live after them. I have mused beside graves under magnolias and palms, but never with a feeling so near akin to heaven as those under the oaks.

FROM THE WASHINGTON "SUNDAY HERALD."

* * * It is most natural for an American to be proud of the qualities which reflect the most credit upon his country. Other nations may have a finer culture or a greater literature; none affords so large a list of men illustrious for their charities as that which has for its most distinguished representative, Mr. W. W. Corcoran. To the city of his birth such a man must be especially dear, and the city of Washington has given evidence that Mr. Corcoran has long held the first place in the affections of her citizens. No more touching and complimentary evidence of this could be given than was afforded by the number and character of the delegation which went to New York to meet and welcome him upon his return, with his grandchildren, to spend his declining years in his native land. No other occasion could have induced men seventy and eighty years of age to take such a journey, and the meet-

ing of these venerable citizens with their friend of fifty and sixty years' standing naturally caused the revival of many interesting reminiscences. One bank president, who carries lightly the weight of his four score years, was reminded by Mr. Corcoran of the time when they were both members of the same fire company in Georgetown, sixty years ago. This unexpected, unostentatious, and spontaneous greeting was appreciated, we are assured, by Mr. Corcoran as one of the most gratifying events of his life. It was a renewed proof that he holds the first place in the hearts of the people for whom he has done so much, both by his munificent gifts and by the example of his life-long practice of all the virtues which make the perfect gentleman.

FROM THE WASHINGTON "SUNDAY CHRONICLE."

Mr. W. W. Corcoran has returned to Washington, welcomed by our whole people. However many have differed with him during the war, none can doubt his practical benevolence, his princely liberality, or his unquenchable public spirit. Unlike many rich men who wait to die before they allow the distribution of their wealth, he lives among and enjoys with others the fruits of his own generosity. He lives to see that there are better things in the world than party strifes or sectional wars. He finds that these passions and conflicts have been lost sight of in the gratitude of all classes. He comes back and realizes that Washington has taken a leap forward that he never dreamed of. The straggling village he knew in his boyhood has developed into a dazzling metropolis, adding new splendors to his own gifts, increasing the value of his own property, and refuting the sinister prophets who still dwell in the twilight of the past. Yes, Mr. Corcoran received a right royal greeting, not from a party, but from the mass. Let him feel, in his declining years, that there is no other emotion but kindness in a community in which he acquired wealth; and which, in turn, he has not forgotten.

FROM THE WASHINGTON "DAILY PATRIOT."

We are glad to be able to announce this morning the arrival yesterday, at his home in this city, of our distinguished fellow-citizen, W. W. Corcoran, Esq. Notwithstanding the apprehensions of some of his friends, who endeavored to dissuade him from the winter voyage across the Atlantic in his then rather precarious health, we learn that he returns to us stronger and more vigorous than before his departure.

We feel confident that this announcement will be hailed with pleasure by every citizen of this District. To-day there is no name among us which is regarded with so much genuine respect, kindly consideration, and affectionate interest. Native of this District, and having passed his life among and before this people, always foremost in every public enterprise looking to the general welfare, he is, and long has been, thoroughly identified with our true interests and enduring prosperity. He has been one of the pioneers of improvements, and has probably contributed, by influence and example, more than any other individual to the material development and prosperity of this capital.

But in other directions than the general and material improvement of our city and District and the broad avenues of active and business life, Mr. Corcoran has left an impress and an example that not alone to-day, but along the line of rolling years, will keep his memory green. Neither family bereavements, nor physical sufferings, which called forth universal sympathy, weakened the strong will or quenched the determination to carry out fully and wisely that large-hearted, practical liberality, and well-ordered, intelligent beneficence which laid its foundations deep and broad, and which will long blossom and bear fruit for the lonely the distressed, the destitute. The widow and the orphan have found in him a benefactor and a friend, and his name will be mentioned by them with respect and affection through distant years.

Mr. Corcoran has also associated his memory indissolubly with that "city of the dead," which he has done so much to beautify and adorn, and around which so many of our tenderest and holiest memories cluster, as also with the arts that gild and soften the rugged pathway of our daily life.

That noble structure, the art building, stands to-day as

a monument to his liberality in a direction which will elevate and educate the people of his native city; and we hope it will stand for many years on our great thoroughfare, where traffic and business pass with unceasing steps, as at once a witness and an indication that there is something comprehended in the idea of a State beyond the hard, practical facts of its existence and machinery—that in the midst of the great departments of the General Government there can and should exist and flourish *that* also which beautifies and decorates life—"the arts that reproduce the beauty of stars and clouds and childhood's cheek—poetry, painting, sculpture, and music."

It is for *acts* such as these, to which we have made but passing allusion, and for those *deeds* of active and wise beneficence that call forth these public expressions of gratification at Mr. Corcoran's return among us, that these fellow-citizens of ours assemble and appoint committees to welcome him back to our shores; that they send delegations to signal the approaching steamer with the glad message of welcome; that so many of our leading and respected citizens, friends of his youth and his manhood, go to a distant city to escort him to his home; and that this entire community would be glad to indicate, in any proper and appropriate manner, their joy at his partially-restored health and his safe return; that their respect and sympathy for him have increased as the shadows begin to lengthen and the twilight gathers around him, and that with one voice they would salute him this morning with the kindly words which always thrill the heart—"Welcome home!"

FROM THE WASHINGTON "DAILY PATRIOT."

October 29th, 1872.

We understand that our beloved fellow-townsmen, Mr. Corcoran, with the generosity and delicacy which are characteristic of all his acts of beneficence, has signified to Dr. Welling, the president of the Columbian College, that it is his purpose to contribute to the permanent endowment of that institution the avails of an exceedingly valuable tract of land, immediately adjoining the bounds of Wash-

ington, in the eastern part of the city, embracing more than one hundred and fifty acres, and estimated to be worth, at least, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This tract of land, known by the name of "Trinidad," is no less remarkable for the beauty of its topographical features than for the high state of its cultivation, and is now retained by Mr. Corcoran, in the interest of the college, to be disposed of in such way as, in his judgment, shall best promote the financial prosperity of the institution to which he has already so largely contributed, and in whose welfare and expansion he continues to cherish a lively interest. We need not say that the friends of the Columbian College will now be stimulated to redoubled exertions in its behalf, when a single benefactor, by securing its perpetuity, has laid the foundations of its future greatness. Nor should we omit to say that the citizens of Washington cannot fail to perceive in this new act of beneficence what liberal things Mr. Corcoran is devising, not only for the relief of indigence and the culture of refinement and art among us, but also for the nurture of American youth in that liberal learning which is the best defence and highest glory of a nation. It seems to be his purpose to omit no class from the comprehensive scope of his charity, embracing, as he already has in his benevolence, a refuge for the orphan, an elegant home for the impoverished lady who has seen better days, a conservatory for the cultivation of the fine arts, and now proposing to lay the foundation of a school in which successive generations of American youth may rise up to call him blessed. And we do but allude to a fact, well known to the people of Washington, when we add that these splendid acts of public munificence are only in keeping with the private charities which have shed their mild lustre along his daily life.

FROM "THE RICHMOND WHIG."

December 12th, 1872.

W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

But recently we noticed the gift, by this gentleman, of twenty thousand dollars to Washington and Lee Univer-

sity, being the second handsome donation to that institution within the last few years. This distinguished philanthropist waits not for death to distribute his princely fortune, and then to have his bequests consumed by litigation; he wisely prefers to become his own executor. Through his munificent bequests to charitable institutions, endowments of schools, colleges, and innumerable private charities, he has secured for himself a memory in the heart's best affections of thousands throughout the land, far nobler and more enduring than marble could have perpetuated, though engraved upon a shaft that looked down upon the clouds. * * * In his charities he has no rival amongst the millionaires of the country. Alone, he stands without a peer—a noble christian gentleman, an ornament to humanity, well worthy the emulation, respect, admiration, and affection of all.

EXTRACT FROM THE "REMINISCENCES"

OF EX-SENATOR H. S. FOOTE.

IN HIS ARTICLE ON HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

October 26th, 1873.

* * * * Those who are familiar with the intimate relations, of various kinds, subsisting for many years between Robert J. Walker and another worthy citizen of this vicinage, will not feel any surprise at my here subjoining a very brief notice of one whom I have more or less known for the last fifty years, and for whose character, both public and private, I have cherished a constantly increasing respect since the year 1847. I do not fear being charged with extravagance in any respectable quarter when I declare that I know of no man now living upon this continent more deserving to be loved and respected as a wide and munificent public benefactor, and as a humane and judicious bestower of charity, in the broadest and most comprehensive meaning of that word, than our yet surviving neighbor and fellow-citizen, William Wilson Cor-

coran. A purer, kinder, or more public-spirited man I have never known; and if all the great capitalists that our country contains could but be persuaded to imitate his noble example, our republic would soon become a paradise; and the possession of wealth, so far from attracting envy, as it is so often known to do, and begetting enmity, would be thenceforth recognized, and justly, as only the enjoyment of the high and sacred privilege of doing good, of relieving the manifold distresses of human kind, and of extending the happiness of our fellow-creatures, where-soever they may be found. This would confer more real honor than all the titles of nobility that the aristocrats of the world have been able to invent, and be the source of more true glory than even the winners of great battles have ever been able to achieve.

There is no danger that the generations of posterity will forget the numerous but unostentatious charities which the heart of Mr. Corcoran has prompted, and his sound and discriminating intellect put in operation. Numerous gifted pens, I am glad to know, have been already occupied in the specification of his benefactions and in the delineation of his social and domestic virtues; and there are solid and enduring monuments in our midst, and in almost every corner of this District, which will preserve his fame as a philanthropist and as a munificent patron of the arts, for a thousand generations to come. So long as the national Capitol shall continue to stand as a token of the power and glory of this unequalled republic, or the lordly Potomac be seen to wash the foot of that beautiful hill which it occupies and adorns, will the warm-hearted men and women of the land be heard to breathe forth accents of praise and gratitude in honor of one to whom, perhaps, with more justice might be applied, than to any other man now treading the soil of this continent, the glowing and beautiful lines of the renowned moral poet of England, who thus sung, nearly two centuries ago, in praise of one of his own countrymen:

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
 Rise, honest muse! And sing The Man of Ross.
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,

Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
 The young who labor, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

FROM THE "SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN."

ALEXANDRIA, VA., June 25th, 1874.

We gave last week an account of laying the corner-stone of the new church of the Ascension, Washington. The Rev. Dr. Elliott, the associate pastor, made a brief address. An extract will be read with pleasure:

"Look around you! Yonder is the seat of letters which only wait until the gift of one man is matched by the confluent gifts of millions to erect its cloistered pile. Yonder, art has her costly shrine, and her more costly offerings. Yonder, science tells her secrets to heal and bless mankind. Yonder, within your sight, is the Louise Home—

"Where grief's wan cheek shall wear a smile at last.
 And weary age forget its sorrows past."

Yonder and yonder and yonder are the unknown and unrecorded and uncounted charities; and yonder, he who helped the living in their strength and in their weakness, "reverently lays the dead" beneath the shaded sod.

Most great philanthropists would have paused there—paused sooner—and pausing, would have been immortal. Their hearts were large enough to take in the whole race of man, but not large enough to enfold God and man. It

is too often so. It is not so with that untitled citizen, whose hand adorns this capital; whose heart, ever fed with the rills of charity, is a fountain of refreshment amidst a capital's jaded, jostling life. His heart is large enough to love the race, and the Creator and Saviour of the race. He gave this lot to God. Need I repeat his name in Washington? need I repeat it in America? or where the Atlantic breaks upon another continent? Go listen to the widow's prayer, and you will hear it; and the orphan boy, in some distant hamlet, will look up from his book, at the mention of that name, and tell you he has heard it.





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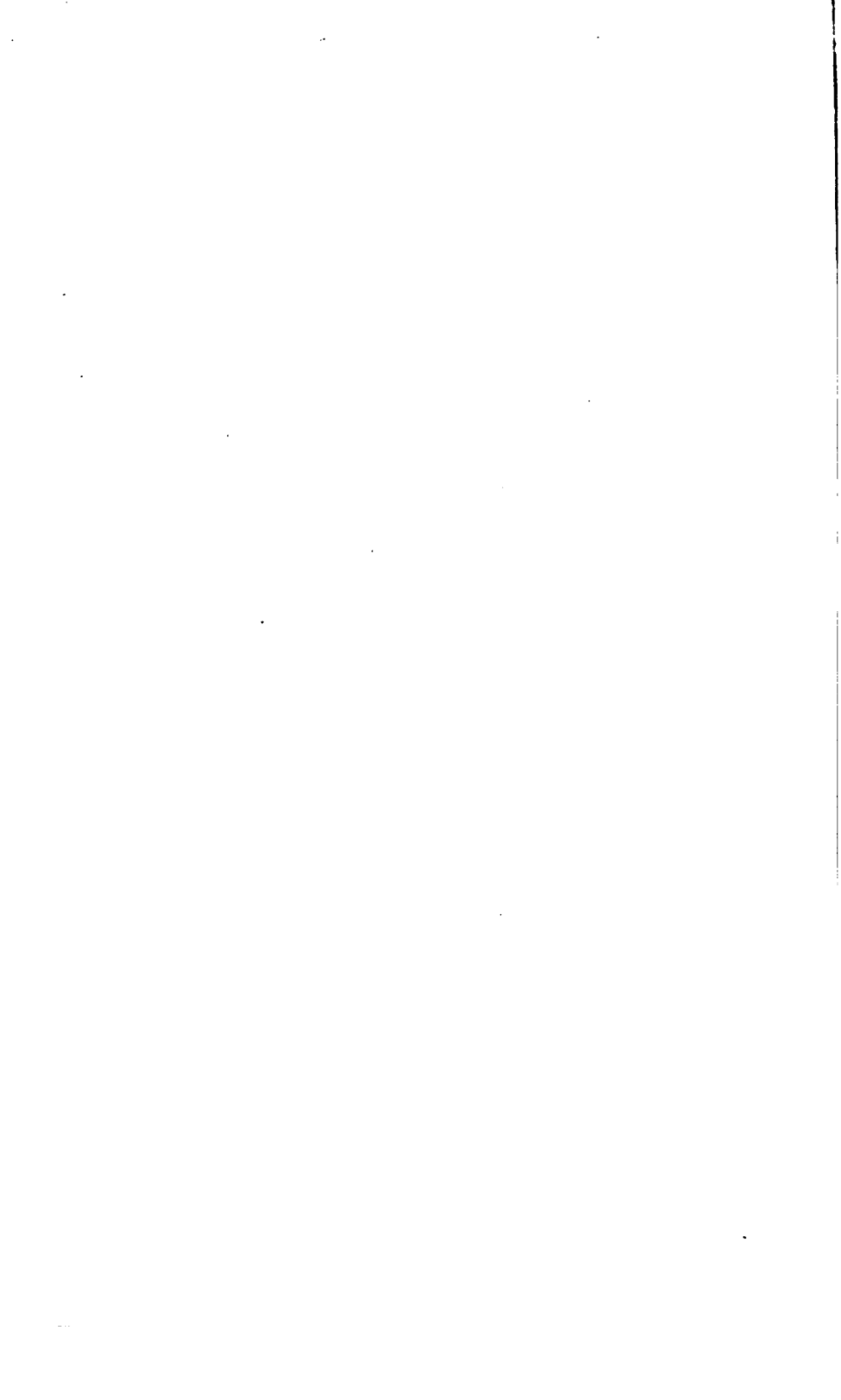
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